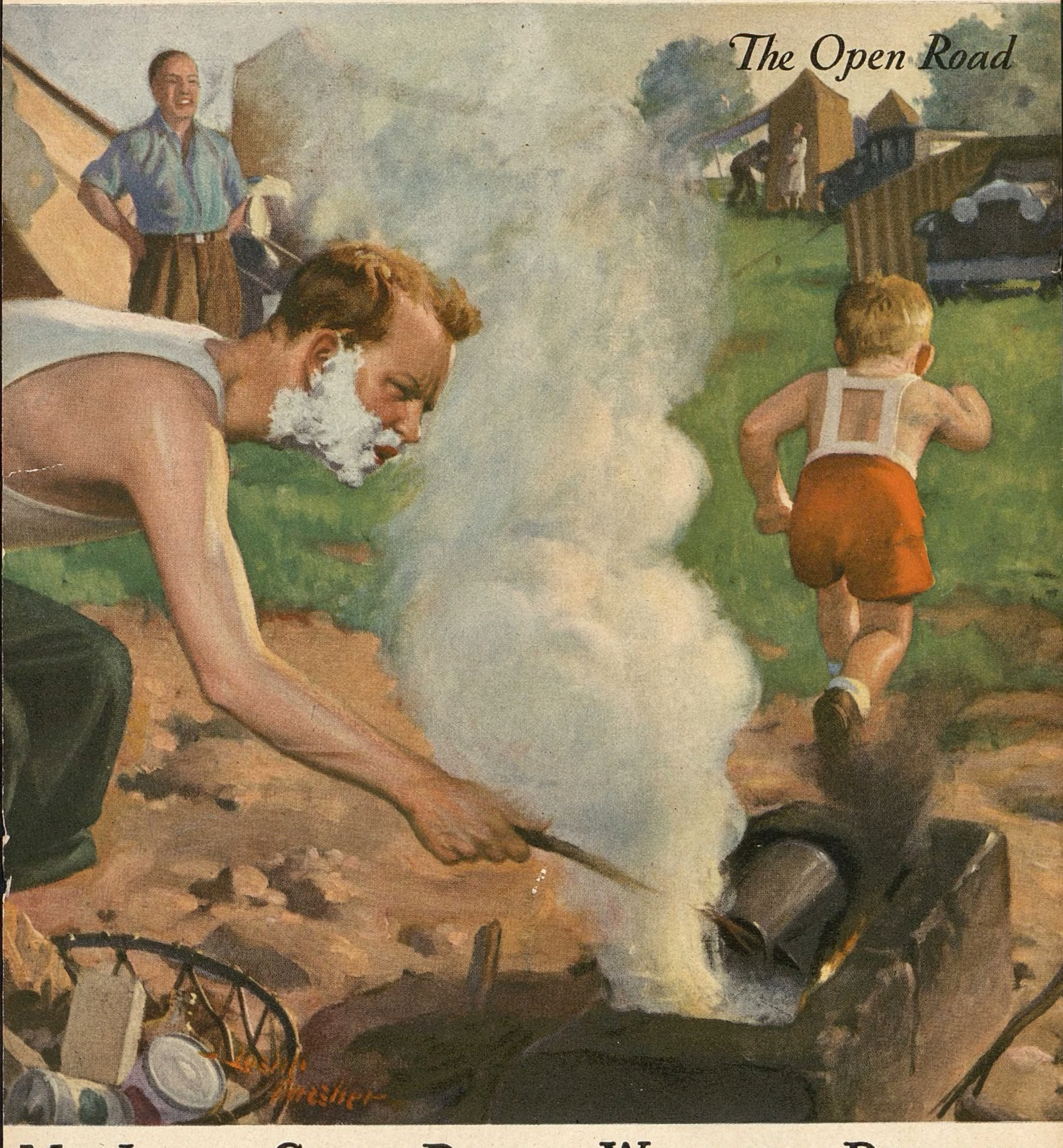
WEEK
ENDING
AUG. 16, 1930

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION



The Open Road

Leslie Thrasher

MAC ISAAC ~ CONAN DOYLE ~ WINSLOW ~ DOHERTY

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

RUDY VALLÉE

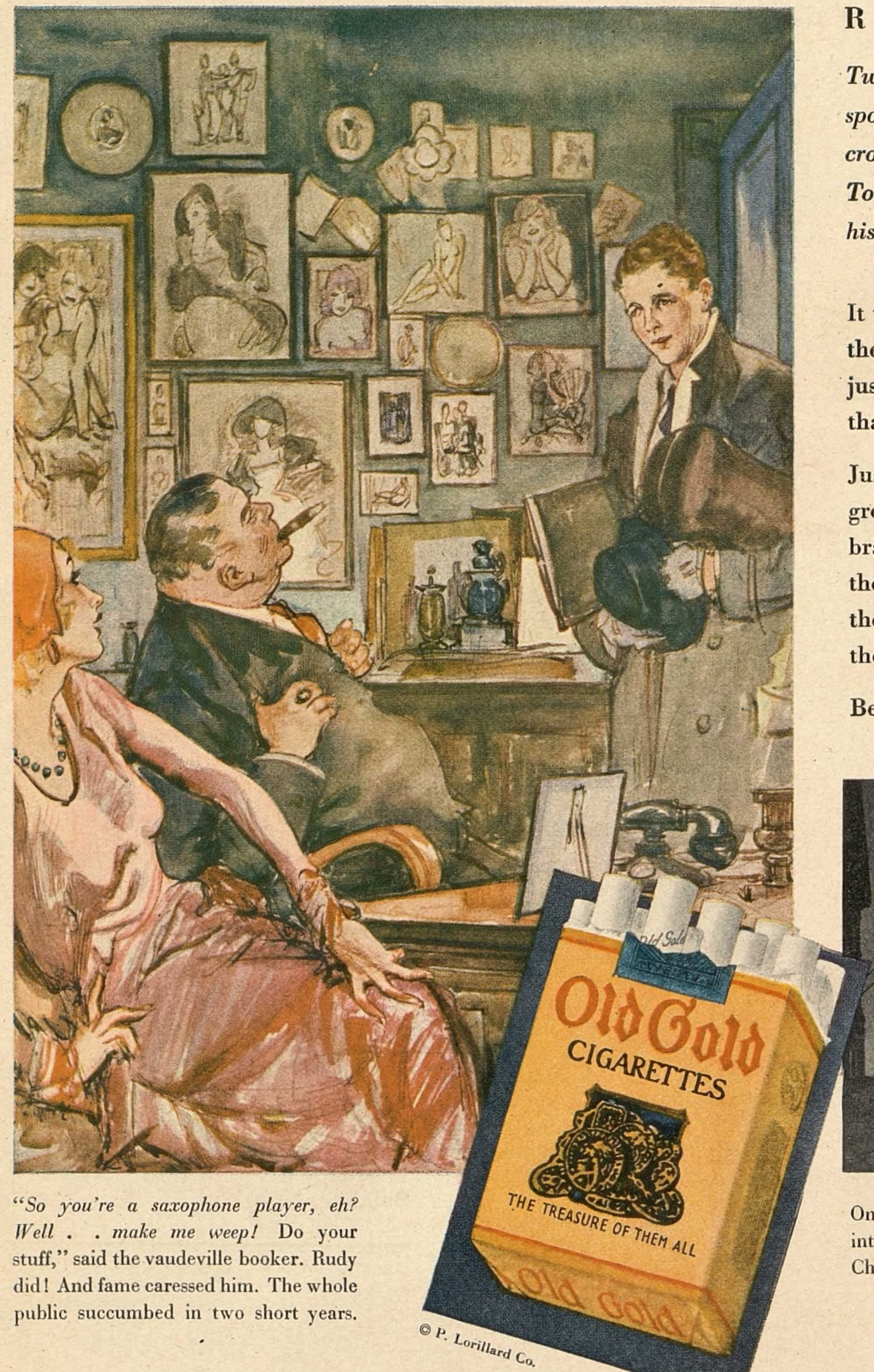
Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crooned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name blazed in electric signs.

. . .

It wasn't the cut of his clothes... or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time . . . because they delivered a new enjoyment... they thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos...that's why they win.



"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . make me weep! Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.

© P. Lorillard Co.

On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Who will tell the young wife *what she wants to know?*

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

—Her mother?
—Her friends?
—. . . or is it less embarrassing to read this booklet herself . . . . .

EVEN the young wife who *thinks* she knows, is likely to be wrong, especially if she has obtained her information from an older woman. Until recently there was little definite knowledge about feminine hygiene. Of course the practice was fairly common, but the accompanying risks were too great for anyone's peace of mind.

Why should any woman have these doubts? Why run these risks? Why not get the complete facts by sending for this booklet, entitled "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene?"

Learn about the risks of poisonous antiseptics

Most physicians and nurses will approve feminine hygiene in principle. What they object to is the use of poisonous antiseptics. And yet until recently there was nothing else a woman could use that would insure real, surgical, germicidal cleanliness. She had her choice, as a general thing, between bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. *Both of these are deadly poisons.*

Discovery of Zonite ends all such risks

The real germicide and antiseptic of today is *Zonite.* This remarkable chemical discovery has done wonders in solving this perplexing problem of woman. For Zonite actually offers great germ-killing strength and perfect safety.

With Zonite there are none of the dangers that follow the use of bichloride of mercury or the carbolic acid compounds. There is no danger of hardening delicate tissues, or leaving areas of scar-tissue. Zonite is non-caustic and absolutely non-poisonous.

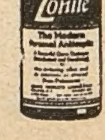
Also, Zonite is powerful. It is wonderfully effective. Thinking of Zonite in the class with other well-known non-poisonous antiseptics, there is no comparison. It is *over forty times* as effective as peroxide of hydrogen. Even when compared in strength with the old poisonous germicides, Zonite is impressive in its superiority. It is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch the human body.

Send coupon below for this booklet written only for women

The modern-minded woman wants to *know the facts.* Surely she is entitled to that much—then she can use her own judgment. So send for this neat, concise, *authoritative* booklet. Read it. Pass it along to daughters, friends. They will thank you. In the meantime, you will find full directions with every bottle of Zonite at your drug store. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Always use Zonite Ointment for sunburn. It is an effective antiseptic aid to healing. A white cream—dainty and greaseless. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30, 60c, $1 In both U. S. and Canada



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LI-08
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name. . . . .
(*Please print name*)
Address. . . . .
City. . . . . State. . . . .
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

AUG. 16, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
NO. 33

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 6900.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

DEALING WITH RUSSIA

Two questions concerning Russia have been much discussed of late—first, whether it would be wise for the United States to recognize the Russian government, and second, whether in default of such recognition our manufacturers should be permitted to sell to the Russians through the Amtorg, the Soviet trading agency in this country.

Of course it is generally believed that the Amtorg does use its business foothold in the United States to carry on propaganda subversive to the American government. Obviously this should be combated, and any agent caught plotting should be deported. If necessary, the whole personnel should be barred.

Nevertheless, we do not think it is a bad thing to sell American dies and machinery to Russia either directly or indirectly. We think it is a good thing, for the following reasons.

If we refuse the Russians the right to buy dies and machinery in the United States, of course they can get them from Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, or what have you. We don't believe we could prevent these agents of industrial progress from reaching Soviet Russia, if Soviet Russia has the money to pay for them, in any way short of a military blockade.

Also, there is something to be said for the profit involved in selling machinery to Russia.

But the chief reason for such commerce, we think, is that it will tend to bolster Russian prosperity.

The longer the people of Russia are impoverished, as compared with our standards of living, the longer they will remain under the sway of Bolshevism.

The testimony of all returned travelers is that clothing in Russia today is worn and shabby, there is a general lack of housing, and people don't get enough to eat, if you judge what they get by our standards. Twelve years after the war they are still using bread and meat cards, and there are not enough punches on either to make their bellies full. This is true not only of the "workers" who work with their backs, but even more in the case of the "intellectuals"—the non-physical workers—who only get half as much to eat as the "workers."

Now, if they could provide themselves with a plenitude of these things under their form of government (which we doubt) they would be less discontented and less prone to carry on their revolution against capitalism.

The Lord knows this is not the most prosperous year in our country's history, but it is a horn-of-plenty year compared with the best year Russia has ever had under the Soviets. The fact remains that these Russians are shy on the three most common needs of man—food in the belly, a coat on the back, a roof overhead. If by going to work instead of trying to enforce theories of government they can feed their children better, they'll calm down and be less hostile to the rest of the world.

In the family of nations the Russians are the poor people who live in the shanty at the end of the alley—whose kids holler "Yah!" as the neighbors' children go by in clean collars on their way to Sunday school.

Communism is, in effect, a religious dogma. Its leaders' ambition is not to raise others to the standards of the more fortunate, but to make everybody equally unfortunate, so that all will meet on a common basis of misery.

Of course the Russians explain their poverty as due to the fact that they are still recovering from war disasters. But, equally of course, that explanation is no good, because countries whose participation in the war was greater than Russia's—such as France, Germany, and England—have made much better recoveries while Russia is still on the starvation line.

We maintain that no one will work as well when a bureaucrat tells him where and when to do his planting as he will if he has something to say about it himself, and shares in the returns of his labor. No one will get up at 4 A. M. and milk with the same zest if he can't sell the milk. So we don't believe prosperity is likely to come to a polity where people are ordered to work by officials rather than persuaded to by self-interest.

But suppose we're wrong. Suppose the Russian government, with American machinery, turns out such a plenitude of goods that its people can equip themselves with the aforementioned needs and become able to export from their abundance enough to swamp other nations. Then it *would* be true that their system is better than ours, and it should come into power with the force of natural laws behind it.

It is true that capitalism hasn't always been and won't always be. We humans have been through various stages—the rule of tribal chiefs, feudalism, monarchy, and what not—and perhaps some new stage will come. But there is nothing in the success it has so far achieved to indicate that the new stage will be communism—a system which has kept its people in the direst poverty and can be maintained among them only by the most ruthless exercise of police power, espionage, and executions. When it comes to ruthless tyranny, the little finger of Stalin is thicker than the loins of the Czars.

We think our policy should be to sell goods to the Russians and take their money, and if by any chance they get rich with our machinery we think they'll be better neighbors.

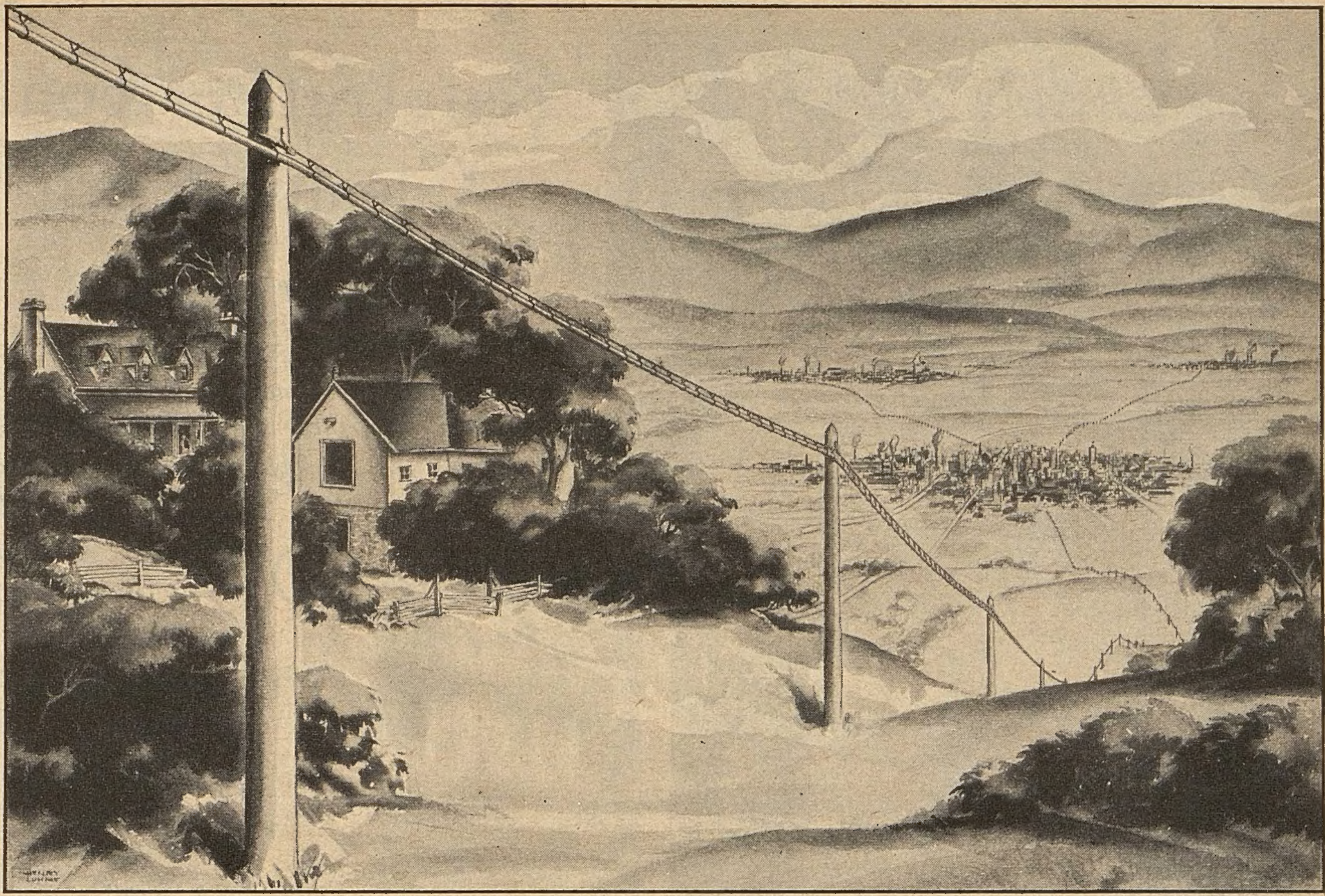
And, speaking of policies, it may be remarked in passing that one thing Russia has been pertinacious about is the building up of a large and effective army. It might be inferred that they intend to take by force some of the wealth they have not been able to destroy by propaganda. We don't need to be alarmists about this far-off nation, but it is always well to take steps for defense against what may come, and the front line of defense for the United States of course is—yes, you guessed it: an efficient navy.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Line of Beauty—*A story* .... FRED MACISAAC 7
Around the Primus .... JUNIUS B. WOOD 14
A look-in on the congested home life of Red Russia
Funny Faces—*The newest thing in contests* 21
The Last Resource—*A story* ... SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE 22
Outlaws and Such—*Movie reviews* .... KATE CAMERON 28
$500 a Week for Limericks—*Some winners and another chance* .. 32
Still Another Juliet—*Part VIII* ... THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW 38
"Fall In!"—*A piece about parades* .... ROBERT BENCHLEY 49
The Leading Citizen—*A short short story* .. ANN G. COLEMAN 51
More About the Amateur Competition .. GRACE ROBINSON 52
A symposium on young America's manners and morals
The Biography of Loar—*A story* .... PARKER BLOSER 58
Jeanne Eagels—*Part XII* .... EDWARD DOHERTY 60

Editorial (p. 4); Bright Sayings of Children (27); Vox Pop (30-31); News of the World (36); For the Love o' Lil (37); What's Wrong Here? (47); Cross Word Puzzle (48); Twenty Questions (50)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher



AN INTER-CITY CABLE, PART OF THE BELL SYSTEM NETWORK THAT UNIFIES THE NATION

Vast, to serve the nation . . . personal, to serve you

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

So THAT YOU may telephone from house to house in a Southern village, from farm to farm in the Middle West, or from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast—the Bell Telephone System *must* be large. Its work is to give adequate telephone service to one of the world's busiest and most widespread nations. There is 4000 million dollars' worth of telephone plant and equipment in the Bell System, any part of which is subject to your call day or night.

Every resource of this system is directed to the end that you may have quick, clear and convenient telephone service.

In order to meet the telephone needs of the country most effectively, the operation of the Bell System is carried on by 24 Associated Companies, each attuned to the area it serves. Working with these companies is the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, giving them the benefit of its development of better methods.

The Bell Laboratories and the Western Electric Company utilize the talents of thousands of scientists for constant research and improvement in the material means of telephony. Western Electric, with its great plants and warehouses in every part of the country, contributes its specialized ability for the precise and economical manufacture of equipment of the highest quality for the entire system.

The Bell System is vigorously carrying forward its work of improving the telephone service of the country. It is building for today and tomorrow—for the benefit of every one who lives and works in America.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

How Colgate's Penetrating Foam Cleans Teeth Two Ways

It does more than merely polish the surfaces. It washes out the impurities from tiny crevices, not reached by ordinary brushing.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the surface of your teeth . . . any toothpaste can do that. Surface polishing is only half-protection; danger lurks in the tiny crevices. These must be cleansed.

Of course, Colgate's polishes tooth surfaces perfectly—but it does *more.* Its penetrating foam surges into the spaces between teeth and into the tiny fissures and washes out decaying particles from these danger spots where ordinary brushing can't reach.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. This means highest cleansing power.

Thus, when you use Colgate's you get *double* results: teeth *polished* brilliantly, *plus* teeth *washed* thoroughly . . . a *complete* cleansing which gives *extra* protection. Don't be content with half-protection.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

For those who prefer a powder, Colgate's comes in this form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

* * *

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
25c

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

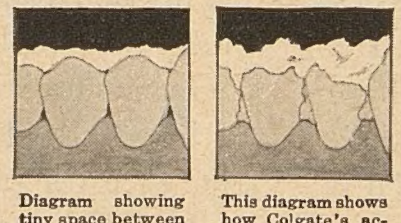


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk

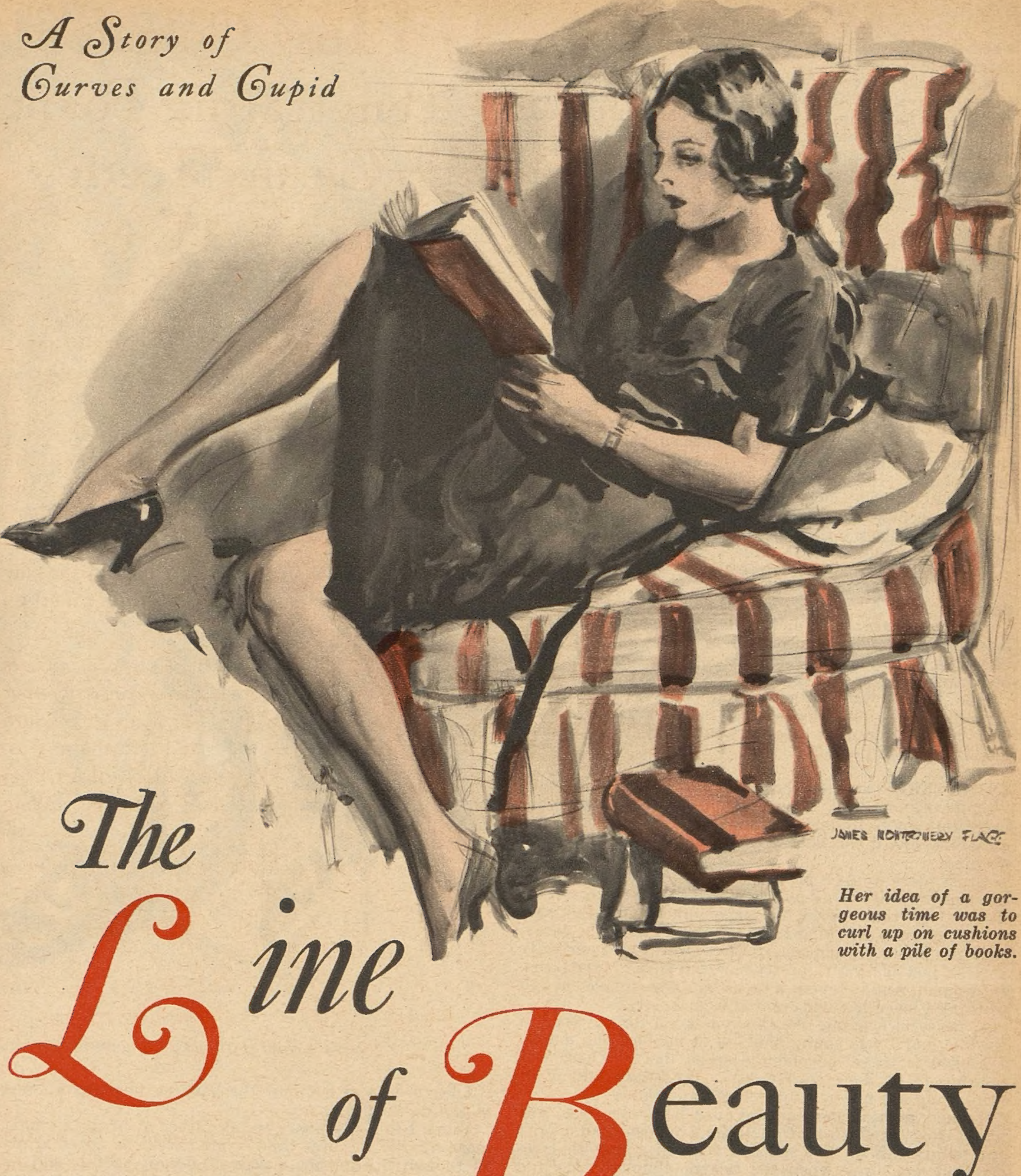
This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M—530, P.O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name..

Address..

A Story of Curves and Cupid



Her idea of a gorgeous time was to curl up on cushions with a pile of books.

The Line of Beauty

Pictures by **JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG**

By

FRED MACISAAC

who, before he began writing fiction and movie continuities, was a newspaper man in New York and Boston, and at one time was press agent for the Boston opera. He is married and lives in Los Angeles.

MORSEVILLE girls are renowned for their zip. Rising about midmorning, they are at their peak at midnight, and with reasonable stimulation they are brisk at 5 A. M. To run with that pack demands a lad who is "in the pink," and if a fellow is a son of toil, the pace frazzles him.

As I labored seven hours daily in a cage like a squirrel at the Morseville Bank and Trust Company, social ructions withered me, which is why I spent an occasional evening with Oretta Blake, who lived on our street in a big white house with a wide porch, located at the end of an old-fashioned garden. I staggered into Blakes' much as one takes his car to a battery-recharging station.

According to my sire, Oretta was the most beautiful girl in Morseville, but as father holds over from an epoch

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LINE OF BEAUTY
Continued from page seven

when the line of beauty was a curve, I questioned his judgment.

Oretta had returned from Wellesley with a diploma, a mania for reading, and what appeared to be a congenital distaste for locomotion. Her idea of a gorgeous time was to curl up on cushions with a pile of books. She said she would have enjoyed being a Sultana if the Sultans didn't always have whiskers. Although her folks had "jack" and social standing, Oretta refused to run with the town mob. Being left at the post, she went to sleep there.

There was lots doing in Morseville, and I could gallop four or five nights in a row before my arches began to ache, but, whatever might be the evening I chose for repose, I could be certain of finding Oretta in her hammock on her porch with most of her father's library on the floor within easy reach. When I dropped in upon Oretta she didn't bother to sit up in her hammock.

"Ah, the battered hulk!" she would remark. "Flop into the big chair and hang your feet on the table. Keep quiet. I'm reading something interesting."

I would breathe a sigh of content and light a cigarette, and after ten or fifteen minutes I would be a man again.

As she lolled in the hammock with the golden halo from the reading lamp upon her, Oretta was comely with the loud pedal on. Her hair was long and thick and black with a sheen on it like a Duco finish. Her features were small and her profile was Madonnalike. When she lifted her long curling black lashes to gaze at me compassionately after I had made an inane remark, the eyes of her were so big and black that they were almost hypnotic. There was a pin point of fire about a mile down in their depths.

Her arms were plump and white and gleaming, and her legs had a symmetry uncommon in these days of girls like boys. Too plump, of course, but they drew the eyes more than regular female legs.

Her figure was unfashionable—curves instead of straight lines—but it looked nice in a hammock. There was no question that Oretta would slay them if she melted off a few pounds.

SOMETIMES, as I sat there and stared at her, I would get sort of dizzy. The perfume of the lilacs would creep into my brain and do things to it. Everything was so serene, and it was such a relief to lay off hooch for an evening.

Crazy ideas would come to me: that it would be sublime to spend my life motionless on that porch with Oretta in my arms; that to grab her and smother her with kisses would be worth anything I had to pay. It would be necessary for me to remind myself that Oretta was perfectly useless, just a lazy girl, pretty now, but sure to turn into a fat woman. And if I made a break, she was simple enough to think I loved her and wanted to marry her.

A peaceful evening like this was good for me once in a while, but I was young and full of bubbles and mostly I needed to travel beyond the speed limit. There was nothing to be done with Oretta. She didn't drink or smoke and she never wanted to go anywhere.

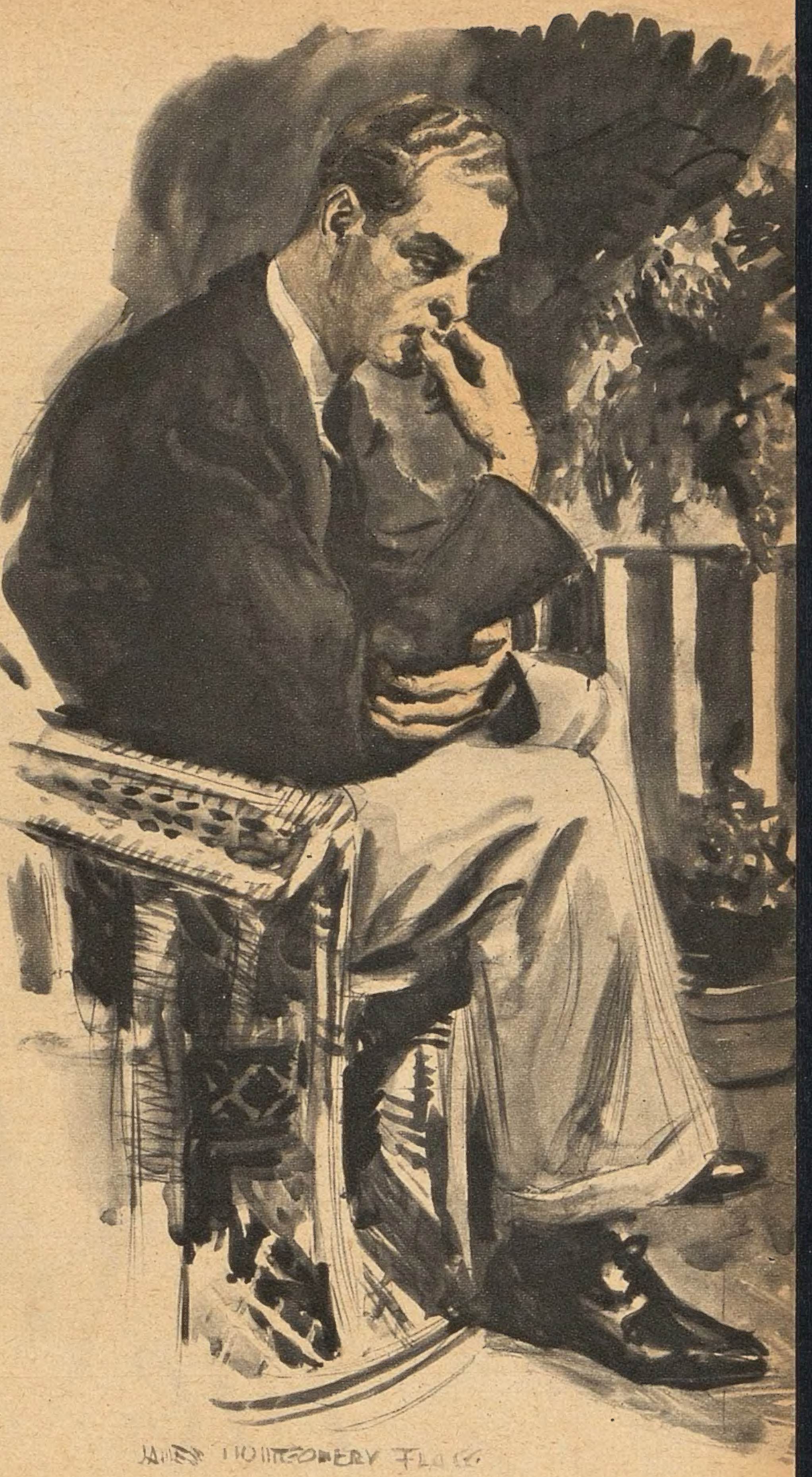
I liked to hear her talk because her voice was soft and throaty and sort of thrilling, and she had a gift for telling things that she had read in a way that interested me. And when she talked, dimples came and went in her pretty cheeks.

Dimples are charming, but they are a warning of coming obesity. Ask anyone who hasn't got them.

The village bred a gallant herd of electric ladies and they were all my pals, but they lacked the intangible something required to belt me altarwards. I expected my fate to appear in the guise of a week-end guest of one of these, and I was not impatient.

When I first pushed open her front gate Oretta was not exactly enthusiastic about me, though she didn't have a solitary follower. But after I had explained that I was a human headache, she felt sorry for me and began to talk to me about books.

In an amusing way she would give me the gist of a volume whose title page petrified me, and she made the dullest subjects sprightly.



"I can't argue with you," I answered, "but I'll as

I learned from her how the banking business started in the dark ages.

When I told that story to my father at breakfast next morning, for the first time in my career he gazed at me as though I were not a slab of finnan haddie, and he palmed it off on the Rotary Club as something he had read himself.

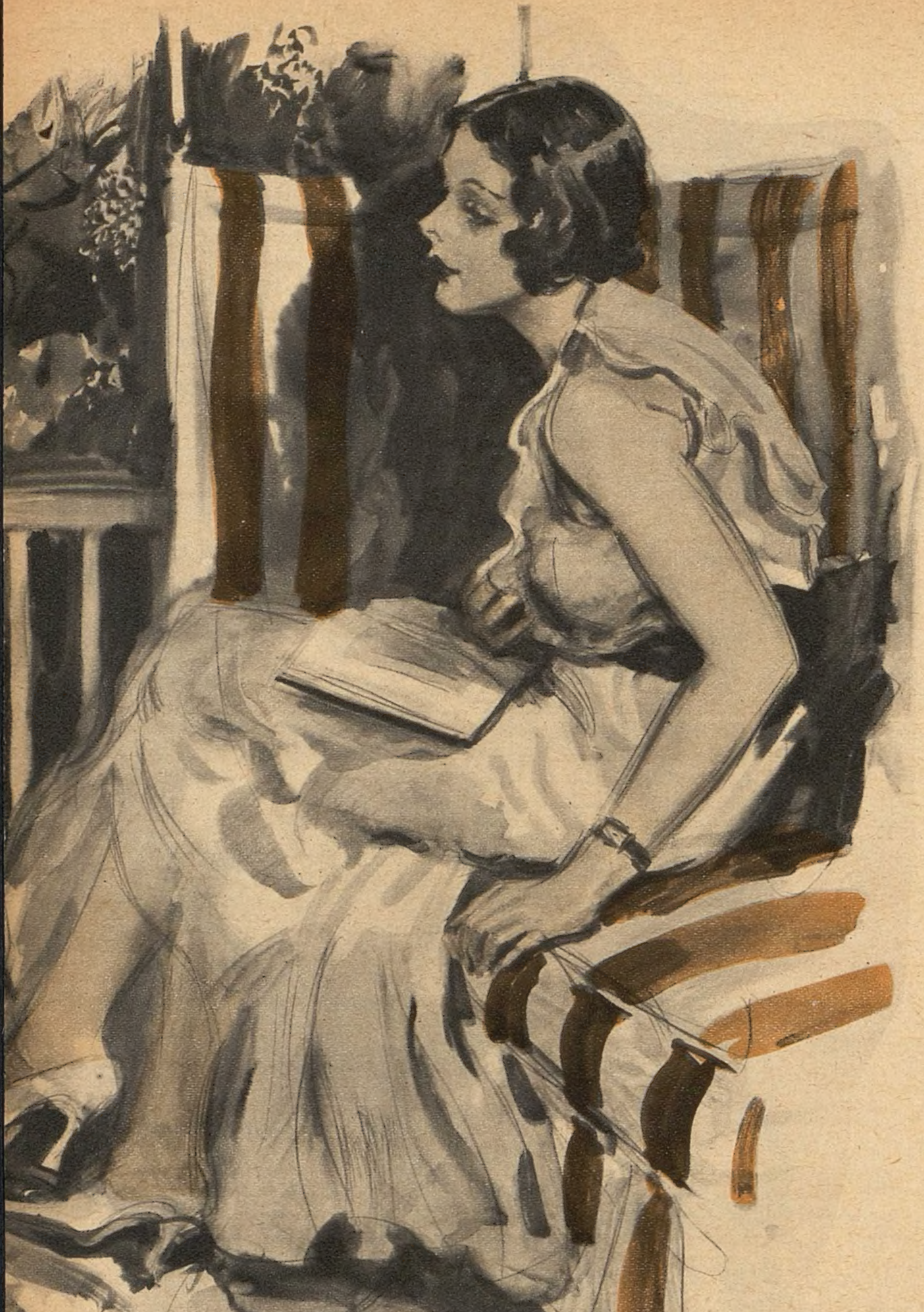
I grew so fond of Oretta as time passed that I felt that something ought to be done about her. I considered her case for some time and finally opened up on her like a Dutch uncle.

"Oretta," I began, "you are twenty-two years old and, aside from me, you are manless. Don't you ever expect to marry?"

For the first time in our acquaintance, Oretta sat up in the hammock and planted her feet upon the floor of the porch.

"Ned," she exclaimed, smiling broadly, "are you proposing to me?"

"Certainly not," I replied emphatically. "I am speaking impersonally. I hate to see you go on this way."



ou one question: Are you popular or are you not?"

"What way?"

"Loafing your life away in a damn' hammock."

She patted the cushions. "It's a very nice hammock. I prefer it to galloping around to road houses and drinking bad gin."

"Some day," I warned her, "when you regret not having a husband and kids, you'll wish you went after them."

"Yes? And how does one catch a husband? Take advantage of a drunken moment?"

"THE first thing to do is to get into shape. With a little effort you could be the most beautiful girl in Morseville."

"Really?" she drawled. "I thought I was."

"You're too fat," I said brutally. "And laziness is growing on you. Shake it off and exercise."

Those big eyes of hers began to burn and make me feel uncomfortable.

"Too fat?" she said sharply. "I weigh one hundred twenty pounds, which is normal for my height."

"Look at your legs," I suggested dryly.

She lifted her skirts above her knees and inspected them. So did I.

"I think they are very pretty," she said, all dimples. "Don't you?"

For no reason my voice shook as I replied: "Kind of, but they ought to be thin."

Oretta laughed. "But then they wouldn't be pretty. My dear Ned, you are a victim of conventions. I may seem fa—plump compared to your other female acquaintances, but that is because they are living skeletons. And not only are they ten or fifteen pounds underweight, but they are all nervous wrecks. I like me, I do."

"So I perceive," I said nastily. "You better snap out of it. Nobody can keep fit without exercise. Next thing you know you'll be as fat as your mother."

By her expression I realized that I had gone too far. Oretta's lower lip began to tremble.

"It is true that mother is fat," she said after a minute. "If, when I am fifty, I am as plump and charming as my mother, I shall think myself fortunate."

"I had no business saying that," I replied, "but I'm talking for your own good. You'd be a knock-out, Oretta, if you'd take off five pounds."

"Would it astonish you to learn that my measurements are exactly those of the Venus de Milo?" she asked sweetly.

"Well, she was too fat," I answered defiantly.

ORETTA fell back into her hammock and kicked her heels and laughed madly. After a moment she sat up, smiling.

"You see things according to your lights, Ned," she said gently. "Nature did not intend that women should have boyish figures. A woman needs no muscle. She requires a well developed bust and broad hips for her special functions. Violent exercise is injurious to her, but if she is not forced to drudge she will outlive the normal man by from five to ten years. I am in perfect health; I live properly; I am not overweight; and I am perfectly satisfied with myself. So."

"I can't argue with you," I answered, "but I'll ask you one question: Are you popular or are you not?"

"Well," she said with rather a pitiful smile, "I thought I was popular with you until you erupted tonight. Don't you like me at all, Ned?"

"Of course I like you. That's why I'm talking to you in this way."

"But you wouldn't think of marrying me, would you?"

I hesitated. She looked so beautiful and so appealing that my heart began to do tricks. But I knew that I didn't love her. This was just sex lure and propinquity and that sort of thing.

"I could be crazy about you," I evaded, "if you had some gimp. My kind of girl—"

She nodded. "I know. Your ideal is a composite of the athletic set of Morseville with a certain charm which those girls don't possess. Right?"

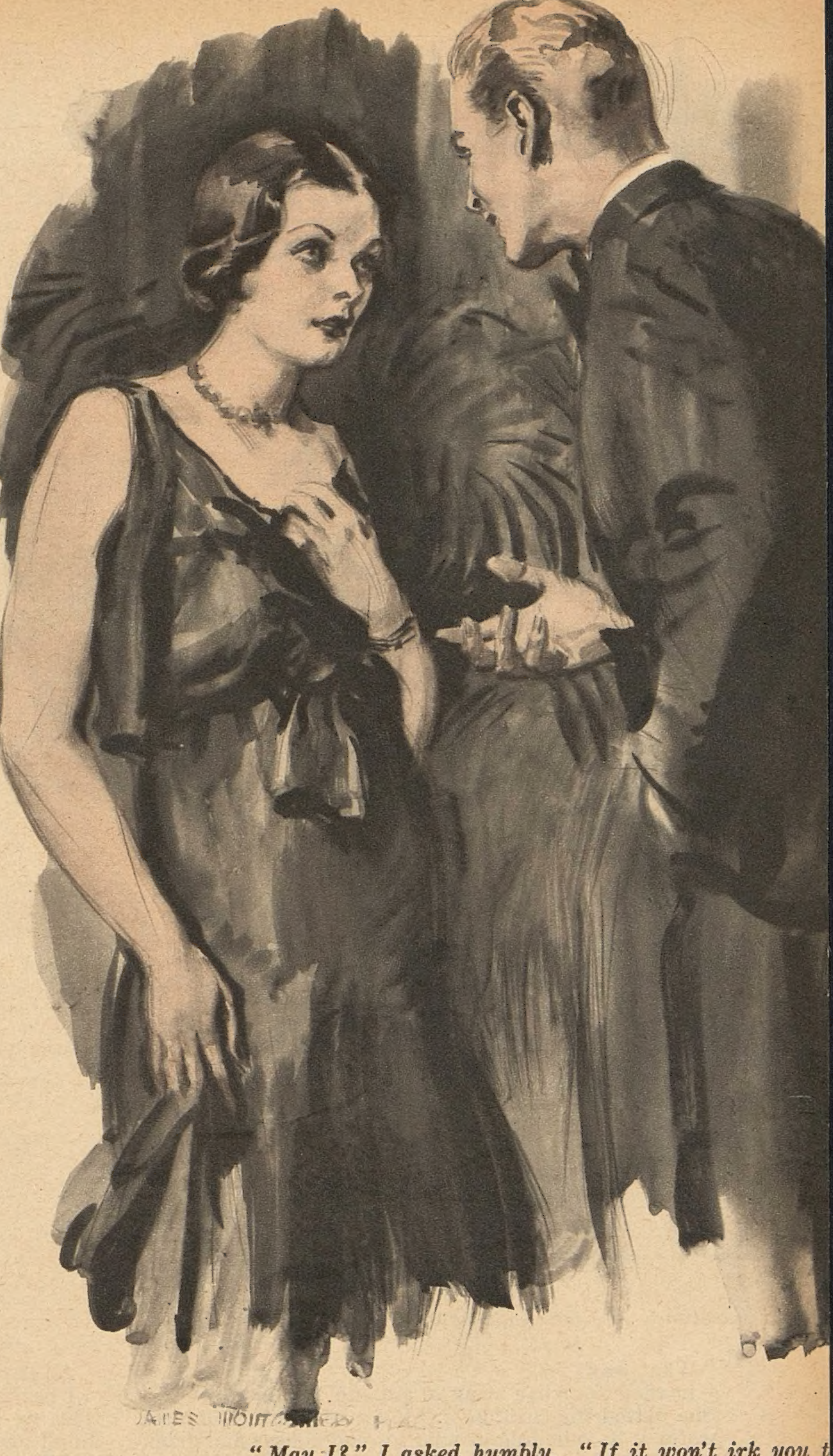
"I guess so," I said sheepishly.

"Darling," stated Oretta compassionately, "you are doomed to die a bachelor. Female charm is a matter of bust and hips and calves and soft flesh. Those women have flattened their breasts and worked the flesh off their hips and burned off their complexions and roughened their hands. They have left their sex appeal on the tennis courts. All the beloved women of history were plump, Ned."

"The right kind of girl keeps up with a fellow," I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LINE OF BEAUTY
Continued from page nine



"May I?" I asked humbly. "If it won't irk you t

said stoutly. "She's a pal. Your idea of a grand time is to lie in a hammock. That's nice once in a while, but a man can't sit on the back of his neck seven nights a week."

"Not if he requires physical action for entertainment. You're just a young animal, Ned. I hope you find exactly the kind of girl you want and that you appreciate her when you get her. Let's talk about something else. Did you ever meet Walter Hammond?"

"Hammond? Is that the old Yale pitcher?"

"Yes. He has turned into an efficiency expert and he comes to Morseville next week to reorganize the Morse Carburetor Works. When I was in college I roomed with his sister and I saw quite a little of him."

"The old Yale pitcher. Well, Maud Moore and her gang will annex him about the second day he arrives."

"I shouldn't be surprised," she said indifferently. "It's eleven o'clock, Ned, and our exciting conversation has left me exhausted. Toddle along."

"Exhausted," I jeered. "Just what I told you. Suppose you had to stand on your feet for seven hours in a bank."

"I won't suppose anything so horrible," she said with a light laugh. "Good night, Ned. I forgive you for your candor and I appreciate your good intentions."

"Well, you think over what I told you. Let it percolate."

"I'll consider it very seriously."

She held out her tiny white hand and I squeezed it and took myself off. Oretta certainly was a nice girl and if she would pep up a bit, why— Aw, shucks, I knew what I wanted.

THE following Wednesday I was all run down again and I ducked a dance at the country club, went home, took a shower, ate a good dinner, and about nine o'clock strolled over to Oretta's.

It was dark on the porch and I supposed she had fallen asleep, so I tiptoed over to the hammock to surprise her and turned on the light. The hammock was empty.

This was unheard-of and indecent. Here I was ready for a peaceful evening and no Oretta. It was possible she might be sick, so I rang the front doorbell. Mr. and Mrs. Blake always spent the evening in a study room at the back of the house. After a moment the light in the hall went on and Mrs. Blake opened the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Blake," I said anxiously. "Is Oretta sick or something?"

She peered at me. "Oh, it's Ned Mansfield. Won't you come in, Ned?"

"Is she sick?" I demanded.

"Oretta? Of course not. She went to the country club dance with Mr. Hammond."

I staggered against the doorpost.

"The dance? Oretta?"

Her mother nodded. "And she had a new blue gown and, if I do say it myself, she was perfectly lovely in it. Do come in. I've just made a pitcher of lemonade for Mr. Blake."

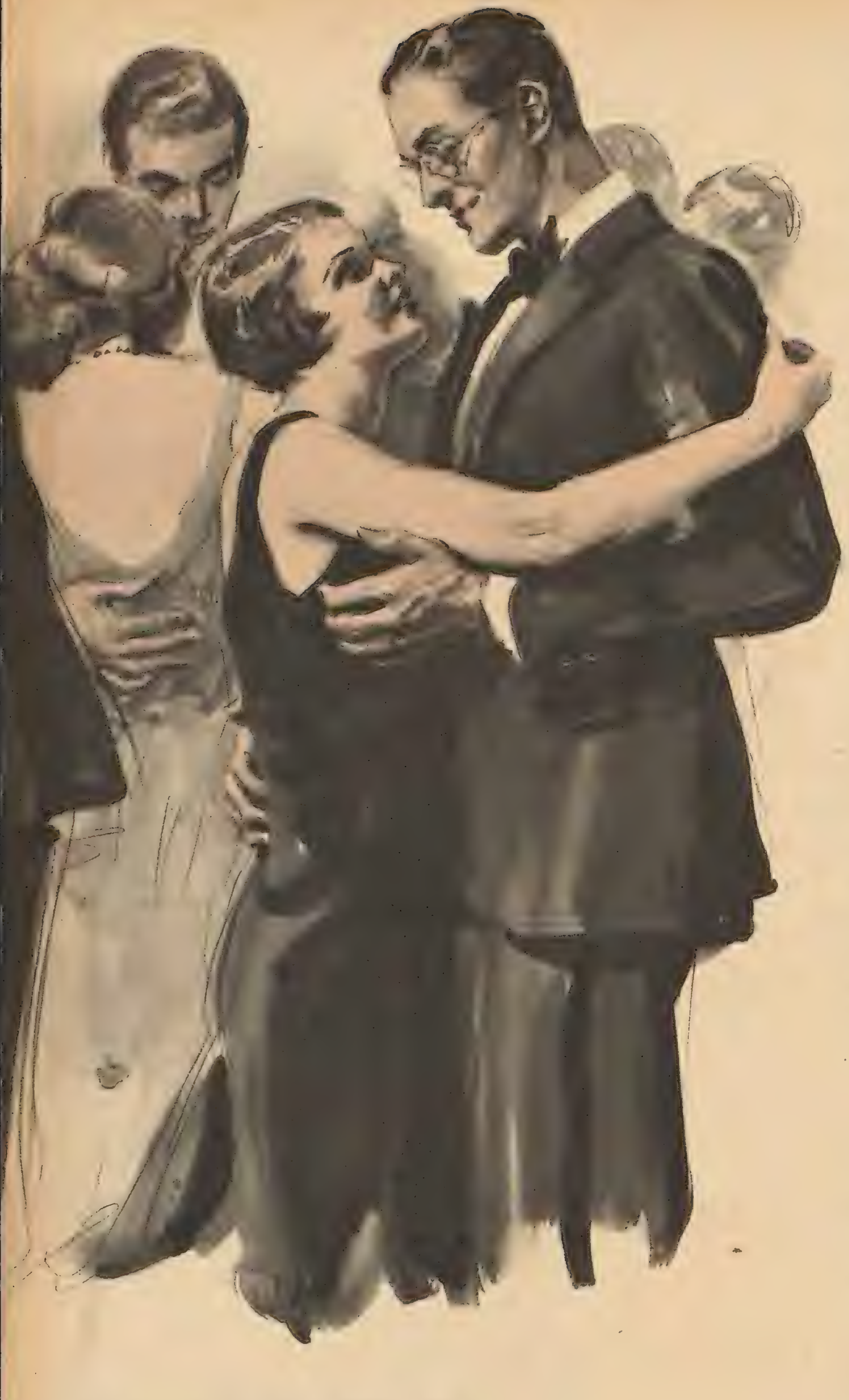
I shook my head dolefully. My system required something stronger than lemonade to counteract this shock.

"Th-thanks, I'll run along," I stammered.

I went dolefully home. It was unreasonable for me to feel that Oretta had failed me. I had come to depend upon her being in the hammock, and the knowledge that she was always there had enabled me to survive a lot of hectic parties.

It was a great shock to my parents to see me return home at a few minutes after nine and dad made remarks about my getting a little sense at last. I went up to my room and considered going to bed, but I wasn't sleepy and I realized that I wasn't even tired. Just disappointed.

Next thing I knew I was laying out my evening clothes and getting into them. There would be a good crowd at the country club dance and I was curious to have a look at this baseball pitcher who had turned into an efficiency expert. And I was wondering how Oretta would look in an evening gown of blue. As it happened, I had never seen her except in little dinner dresses. I



dance with a fat girl," she said maliciously.

wondered how she danced—if she danced. She had never mentioned that accomplishment.

I slipped out the back way so that my departure would not make dad regret that he had given me a little kudos, and a few minutes after ten barged into the ballroom at the club.

At the Morseville Club there were always more women than men in the ballroom, which was due to the habit of certain members of escorting their wives to the dance and then leaving them to shift for themselves while they plunged into the deep recesses of the locker room.

Maud Moore was supporting a pillar near the post as I entered, and she flung herself on my neck.

"Your fat chum Oretta is here with a marvelous new man," she declared as we swung into the dance.

"Oretta is not fat," I said with acerbity. "She is exactly the right weight for her height. Trouble with you and your gang is that you are ten or fifteen pounds underweight and nervous wrecks to boot."

"Yeah," sneered Maud. "How much will you bet we don't cop the attractive stranger before the evening is over?"

"How do you happen to be a wallflower?" I demanded.

"Too many husbands dancing with their wives. Is Oretta's man the Hammond who used to pitch for Yale?"

"None other. I bet you twenty dollars to a golf ball you can't get him away from her."

"Fix it for me to meet him. Here they come."

Oretta came in from the balcony with a tall, husky, tanned young man who wore glasses and had a pugilist's jaw. I didn't observe him much because I was looking at Oretta.

SHE wore one of those new gowns that look at first glance as though they were long dresses and then reveal the legs to the knees through an alluring mess of veiling. She was slender in it, yet her figure was daintily rounded. Her great mass of hair was parted in the middle and caught up at the nape of her neck, and her ripe, full lips were parted in a smile. She saw me and I saw her gorgeous eyes. And I was dazzled by the creamy color of her bare neck and her exquisite shoulders. And I realized that Oretta didn't need a course of training to be the loveliest creature in the world.

"Of course she has a complexion," Maud was admitting. "She never exposes herself to the sun. And a good modiste can do wonders with a plump girl."

I looked at Maud. She was pretty in a way. Her brown eyes were nice, and she had decent brown hair, cut too close; but her figure was angular; her shoulders were square, her biceps bulged; and there were holes in her neck and she was skin and bone.

The music stopped and I dragged Maud over to Oretta and Walter Hammond.

"Hello, Ned," said Oretta pleasantly. "I assumed we should find you here. Mr. Hammond—Mr. Mansfield. Maud, Mr. Hammond just asked me who you were. This is Miss Moore, Walter."

"I saw you pitch your last game against Harvard," said Maud mendaciously. "You were immense."

Hammond chuckled. "I was knocked out of the box in the sixth inning," he said. "Did you think I was immense then?"

"Even in defeat you were wonderful," she asserted. "Does that deserve a dance?"

Oretta looked shocked, but Hammond laughed. "I was about to beg for one."

"You may beg for the next one, if you like," said Maud impudently. "I am grabbing this one."

I looked at Oretta.

"May I?" I asked humbly.

"If it won't irk you to dance with a fat girl," she said maliciously.

The music emitted a blat and I put my arm around her. She was as light as a snowflake and as soft as down. It was the first time I had ever put my arm around Oretta and it was like being electrocuted.

"Not so close, please," she said primly.

"I called on you tonight," I said reproachfully.

"I'm sorry. I have to entertain Walter, you know."

"I suppose so. Say, Oretta, I didn't know you danced."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LINE OF BEAUTY
Continued from page eleven

"You never asked me," she said, smiling.

I shut up. It rushed upon me that I had been calling on the girl for months, interfering with her literature, and never invited her anywhere. I just took it for granted that she wouldn't get out of the hammock.

"I enjoy dancing," she added, rubbing it in. "But one has to have an escort."

"You mean you would have gone out dancing with me if I had asked you to?" I mumbled.

"Of course. I couldn't suggest it, knowing that you were all fagged out from other social activities, but one gets tired remaining continuously on one's own porch."

"You must have thought I was a pig," I said contritely.

"Oh, no. You liked me in my setting. When you were in an active mood you wanted a live wire. It's quite all right, Ned."

"How about dinner and a road house tomorrow night?" I asked eagerly.

She shook her head smiling.

"Sorry. I'm going with Walter. I must keep my evenings free for him until he makes other friends."

"That will be tonight," I said grimly. "The gas-house gang are going to put him on the spot. Get a look at Maud vamping him."

Oretta turned her head and saw Miss Moore climbing all over her partner.

"He looks as though he liked it," she said composedly.

"I hope he falls for them. It will give me a break," I stated.

"You are always welcome. You will find Walter very interesting and remarkably well informed."

"I'm not for threesomes," I said glumly.

"But all you ever want to do is to rest on nights you call on me."

"I like to talk, too. What chance will I have?"

Oretta tapped me on the arm.

"That's up to you, Ned."

I failed to win another dance with Oretta, because there were few blind men in the ballroom and jovial souls were pouring up from the locker room. In no time at all there was a stag line which tore the baseball player from Oretta and kept her circulating. Meanwhile the mosquito fleet commanded by Maud Moore was devouring poor Hammond.

These young hornets needed no invitation to the dance. They came upon a chap, embraced him violently, and forced him for appearances' sake to start his feet moving. Every time I tried to cut in on Oretta I was cut down by a female destroyer. And, by and by, Hammond and Miss Blake vanished.

I TOOK Maud home and paid under protest my twenty-dollar bet. It was true that she had kept him away from Oretta, but the married men from the locker room received all the benefit. I left her after refusing in a most ungentlemanly fashion to go on to Duffy's road house, and I collapsed upon my downy about 2 A. M.

My mood was black. Kidding myself, I had been, that I went to Blakes' to rest up, and that my satisfaction in being with her was due to the lilacs and the crickets and the frogs. And I had gone over there lots of times when I wasn't in the least fagged. Ducked out of lively parties to look at Oretta. My brain must have been made of horse-radish not to comprehend what made me do that.

Good Lord! I had petted my way through the whole country club gang and never got a thrill. Just a lot of neurotic living skeletons. No sex appeal. They left their charm on the tennis courts. A mob of highball scoopers. And I touched Oretta's little waist and electric sparks darted up to my collar bone.

Here I was madly in love with Oretta for months and too dumb to know it. Just because her mother was plump, I was scared Oretta would fatten up. What if she did? Nature demands that women have busts and hips. And when a girl has a lovely complexion, what a sap she is to run around on golf courses and tennis courts and get all burned up.

Suppose Oretta was lazy? But she wasn't. The poor lonesome kid just lay in her hammock every night because nobody asked her to go anywhere. The best dancer in Morseville—and I never had sense enough to ask her to dance. And why on earth should a man expect his wife to drink? He ought to get down on his knees and thank God she didn't. One stew per family is too much. What good did liquor ever do anybody? I didn't like the stuff much myself, but everybody in my crowd had to keep tossing 'em off. Why, I used to enjoy having a night off the hooch at Oretta's.

Eventually I fell asleep and dreamed that Oretta had eloped with Hammond and I got stewed and married Maud Moore. I woke up trembling with terror.

I beat it home from the bank as early as possible, dined quickly, and made tracks for Blakes', but even then I was too late. Hammond had turned up with a motor car and carried off Oretta.

I went over every night for three nights and missed her every time, and I was so down in the mouth over these disappointments that I refused to go out with the gang and went into father's library and read books. My mother thought that I must be ill.

ON the fourth night Oretta was back in her hammock, but Hammond was sitting in my accustomed chair. They were both cordial, but it was very evident that I was *de trop*.

Hammond asked me a few questions about my work at the bank, and then he and Oretta began to discuss a new work on philosophy. They affected to include me in the conversation, but it was beyond my depth and I relapsed into sullen silence. After an hour of anguish I couldn't stand it any more and I took myself off. I knew I wouldn't be missed.

Walter Hammond and Oretta Blake would hitch up all right. They were the same kind of people and interested in the same sort of things. How a bird with a jaw like his and the baseball record behind him could be a bookworm was beyond my comprehension, but the way he pitched quotations from great authors to her and the manner in which she tossed them back proved that they were a crack battery of highbrows.

Even if a fellow was too busy to be up on literature he could be proud of a wife who oozed culture at every pore and was a dream of beauty besides. And if I had married Oretta and we spent all our evenings at home, I would have had a chance to read a lot. I would have fixed it so that she wouldn't be ashamed of me.

It would have been wonderful on the porch with Oretta tonight if Hammond hadn't been there. And I knew now that every night of my life I would have been contented to lie on the back of my neck and look at my darling lying in her hammock. Human intelligence had crept upon me too late.

Of course I didn't know that Oretta would have married me if I had asked her when I had the chance. Probably she had been stuck on this efficiency expert ever since she met him at Wellesley. That would explain why she didn't bother to be popular in Morseville.

I remembered that most of the fellows had called on her when she first came home and I supposed that they dropped her because she was a dud. It was more likely that they bored her and she had chased them away. Funny she hadn't chased me away. As a matter of fact she wasn't very cordial the first two or three times I dropped in.

Well, what kept me dropping in? I fed myself a lot of bologny about wanting an occasional quiet evening, but I could have had that on my own porch. There was no doubt that I was hipped over Oretta from the first and told myself that she was going to be fat as a defense complex.

I knew now that what turned me against all the lively girls in town was that they were too skinny and too brash. Subconsciously I yearned for a girl with hips and a bust, but I was too stupid to realize it.

By the time I reached home I was so blue that I wished I were a girl so I could bawl.

I had never been in love before in my life and I ached all over from it. If a fellow gets a disease, he can endure it, because he knows, no matter how badly he feels, that he will be all over it in a few days or a few weeks. But when you are sunk in love and you know that you'll never get the girl and you'll go on worshiping her hopelessly till the day you die—well, it's horrible.

There wasn't a fellow in town with better prospects. Dad owned fifty-one per cent of the stock of the bank and had a vault full of stocks and bonds, all of which would come to me some day. I had been having a grand time and expected, pretty soon, to meet the right girl and just carry her off her feet. I was a puffed-up pup, as selfish as they make 'em, and I had this coming to me, all right. But that didn't help the hurt.

I went up to my room and lay down on the bed. I wished I could close my eyes and wake up dead. If I kept on feeling like this I might have to kill myself.

I began to wonder if Hammond had seated himself in the hammock after I left and put his arms around Oretta and pressed his ugly face against her exquisite one. Just the thought of it made me writhe in pain. And the worst of it was that I couldn't get up any fury against Hammond. He was a clever fellow who knew a gorgeous girl when he saw her, instead of a goof who called on her six months and suppressed his honest love because her mother was fat.

Like a gander I had advised Oretta only a few nights ago to go out and grab a husband. Of course, she pretended to be joshing when she said she would consider it seriously, but it might have sunk in. Oh, gosh! If the foolkiller would only find me and make an end of me!

I am remarking that I put in the most horrible night of my life and I didn't sleep a wink. For the first time in years I got down to breakfast without being called two or three times, and then I couldn't eat any breakfast.

The hours dragged by at the bank and I couldn't keep my mind on my work. I gave Mrs. Macey seven dollars too much when I cashed a check, and she looked at me shrewdly and told me in the nice frank way people have in our village that I had better look out or late hours would be my ruination.

AND at five minutes of three in waltzed Maud Moore with a smirk on her face, which I used to think was pretty.

"Quite a reformed character, aren't you?" she observed as she thrust a check through the wicket. "Or are you running with another crowd?"

"I haven't been feeling well," I mumbled. "I've been staying home."

"Well, you haven't been missed as much as you think," she retorted. "Oh, Ned, so much has happened! I want to tell you something."

She looked around and lowered her voice and told me.

"What's that?" I demanded. "No bunk?"

"Of course not, Ned."

I leaned my elbows on the shelf and brought my face close to hers. "Now tell me everything," I demanded. "How it happened and when it happened and all."

She told me and we shook hands and she went away. I closed my window.

About seven-thirty that evening I pushed open the front gate at Oretta Blake's and walked resolutely up to the front door. I jammed the bell button until it jangled and Mrs. Blake came running.

"What on earth—" she began. "Oh, Ned, it's you."

"I'd like to see Oretta, please."

"I'm sorry, Ned, but you are too late. She has gone out with Mr. Hammond."

"I'm surprised at you, Mrs. Blake, a church member and everything. You will please yell up to Oretta that I want to see her."

"It's all right, mother. I'm coming down," called Oretta from above stairs.

I went out on the porch and sat in the big chair and in a minute Oretta came out and sat in her hammock. I looked at her solemnly.

"I can't understand a girl of your supposed character making her poor old mother tell outrageous lies," I said severely.

She flashed me a glance and the color flooded her cheeks.

"How did you know I was home?" she asked meekly.

"Deduction. You were also home every evening this week."

Oretta's lips parted and her teeth shone in an impudent smile.

"Maybe it was because I didn't want to see you."

"Maybe. But you endeavored to create the impression that you were running around with Walter Hammond."

"How do you know I wasn't?" she asked brazenly.

"Because last night was the first time that you have seen him since the dance."

"Oh, are you a detective?" she inquired. "Well, Walter is a very busy man."

"You knew at the dance that you didn't have a date with him the following night. Why did you tell me I couldn't come over?"

"Something had to be done about chair-warmers."

"ORETTA," I demanded, "what would you do if I picked you up in my arms and kissed you?"

She looked startled.

"You mustn't. I don't permit such things."

"You deliberately set out to create the impression in my mind that Walter Hammond was seriously interested in you. Why?"

Oretta began to wilt. "I—I didn't," she wailed.

I stood up and bore down on her. "Let's hear how loud you can scream," I requested. And then I pounced upon her. I wrapped my arms around her lovely body and I kissed her for minutes. Oretta struggled feebly and then yielded up the bliss that she had for me.

When the kiss was over I leaned back in the hammock and pulled her over upon me. She nestled and sighed.

"You'll be sorry," she said after a minute. "I'm not your kind of a girl. You said so."

"I talked a lot of rot. You are in every respect my ideal."

"I'm plump and I may get fat."

"I've decided that all the beloved women were plump," I replied, "and I don't care how fat you get."

"I'm not going to get fat. I'm going to exercise."

"Don't you dare," I threatened.

"How did you know I wasn't out with Walter?"

I began to laugh. "The gas-house gang got him. Maud Moore threw him over her shoulder and carried him off to her cave. She came into the bank this afternoon and told me about the engagement. It seems he has spent every evening with her until last night. and part of last night."

"Yes," said Oretta. "He came over to tell me. Maud is just the girl for Walter. He loves 'em sort of brazen."

"Why didn't he tell me last night?"

"Well," said Oretta, "I asked him not to."

"Why?" I demanded.

Oretta ran an embarrassed finger through the buttonhole in my lapel.

"You've been in love with me for months, Ned, but you were too stupid to realize it. So, Walter Hammond came to town, and he was really very useful."

"Imagine my nerve in telling a schemer like you how to get a husband!" I exclaimed.

Oretta giggled. "If one wants one there are so many ways of getting them, darling."

She sat up and patted her hair.

"Would you like me to put on a hat and coat and ride out to some lively place, Ned?"

"You come right back here where you were," I commanded.

So Oretta came right back where she had been.

THE END

Wide World photo

Mealtime in a Moscow community home of women workers.

Around the PRIMUS

A Look-In on the Congested Home Life of Red Russia

By

JUNIUS B. WOOD

who returned from Russia not long ago after three years there as correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. His headquarters were in Moscow, the capital, but his travels ranged north to the Arctic Circle, south to the Black Sea, and east across Siberia to the Pacific.

COOPED like chickens on a high-pressure poultry farm, Russians under the Soviet are attempting a new system of life, family and economic.

The housing shortage is the most serious domestic situation in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. It affects the mentality, health, and comfort of a people—the foundations of national morale. Moscow is the most overcrowded city of the western world. Communistic theories for economizing manual labor put housekeeping on a community basis as to kitchen, dining room, social hall, and baths, which seems quite easy. They also put the building under community control and the rentals on a wage basis, which are so novel that few who have not seen the application of the theory can comprehend how it works.

The old owners who built the houses which Communism nationalized did not have any such theories. Their apartments were not built on such plans. Nor has Communism been able to build enough new houses, adapted to such ideas, to provide for humanity. Old nine-room apartments in Moscow which once were tenanted by one family now house at least seven, only the bathroom and kitchen, which are used in common, being untenanted. Possibly a couple of bachelors will have nooks in the corridor, increasing the quota.

Aside from those who are fortunate enough to get into one of the new houses, few families have two rooms, while only a few specially privileged high officials, or foreigners and Nepmen (private dealers) who must pay premiums and high rents, enjoy the privacy of three or more rooms.

Every family has a primus, nearly all have a cat, and many have a servant. The primus is a temperamental single oil burner, stimulated into action with a bicycle pump and exploding at every opportunity. It enlivens Moscow with 10,000 accidents and 1,500 fires annually. As for the cats, Russians like animals, and Moscow has more felines than any other city in the world. Servants, like any other employees, are evidence of abhorred capitalism, but Moscow has 80,000 employed by the best professional proletarians.

The hum of human life, the depression of hermetically sealed rooms, the sociability and the clashes of these human ant hills must be seen to be comprehended. One where a Russian friend nests was among the most crowded in the city—the larger the building, the more it is overpopulated—and each of its sixty-odd apartments was similar to the one which included his room. (It must be said, however, that while Vladimir Nikolaevitch's home life still is typical of many thousands in Moscow, there are others who are not living in similar bizarre surroundings. The new apartments which have been erected by municipalities, by factories or by tenant coöperatives, are modern and comfortable. But their construction does not keep pace with the growing need.)

Even in the dark the outside of the big six-story building looked shabby. A board had replaced the colored glass panel in one door; the elevator had long ceased to function; sleds, lumber, heavy boxes and broken furniture had been thrown into the unswept corners. Vladimir trudged up the gloomy stairs. The names of the families in each apartment were on cards over its push button by the doors. Each family in the apartment was numbered—visitors to ring accordingly. The numbers ranged up to eight rings, almost impossible to count.

THE apartment, built for one family, had seven families in as many rooms—nineteen persons in all, not counting a poet who lived in the corridor. A corridor is the mosaic of Moscow life. This one was a long, gloomy cañon stretching from entrance to community kitchen, lit by a feeble electric bulb over the telephone, stacked to the ceiling with bundles, boxes, trunks, discarded furniture and tall wardrobes from the rooms, with nine room doors opening into the narrow tunnel. Home laundry of thrifty women tenants, done after office hours, dangled damply from strings around the blushing ears of visitors.

A rug showing two moth-eaten satyrs chasing a naked goddess, one side tacked to the wall and a corner nailed to a wardrobe, converted the corner next to the entrance door into a room for the poet.

DINNER was over and a meeting was being held in the corridor. Children were playing blindman's buff.

" Comrades, how many times have we held a conference about our broken washbowl? " Makary Mikhailovitch, a Soviet employee, was demanding. Nobody had kept count, and Makary subsided for lack of argument. Measures must be taken—there was no opposition. Repairing the bathtub was not so urgent, but the washbowl was needed and there were hopes that it might be fixed.

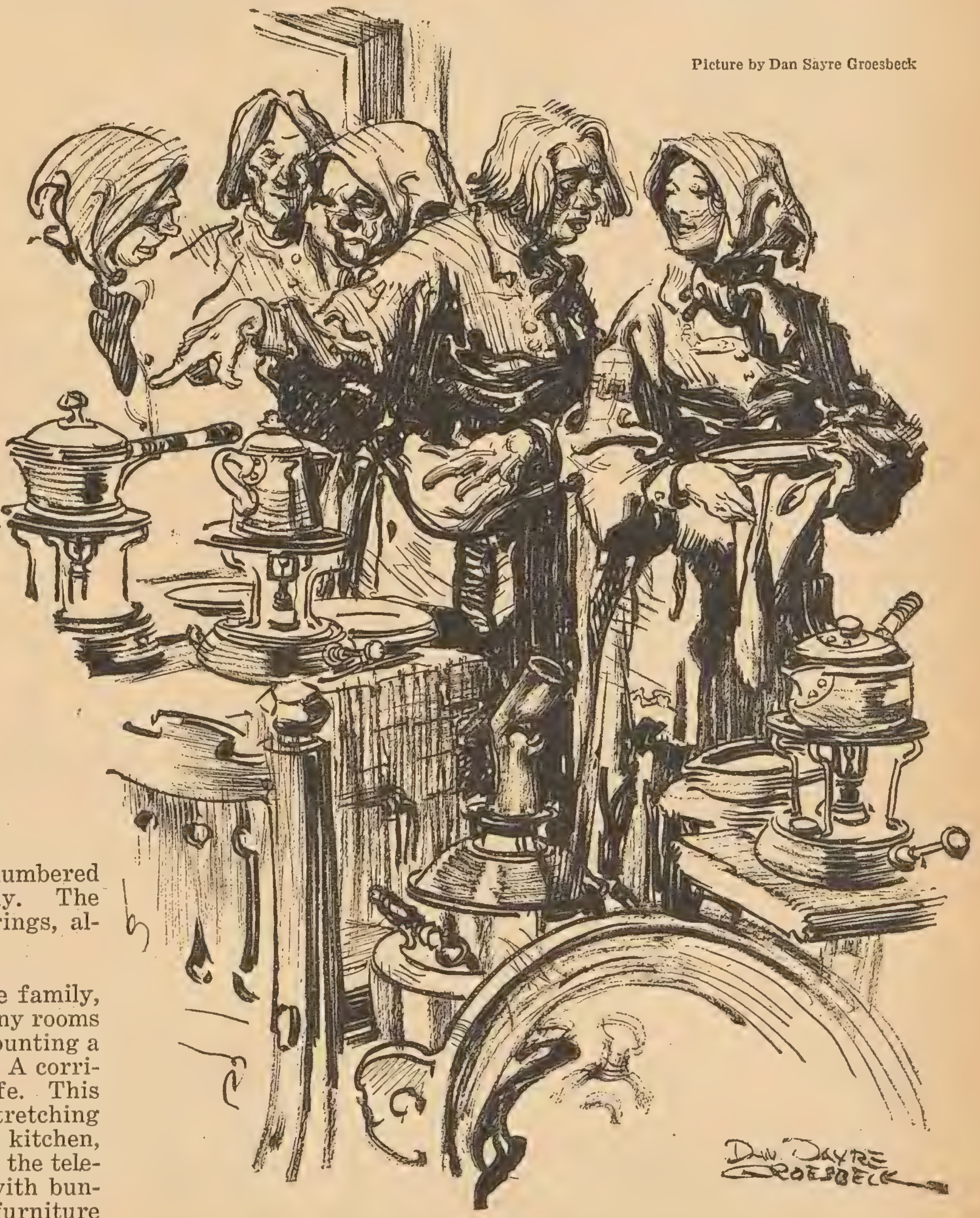
" A committee will be named to draw a protocol for the house committee," announced the chairman, Gleb Andreevitch, the responsible resident for the apartment—meaning that he received all the kicks.

The doorbell rings six times. Niura, a school-teacher, small and peppery, twenty-seven years old, runs from her room. A strange girl is at the door. Niura scowls.

" Oh, you want to see the pianist," she snaps. " Well, be kind enough to ring five times."

Matilda Feodorovna, the musician, thirty years old,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

At seven o'clock every family primus is hissing, and as many owners are in the kitchen enveloped in smoke and smells.

[AROUND THE PRIMUS
Continued from page fifteen]

is already out of her room and approaching the door.

"What a tune, my God, what a tune!" she angrily mutters. "I don't know when it will end."

"It's written 'six rings' for me on the door poster," Niura insists.

"I'm astonished at your rudeness."

"And I at your—at your impudence."

"Come in, dear, no matter," the musician invites the embarrassed caller. "You see, some ridiculous people live here."

Niura is insulted. She reaches her door, exclaiming: "A musician! She a musician! That old idiot!"

Matilda Feodorovna walks haughtily back. The loose, hollow-voiced bell starts ringing again, everybody counting—five times. It must be another caller for Matilda Feodorovna. She turns back and opens the door. A man in khaki uniform bows.

"I don't know whether your Anna Ivanovna [very formal for Niura] is at home or not," she tells him severely.

"I am too home!" Niura cries, again popping out.

"Please, Anna Ivanovna, teach your visitors to give six rings for you as is clearly stated on the door poster."

"Citizeness, excuse me please, but it is awful dark on your staircase and I could not see," the worried officer apologizes.

"Dreadful people," muses the poet from behind his rug.

The door of Makary Mikhailovitch's "apartment" flies open with a screech. A fat black cat bounces out.

"Those damned cats! Those sacred cats!" reverberates from inside.

"What are you doing? You!" Matilda Feodorovna cries.

Makary Mikhailovitch, half dressed, glistening with perspiration, appears in the doorway.

"What am I doing, my lady?" he roars, so loud that he starts to gasp for breath. "What am I doing? I threw your cat out."

From other doors curious faces peer into the corridor.

"You've changed the whole house into a zoo, Matilda Feodorovna," he rattles on. "Your cat was in our room, in the box where my rubber plant is growing. It's a sensitive tropical plant, as you know. If you must have animals here, at least train them."

"How can you throw a living creature around so cruelly? Like a savage!"

"You can thank your God it's winter and all the windows are sealed shut or I'd have thrown it into the yard."

The cackling continues for five minutes. The door of the farthest room is jerked open and the bald head of Gleb Andreevitch, the middle-aged engineer, shows.

"Citizens, let me continue my work, I beg you."

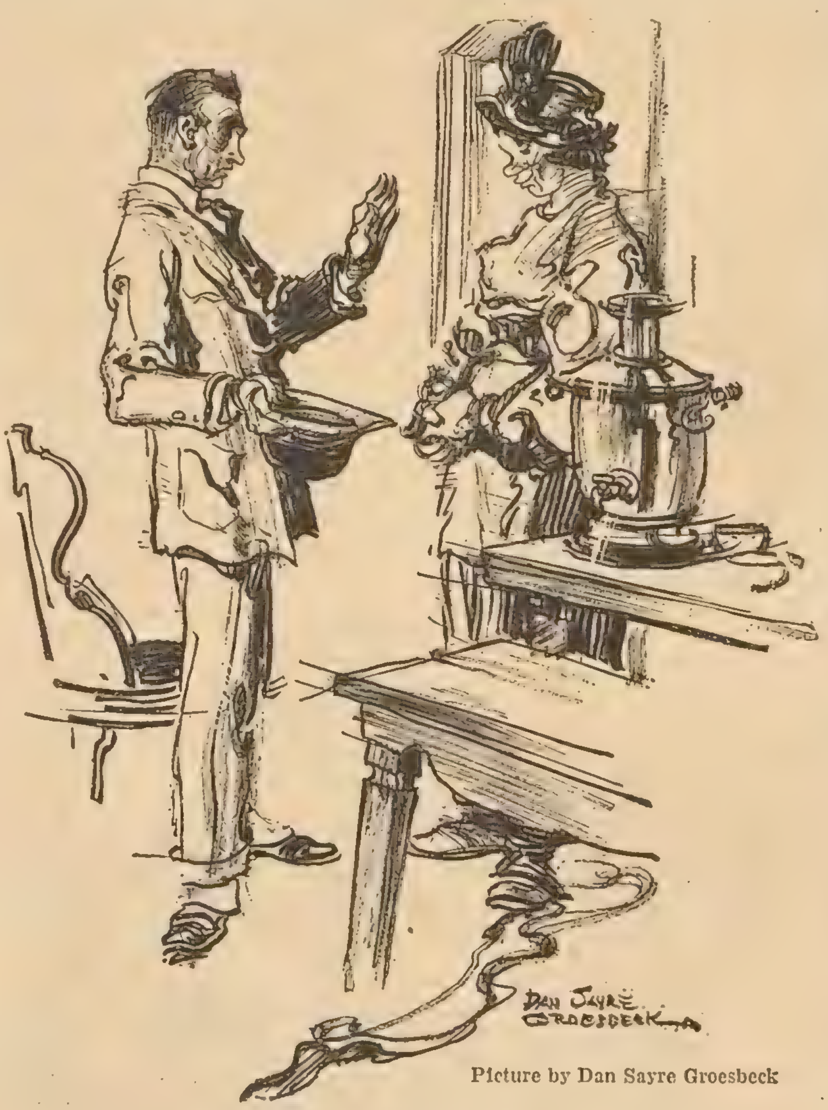
SILENCE comes. Matilda Feodorovna, the cat in her arms, gets to her room with her pupil. Doors again are closed. The poet behind his rug starts to write his epic. From across the corridor comes the monotonous "A-a-a-ah, a-a-ah, a-a-ah" of the young singer starting her exercises in Matilda Feodorovna's room. All are accustomed to such music. The telephone bell rings. Nobody answers. Why run to the telephone when it may be for somebody else? It cannot ring in numbers, like the doorbell. It stops, then starts again, then a third time. The distracted engineer dashes out and jerks off the receiver.

"Dina! Call Dina!" he yells down the corridor.

The daughter of Bernstein the Nepman, a nice-looking girl, dances nimbly to the telephone and starts chirping, soft and tenderly. "I'm tired of everything," she tearfully sighs to her unseen sympathizer.

Marusia, charwoman by day in a government office, noisily drags a washtub across the corridor.

"What the devil!" Dina protests in a quick aside to Marusia—quickly changing to her sweetest voice for the transmitter: "I should like to see you."



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

Putting on her hat, she accompanied him to the door. "We'll go to Zags and get married."

THE flapper conversation, like all Russians on a telephone, goes on five, ten, fifteen, finally twenty minutes. The engineer has come into the corridor, nervously walking up and down looking at his watch. He has fixed a time to call. He stops and stands gazing at her mouth, enthralled at the unending flow of words. Makary Mikhailovitch, hair slicked and dressed for the street, emerges from his room, going out with the boys.

"Are you in a queue?" he asks the engineer. "It'll be a long time," he adds hopelessly.

"Mademoiselle," the engineer interrupts, "isn't it enough?"

"Wait, don't mix in my conversation."

"It's quite enough, in my opinion."

"You're an impolite man!" the excited Dina shouts into the phone.

Makary Mikhailovitch suddenly breaks the connection with his hand.

"Wait, wait, it's my turn!" the engineer insists. "I've been waiting half an hour at least."

Dina glares from one to the other.

"If my father didn't pay your share for the telephone, it wouldn't be connected now," she snaps.

"Don't brag about your father," Evdokia Platonova joins in from her room. "The money was paid back to him. Better remind him of the twenty kopecks change he owes us."

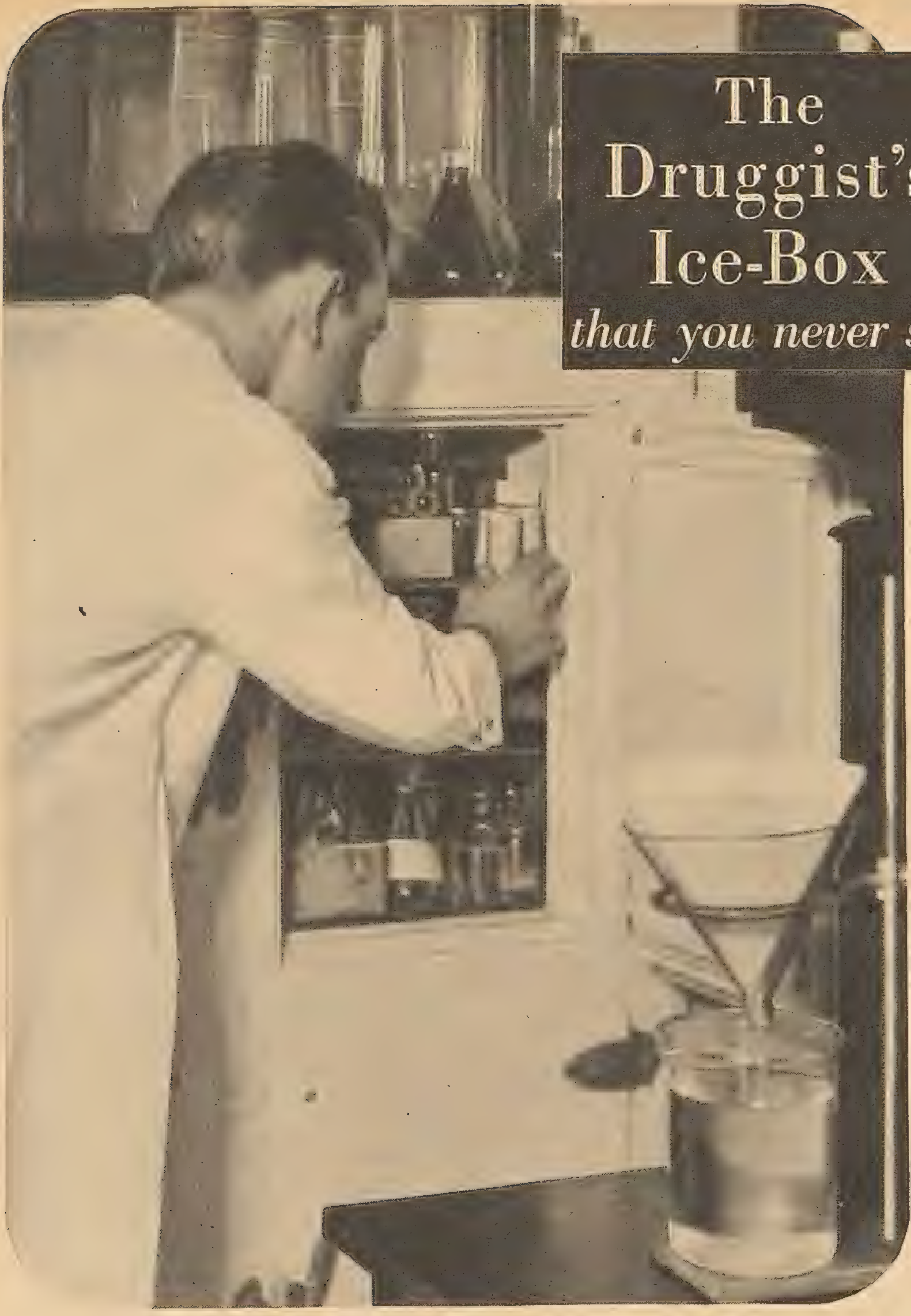
"Ducia!" the annoyed husband protests. "Be still, shut off your gramophone. Ducia! Do you hear me?"

"Mademoiselle," Makary Mikhailovitch continues to Dina, "you ought to be ashamed, you who are taught better manners in the ballet school."

By nine o'clock Dina's visitors have arrived with a dozen new gramophone needles, and the fox trot promises to continue until morning. It is Matilda Feodorovna's reception day. Fellow students have called and from her room comes a bedlam of piano, violin, and horns. Bursts of loud laughter behind Niura's closed door prove that her officer friend has no serious intentions. The children are in the rooms, curled on the floor, the Oriental habit of sleeping oblivious to place or din already learned.

About midnight a country relative arrives. If anybody was asleep, the loud and happy greetings do not show it. The rural visitor must sleep in the corridor, common guest chamber for all the families. A place is found for him in an estuary between a wardrobe and a stack of trunks. His aunt doubles a blanket on the floor. He will sleep in his clothes. The country cousin has brought his accordion. While the water is heating for the tea, he obliges with a tune. The poet, brother in the primus fraternity, joins the family party. Tea and cakes

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]



The Druggist's Ice-Box *that you never see*

It doesn't hold the "Saturday Specials"—the crisp frozen bricks of Neapolitan and Maple Nut.

Instead, there are frail glass tubes of mysterious liquids. Serums, toxins, antitoxins, vaccines, antigens, prophylactics—for diphtheria, tetanus, scarlet fever, influenza, pneumonia, smallpox.

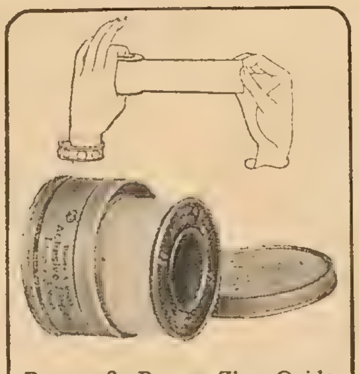
Your Druggist calls them "biologicals." And he must have them *all*—ready for the daily needs of the physician; in reserve for the urgent peak demands of diphtheria epidemics and smallpox scares.

No, Sir, your Druggist can't merely put in the finest soda fountain in town and "call it a day." His real job is to run the community's main munitions depot in the never-ending battle for public health.

No small part of his responsibility is to have always on hand the best of first aid supplies—sterile gauze and bandages, absorbent cotton, adhesive plaster, and the like. And the fact that so many Druggists handle the reliable products of Bauer & Black, a name identified for more than a third of a century with highest quality in surgical dressings, shows how seriously this responsibility to the public is accepted.

Bauer & Black Baby Talc. The perfect talc . . smooth, healing, and moisture-resisting

Bauer & Black Pal Athletic Supporters give protection and deluxe comfort at work or play



Bauer & Black Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

First Aid Case

More important than a "spare"—slip a Bauer & Black First Aid Kit into the pocket of your car

BAUER & BLACK
BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
BLUE-JAY PROTECT-O-PADS

Blue-jay Protect-O-Pads (new) and Corn Plasters—Bauer & Black aids to foot comfort

BAUER & BLACK

© 1930, The Kendall Company

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago · New York · Toronto

AROUND THE PRIMUS
Continued from page sixteen

finished, he and the visitor are again in the corridor.

"Now my latest poem—it goes: 'On yon purple distance—'" the poet recites, pounding a box to emphasize the meter.

Somewhere after café closing hours, Makary Mikhailovitch returns.

In the dark corridor he stumbles over an uncharted rustic boot, caroms into a tottering pile of boxes; and the terrified stranger awakens from a nightmare, dreaming that a new revolution has started. Loud, good-natured explanations follow. Makary Mikhailovitch mellowly but bitterly reviles himself for a breach of hospitality.

"We must have something to restore our nerves, comrade"—producing a bottle more potent than tea.

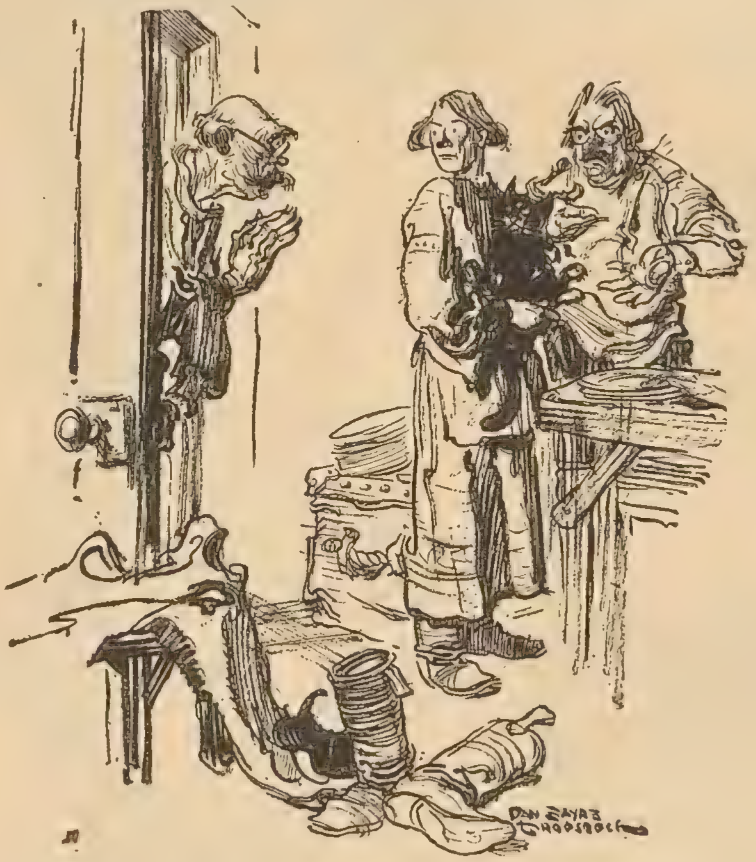
"Long live the workers and peasants!" the enthused visitor proposes after the second gurgle, rubbing a bruised shin but enjoying congested city life.

The front door bangs at four o'clock—a bakery worker coming home. He steers a neat course through the corridor and reaches port quietly. Another door bangs at five—Marusia's husband getting up to light his primus.

"Bad luck to this new régime of economy which starts the factories at seven o'clock!" Marusia grumbles.

"That's right; eight o'clock is early enough for the Russian workman," he shouts back from the kitchen. The same complaint has ushered in the day for months. Other tenants are not disturbed.

"Anyway, the Moscow Soviet proposes to put up another building for workmen. We'll get a lodging there."



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

The bald head of Gleb Andreevitch, the middle-aged engineer, shows. "Citizens, let me continue my work, I beg you."

At seven o'clock every family primus is hissing and as many owners are in the kitchen, enveloped in smoke and smells. A queue of men, each with a comb and a cake of soap in his hand and a long Russian towel wrapped around his waist, is in front of the bathroom door.

"Hurry up, you in there."

"That's my soap; I left it in the bathroom yesterday."

"Hot water, Ducia! I want to shave!"

"Never mind the hot water; you'll keep us all waiting. There isn't time to shave every day."

"And that bathtub. When's it going to be fixed? How many months has it been now? What a house committee we have! Not enough of them are sent to prison."

NO fire was ever started in the kitchen range, which had been adequate for one family when only one lived in the apartment. Now, if one were to buy wood, the others would make free use of it, and if a family were to keep their wood supply under the bed and their door locked, others would crowd their pots and pans off the stove.

Matilda Feodorovna having moved Evdokia Platonova's primus to the back of the stove, Evdokia, returning from delivering a cup of hot water to the bathroom, starts to scold. Matilda quarrels with Niura. Niura transfers the argument to Evdokia. It is not serious, merely the morning wrangle around the primuses. The poet lifts his primus to a table piled with clothes and spare tinware.

"Something's burning!" Marusia exclaims cheerfully.

"There! My Makary's trousers!" Evdokia Platonova screams, jumping for the poet's primus. "You with your primus on the table—sacred saints!—when the house rule is that all must cook on the stove!"

She grabs the smoldering trousers, slapping out a dull red border around a black hole. Another catches the overturning primus.

"But they're my own trousers, my only good pair," the poet dolefully protests. Everybody laughs uproariously. Children from the neighboring apartment have come in and are playing hide-and-seek in the corridor. Babies on all fours are hurdled by the flying legs. It is wet outdoors.

Factory homes for workers is an old system in Russia. The community home is a modernization of the old system. The new buildings are incomparably better and adapted for community living.

A textile factory near the Kremlin houses 1,500 of its workers in a large brick building inside a walled courtyard adjoining the factory. Each worker and family—the wife usually works too—has one room.

The cooking is done in a great community kitchen with many stoves, ovens, and tables. The workers put their dinner on to cook in the morning, and three cooks remain in attendance to watch the pots and kettles. When the others come home in the evening, the food is ready to take to their rooms or to the community dining room. The noon meal is eaten in the factory dining room. They also have a laundry, grocery, bakery, meat market, and their own social hall and theater in the courtyard.

NEAR by, another community house has been erected by another textile factory. It is a fine six-story concrete building with apartments of two and three rooms and a bathroom for every forty persons.

"Why don't they build a private bath in each apartment?" I asked when the work was going on.

"That would cost too much, and we wouldn't have so much room for living accommodations. Besides, we are not accustomed to private baths. We will have a *banya* [steam bath] in the courtyard."

"Don't the women want their own kitchens?" I asked as we looked into one of the large community kitchens already finished and being used by the new tenants, who stood, eight women in all, about the great brick cookstove, watching their various pots and kettles.

"This is a great saving in building space and costs," was the answer.

The rooms were new and clean with attractive windows. In one two-room apartment was a family of husband (a mechanic), wife, baby, and grandmother. Only the essential furniture was there: a single bed, couch, table, chairs, and crib for the baby.

"Where do you all sleep?"

"Well, of course my husband and I sleep on the bed," she answered, surprised at such a question, "and *babushka* [grandma] on the divan. You see, we have a nice new bed. Before, we all slept on the floor and our one room was in a basement. We are very well satisfied here."

A system of rents, as well as the additions for water, light, and heat, all based on wages, was installed when Communism came into power. It applies to the old nationalized buildings, to the new buildings of municipalities, and to the community dwellings of factories and institutions, but not to those built by coöperatives or private owners. Thus the income from rents is fixed by the wages of the tenants and not according to the construction or maintenance costs of the building. One tenant may pay several times as much as another for an identical apartment. A tenant out of work may not pay anything.

"Every worker is entitled to comfortable living conditions," a high-priced tenant explained. "Because my neighbor cannot receive as high a wage as I do, or because he has more children, is no reason why he and his family should be deprived of just as decent living quarters as I enjoy."

It is a fine spirit of class coöperation, though it may not be financially sound. It exemplifies that part of Communism which is idealistic in spirit and theory but not always practical from the economic and human side. The Moscow Soviet, landlord of most of the buildings in the capital, has elaborate figures on costs. In 1924, revenue from residence property was ninety-three kopecks per square *sajiene* (forty-nine square feet), or 46½ per cent of what was spent on maintenance and repairs. In 1925, the unit revenue had increased to 1.40 rubles, or 70 per cent of the expenditure.

As buildings grow older, repairs become more expensive—they are not made with alacrity at any time—and a new schedule of lodging rates has been put into effect. The figures have not been published since those years, but while the increasing number of new buildings has reduced the maintenance and repairs item, the construction item is a new factor, as the old buildings cost the state nothing when they were nationalized.

The rental rate for an entire family is computed according to the wage of the highest paid member, whether husband, wife, or child. Also, the rate is not the only novel social innovation. The space to which each family is entitled is equally flexible. It is computed by individuals. The amount of living space, actually floor space, to which each citizen of the Soviet Union is entitled has been figured out in square meters by the systematic Soviet planners. For example, a man with five dependents—dependents may be wife, children, or aged parents—is entitled to six times the space of a bachelor living alone, and in the same building and at the same rental if the men's wages are the same. As wages differ, the rental for six is usually less than for one.

IN Moscow, the most overcrowded of the cities, fifty-four square feet were rationed to each comrade in 1923. It was up to sixty-two and three-quarters in 1928; sixty-four and three-fifths in 1929, and by 1931 it should be sixty-six and two-thirds, or six square meters, under the five-year plan. But Moscow buildings cannot be divided into flexible nine-by-six-feet stalls, especially the old ones, which were not constructed with that idea in view. In the country and smaller towns, where almost anybody can build a home, this is not felt, but in the cities construction does not keep pace with the growth of population.

"If you can get it," the fatalistic Russian always adds to every discussion of living quarters.

Figuring the square feet and the basic rent is the simplest part of the system. How it works out for each individual is as complicated as a banker's compound-interest table. It has unending classifications, exceptions, and reductions. The table of reductions, for example, looks like a baseball score. If the monthly wage is between ten and fifteen dollars, the lowest received by an apprentice, he gets a reduction of 50 per cent if living alone, which increases to 80 per cent if he has five or more dependents. The reduction to celibates ceases above thirty dollars a month, while the head of a family receiving as high as fifty to sixty-two dollars a month gets a reduction for only four or more children, and not more than 25 per cent. Above that monthly wage there are no reductions.

The state owns the houses and fixes the rents. The state supplies the workers with insurance and pensions, clubs, baby nurseries, medical care, legal advice, vacations, schools, excursions and entertainment. Workers' rents are small and so are their wages. In the final analysis, the benefits represent the part of the wage which the worker earns but does not receive. If he were paid more, possibly he would set aside some of his wages for these social benefits, but it is more probable that he would be spending the money.

"Come to my apartment," says the hospitable Russian, but the "apartment" almost invariably is only a single room and frequently is occupied by an entire family.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

● This
scalp massage
once a week

●

only faithful
care can
give you the
kind of hair
you long for

Nobody's hair ever seems to be just right. It's too oily, or too dry and fluffy. But constant care, fortunately, will give you a normal healthy scalp and so help to correct your particular trouble.

Once a week give the scalp a good massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. There's nothing better to cleanse the tiny hair follicles and keep them functioning properly. Apply it liberally to the scalp and massage thoroughly with a rotary motion. If you have an oily condition, apply the Tonic as described above. Then wrap steaming towels around your head for a few minutes. After this treatment shampoo the hair and dry in the sun if possible. Do this without fail every week and you'll see improvement. Your hair will be unbelievably soft and shiny after the very first Tonic treatment. You can get "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at the nearest drug store. It is made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Only Half There . . .

Eat yeast in this MODERN FORM

If you are run down fagged out and constipated. . . .

For grown-ups, and *especially* for children, there is nothing like Yeast Foam Tablets. They are pure whole yeast; no drugs, no adulterants, no other ingredients. Hence, they have greater vitamin potency. Best of all, they are easy and pleasant to eat. Being especially treated so that *they do not cause gas*, they are ideal for infants and children.

So highly is this yeast regarded in scientific circles that it is used as the standard for vitamin studies by the United States government and leading American universities.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for constipation, digestive and bowel disturbances, skin disorders, underweight and run-down conditions. The large 10-day bottle is but 50 cents at your drug store.

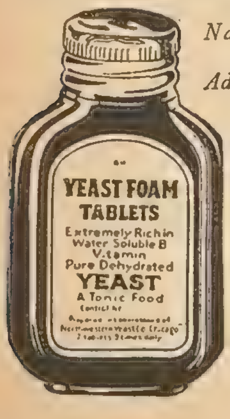
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 N. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name ....
Address ....
....

ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers"—WJZ—WBZA WBZ—WHAM—KDKA—WJR—WLW—KYW—KWK—WREN—KSTP—WTMJ—WEBC—KFAB



[AROUND THE PRIMUS
Continued from page nineteen]

The possession of a room is a good dowry for a girl wanting a husband and a single man with a room is already set up for married life. Dividing the living quarters is the most serious practical obstacle to the easy Soviet divorce. Frequently neither party can find a second room, and the two new families, separated only by a linen partition, soon are living where one was crowded before. The conjugal possibilities are a fruitful theme for Soviet drama and scenarios.

When the foreigner tires of hotel life, the routine of getting an apartment is started by advertising in a newspaper. In a few hours, the calls of wary renting brokers, their business strictly prohibited by law, will start. Then comes a dreary round of trudging—most of the offerings being dirty, dark, in need of repair, on the outskirts, or otherwise unsuitable. When one is found, a bonus of anywhere from $1,000 to $3,000 must be paid, and the rental follows. The find may be a remodeled stable, an apartment which is to be vacated, or one in a building which has been restored at private expense.

On one call an industrious roomhunter, following his broker's list, was received by a young woman in answer to his ring. The room was attractive and the price reasonable. With a sigh of relief, he declared he would look no farther. Putting on her hat, she accompanied him to the door.

"We'll go to Zags [Civil Registry Office] and get married," she answered his look of surprise.

"Get married! I've only rented a room!"

"That's all right. You know, under the law I'm not allowed to rent a room, but if you're registered as my husband I'm entitled to that much space for my family."

"But I won't get married," he insisted.

"Oh, that means nothing. You'll pay rent just the same, and when you move you can get a divorce, or I will, easier than getting married."

He fled back to the hotel. House-hunting was too complicated.

ANOTHER American was equally jubilant over a newly discovered apartment.

"But I can't get into it for a month. The man who has it now has been sentenced to Siberia and he won't go until then," he explained. "And the lease is only for three years—that's all he's been exiled for. Perhaps he'll do something and be forced to stay longer," he hopefully added.

After a room has been found, unless it is in a coöperative or privately owned building, the house committee must be seen. That august body, the fireside dictatorship of Russia, is always glad to get a tenant whose exorbitant rent will help to meet the building's deficit, but it always believes that he should pay still more. The house committee is theoretically elected by all the tenants. It collects the rents and other charges from the tenants, makes the repairs, if any, and keeps the building in running order, and turns over the surplus—if any—to the municipality.

The millions which the government has spent for new houses in the cities, most of them immense, many-roomed apartment buildings, are imposing, but comparatively small considering the needs and size of the country. Like everything else, this is all planned in advance. For this fiscal year, ending September 30, 1930, $409,000,000 is to be spent in all the cities of the Soviet Union. It is a tremendous increase from the $45,000,000 of 1922-23.

AS government and municipalities realized that their building programs were not keeping pace with growing housing demands, this theory of Communism also was relaxed. Coöperatives were the first to be encouraged—similar to the coöperatively owned apartment buildings in the United States. Next was an offer to return thousands of buildings to their pre-revolutionary owners, provided the owners would repair them for living purposes. Most of the owners had disappeared, did not have the necessary funds, or feared that the building might again be taken from them.

The big step away from Communist principles in the coöperative apartment was the abolishing of the system of rentals, heat, water, and light rates based on the wages of the tenant. The size of a member's apartment, his share in the building, also depends on his investment. Rents in the coöperative apartments are computed on the construction and maintenance costs, regardless of the tenant's wages. He can sublease or sell his holding.

To encourage coöperative building, the government guaranteed that the buildings would not be nationalized, and transferred $50,000,000 to the City Bank of Moscow for building loans in that city. The government gives ground leases for sixty to eighty years, the rental depending on the desirability of the site. The bank makes a thirty-five-year building loan, covering up to 75 per cent of the cost of the building, secured by a mortgage on the structure. The other 25 per cent must be paid in by the members before they start. Each tenant pays a fixed monthly rental and a separate amount for amortization and interest on the loan—quite capitalistic. He can rent or sell his share in the building. After thirty-five years, the building belongs to the members until the lease expires.

Some coöperatives succeed, but more never progress beyond the talking stage. With everybody having an equal voice in the planning, many months of futile talk are needed to reach the most trivial agreement, only to discover in the end that the hopes of many members were greater than their financial ability to meet the payments.

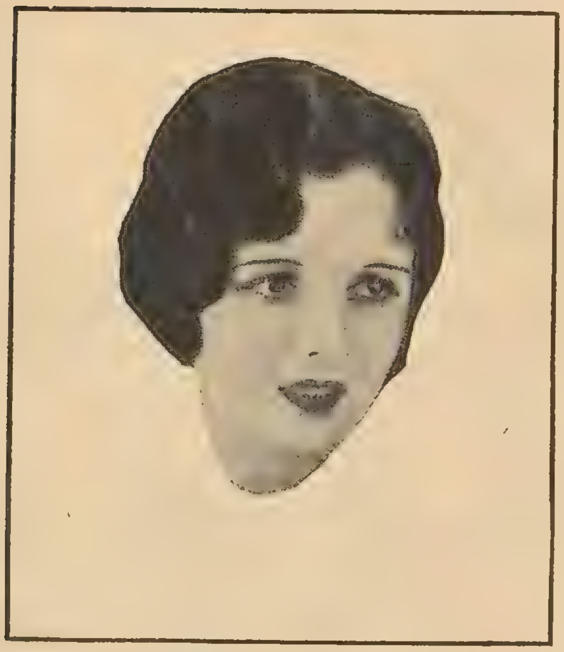
THE END

Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

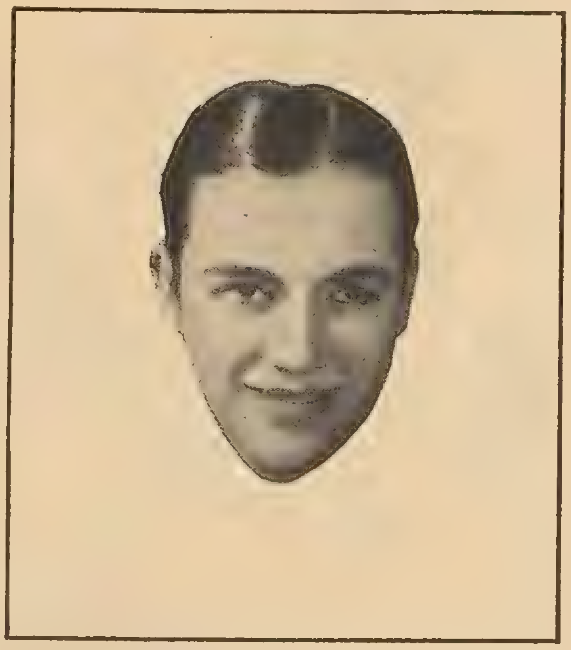
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

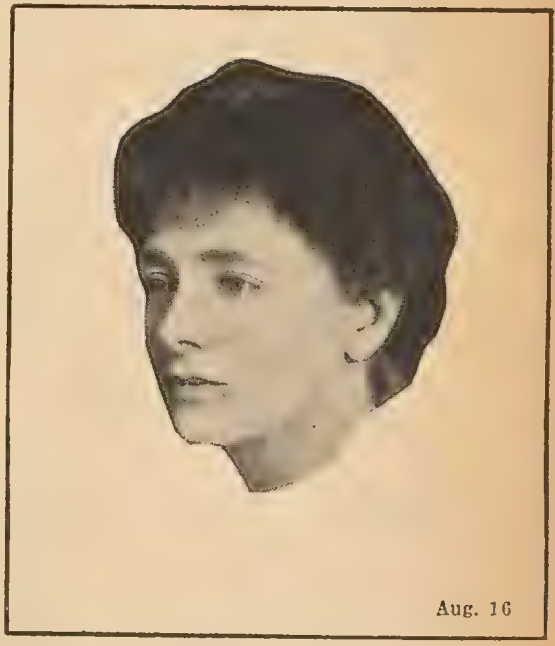
First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500



MARY ASTOR



CHARLES ROGERS

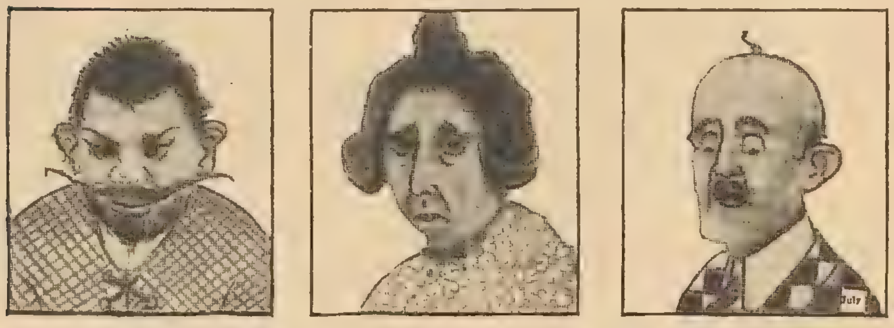


MAUDE ADAMS

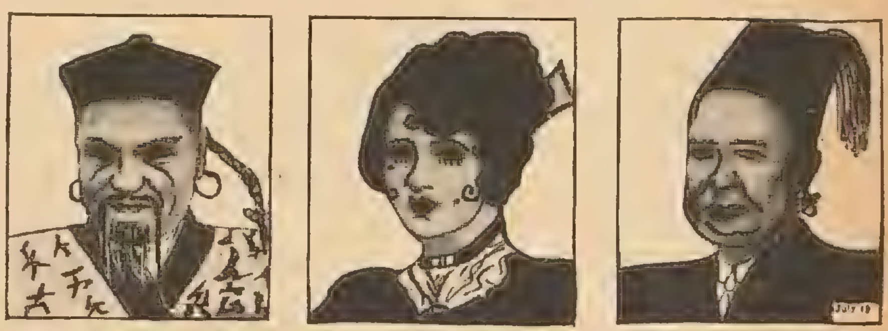
See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, August 16. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THE FIRST PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Jack Dempsey, Mary Pickford, and Alfred E. Smith, in our July 19 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by William W. Boyle, 420 Tremont Street, Chattanooga, Tennessee



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Lois McMullin, 203 Dorchester Street, Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada

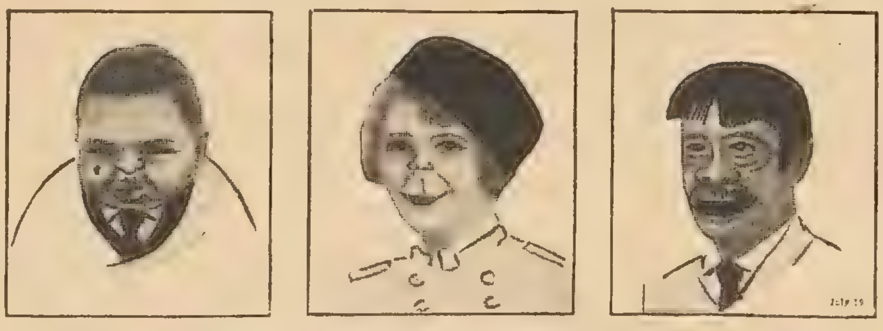
THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced as quickly as possible, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.

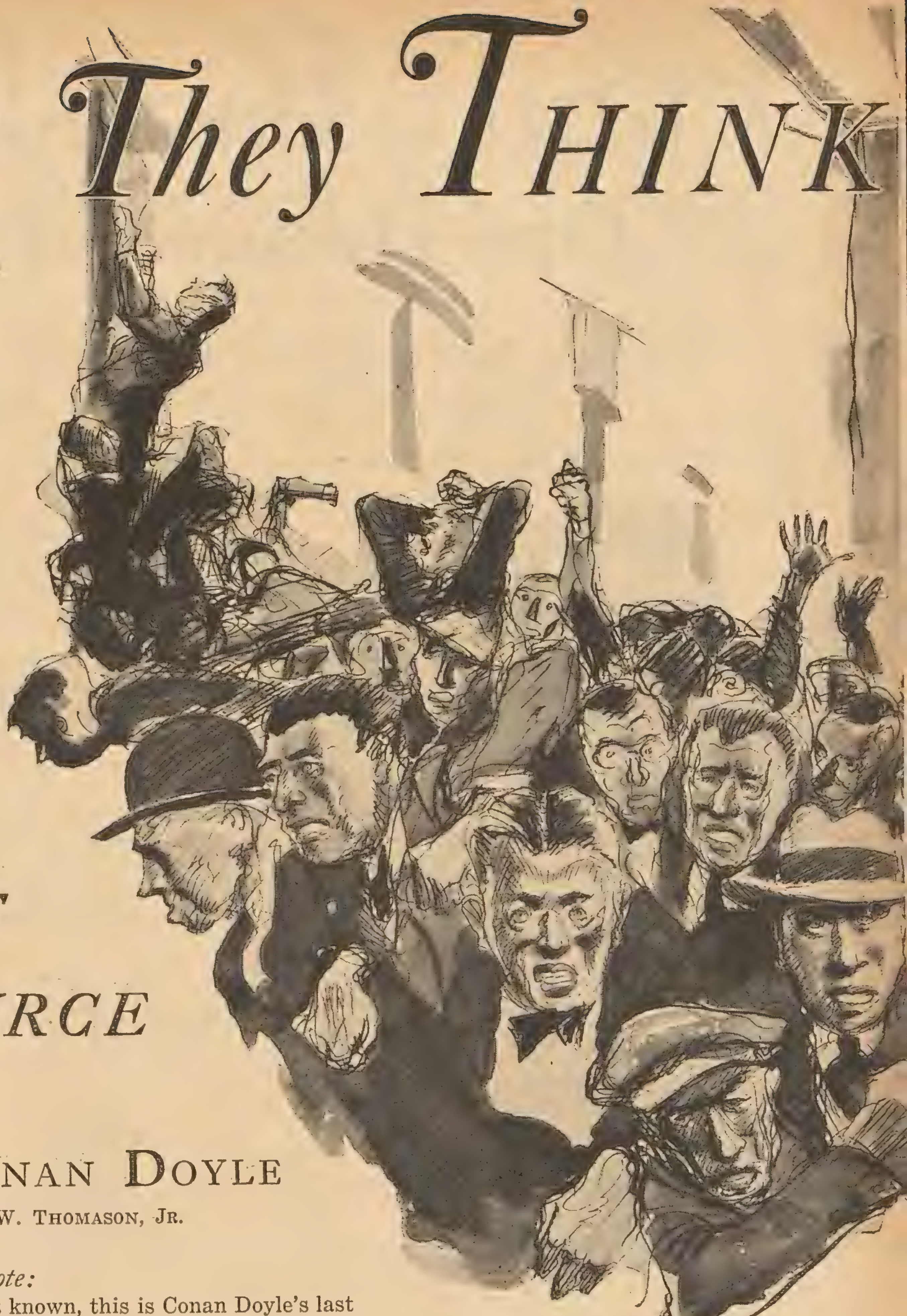


THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by E. G. Eldridge, 8 Amherst Street, Rochester, New York

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to James B. Barrey, Bismarck, N. D.; Jane Biggs, Baltimore, Md.; Clement Burke, Denver, Colo.; Laura Churchill, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. E. Cox, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. Curtis, Dayton, O.; Charles Czap, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. H. Dodd, Arnolds Park, Ia.; Walter F. Druzik, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. J. Dutkin, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nellie D. Gallagher, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Allen Glasser, New York, N. Y.; Thomas V. Gormley, Gary, Ind.; Earl Greene, Scranton, Pa.; Gladys Gwinn, Muskogee, Okla.; Kathleen L. Hayes, Oakland, Calif.; Jack A. Herms, Detroit, Mich.; Alberta Johnson, Portland, Ore.; Steve Kessock, West Orange, N. J.; Joseph E. Kukowski, Milwaukee, Wis.; N. N. Liachot, South Bend, Ind.; Ed. R. Macpherson, Hilton Village, Va.; Leslie C. Miller, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. Oshanna, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dell Parker, Jacksonville, Fla.; James S. Perkins, Jr., Cincinnati, O.; L. G. Radford, Cincinnati, O.; John P. Regan, Portsmouth, N. H.; C. N. Summerfield, Memphis, Tenn.; Elsie Wyatt, Philadelphia, Pa.

What They THINK



A Famous British Writer's Conception of Our Social System

AS EMBODIED SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH IN A STORY ENTITLED

The LAST RESOURCE

By

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Pictures by CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

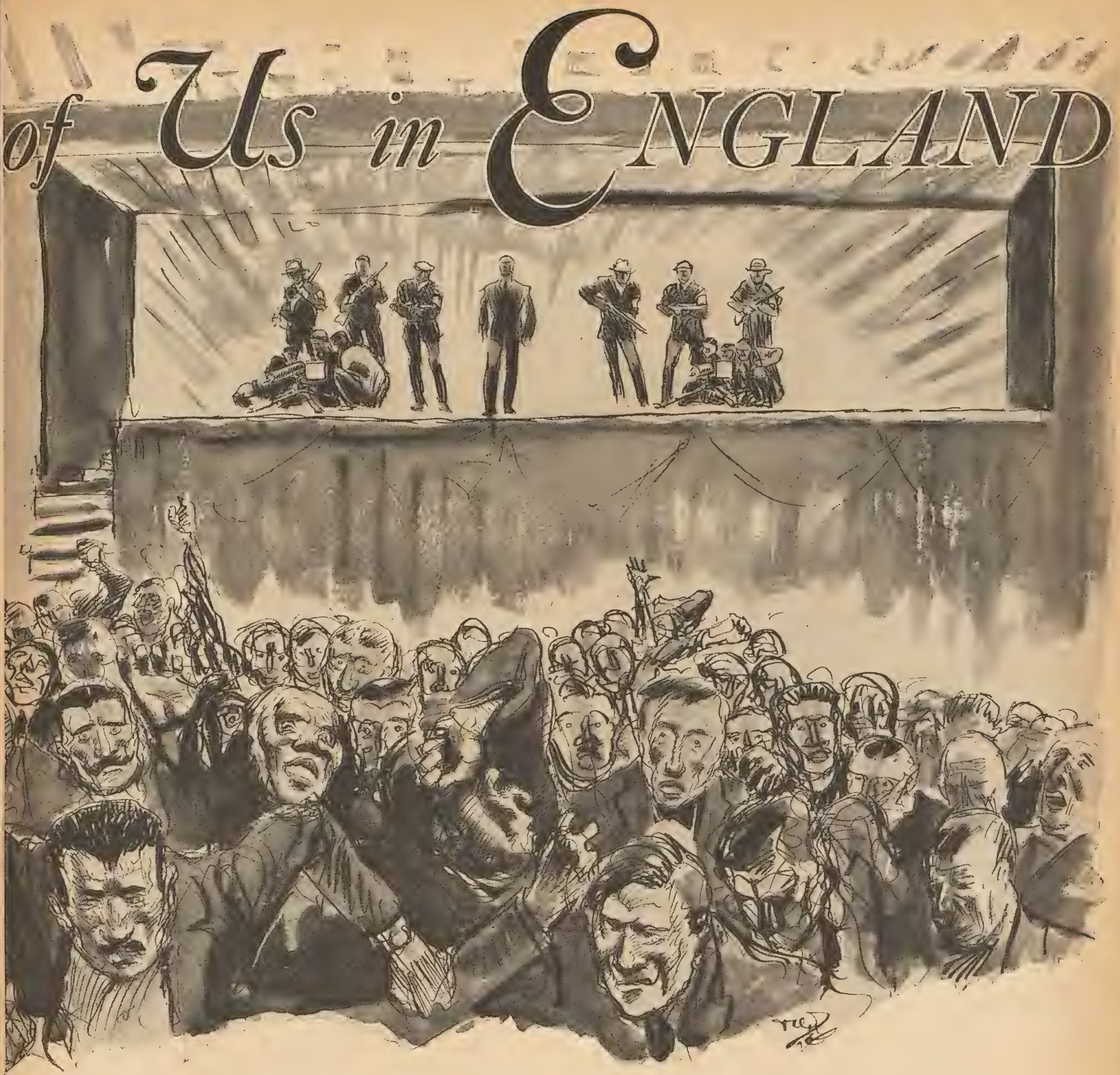
Editor's Note:

AS far as is known, this is Conan Doyle's last story. Certainly it is the last story received from him in this country before his death on July 7 saddened his many admirers and followers of his career. Here the creator of Sherlock Holmes and Professor Challenger has presented a British view of what things are coming to in America. The story is printed without alteration.

Conan Doyle was much in Liberty in his later years. His last Sherlock Holmes story appeared in these pages in March, 1927. We tried to persuade him to write more about Holmes, but he said he was through with the great detective and stuck to his determination to go no further with him. So this most famous figure in modern fiction came to the end of his adventures, though twice before, after his career had been definitely ended by the author, Sir Arthur yielded to popular demand and brought the detective back to life. Vast amounts were paid for the Holmes stories and the dramatic rights in the plays made from them. For its own use of the stories, Liberty paid seventy-five cents a word.

Sir Arthur's interest in Professor Challenger survived longer than his liking for Holmes, and he was keenly interested in the appearance of his tales about this character in America. Liberty's last publication of a Challenger story was followed promptly by a card from England: " I would wish to thank the artist for his excellent presentation of Professor Challenger—the best yet. A. Conan Doyle." He accepted an order from Liberty for another Challenger story, but the order was never filled. As everyone knows, his interest in recent years had turned increasingly to spiritualism. He lost a son in the war, and in a short space thereafter eleven of his relatives died. His study of psychic phenomena became his chief occupation, and his zest for fiction diminished.

# of Us in ENGLAND



In an instant the massacre began. I saw them rushing for the doors, climbing to the sealed windows.

KID WILSON'S natural home would seem to be the Atlantic, since neither England nor America showed the least desire for his presence. However, in some way he got himself smuggled to London and there found his proper level instantly on the edge of the criminal classes. Waldren and I used to meet him occasionally at a small and very disreputable joint at the back of Soho—a place which opened with the last postman and closed with the first milkman. One certainly heard conversation there which was worth while. You can never, unfortunately, make virtue as interesting as vice, for virtue is negative and vice is positive. The man who does not do certain things is the better citizen, but he has not the glamour of the man who does do them. It is sad but true.

When Kid Wilson got talking we were content to listen, for the world of which he spoke was one which was unknown to us, and yet he had in his own rough way the art of bringing it home to us. Sitting with his chair at a perilous angle and a black cigar thrusting out from the corner of his mouth, he would lead us into that strange underworld of the great American cities, where he was clearly a very competent guide. Looking across the water it was not, so far as we could gather, the sheriffs or chiefs of police of whom he was afraid, but it was his own confederates and fellow criminals who had it in for him. It was a silent lesson to us to watch him as he made his way out of our dive in the early mornings. With his hand slipped beneath his coat tails, he would take the sharp quick glances of a hunted animal round each side of the door before ever he ventured his unsavoury person into the street.

Either his experience or his imagination was very great, and he could hold us spellbound when he wished. On this particular night he started out upon a long story. Waldren says that it is no use my repeating it, because the snap of it depends upon the great American language. Well, perhaps I can talk a little of that too. Anyhow I will try to get some suggestion of Wilson even as he spoke. . . .

I could have done better [said he] if it had not been

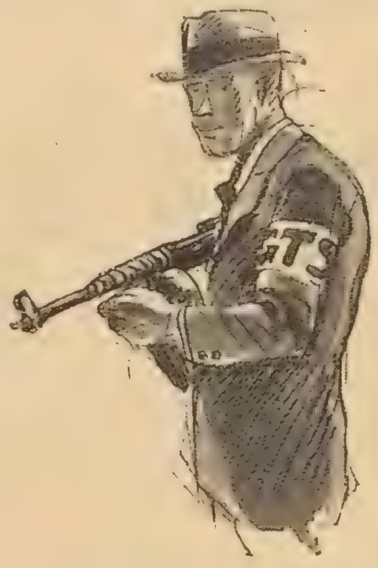
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LAST RESOURCE
Continued from page twenty-three

for that old skirt with the slop pail. I'll give you what I can while it is clear in my mind.

It's all about a certain burg in Amurrca. I won't give it a name, for it might make trouble, and what I say would fit any one of a dozen. You'll just figure it for yourselves as a wide-open burg, so wide open that it didn't seem as if any power on earth would ever get it shut again. The whole city seemed to have gone rotten from the mayor down to the bell hops. The crooks had it in their hands—the bootleggers, the hi-jackers, the thugs, the racketeers, the hold-up men, and the like. You'll understand that the bootlegger and the hi-jacker are mostly the same person, bootlegging on his own, and hi-jacking the booze of the other guys.

The police were got at; the judges were made safe; the district attorney was squared; the mayor was seen. An honest juryman wouldn't have a chance with an insurance office. The gangsters would take him for a ride within a day of the verdict. It's no wonder that you would call fifty veniremen before you get one that would stick. There was no safety anywhere. If a stick-up man took half your wad and you ran for help to the bull at the corner block, it's odds but he would reach out and grab the other half. Even the state attorney was swinging a racket in gambling machines in drug stores. Yes, sir. The lid was fairly off that old burg. I was there helping and I know, for I was beer-hustling myself till the police bought me up.



Phil Hudson led the raid, a hard guy that had been a flying ace.

It came sort of gradual. It rather amused the decent citizen at first to see these wops and dagos laying each other out with automatics and Thompsons. There were gang quarrels where some guy with three i's in his name would claim part of the city for his work, and another guy with three o's in his name would come muscling in. Then there would be shooting, good and proper, and whoever got hit, there was one crook the less.

But presently the i's and the o's got friendly, and the decent citizen began to understand that he was the next bird to be shot at.

That woke him up some. Then came the racketeers and every store was put under blackmail or the gorillas would be let loose and the stuff thrown into the street with the owner on the top of it.

The money, too, was all on the side of the crooks, and money counts over in God's own country. Oh, yes, it was fierce, and no one could see any way out of it. But there was a way and Gideon H. Fanshawe was the guy who found it. I'll hand it to Gideon, I will.

HE was a strange man, was Gideon H. Fanshawe. Some thought he was loco and some thought he was a genius. He was rich, very rich, for he had been junior partner of Gould and Fanshawe, the real estate folk. He spent his life in his library among books, sort of dreaming, but every now and then he kind of woke up out of his dream and then things began to happen. He woke up once and climbed the highest peak in Alaska. Another time he woke up and killed three burglars in his house. Then he woke up at the wartime and no one saw him for a year, when he came back with one foot missing and a French medal.

Yes, he was a queer guy and not too safe to handle—with a big think-box on the top, but a mouth like a rat trap and a man-eating jaw. He was awake now and takin' notice and somebody was goin' to hear about it. Lookit here, you folk, you can take it from me that there are plenty of dangerous men in Amurrca, but the most dangerous of all is just the ordinary citizen when you drive him in a corner and there ain't no escape except what he can horn out for himself.

You've heard tell of the Vigilantes of San Francisco? Well, that's what I mean.

For a month or more Gideon was just snooping round in his machine, interviewing this man and interviewing that man, and feeling his way. Then there were all-night meetings in his library, where the records of the big shots of the law and the police were debated and addresses taken and plans formed and everyone given the layout and charged a grand each for expenses.

At that time I was stool pigeon for the police and I was had up at one or two of those meetings where maybe a couple of hundred prominent citizens were present and where I would be asked questions about what I knew. I was well paid, but I was told to keep my mouth shut or they would shut it for me, and, by George, those boys meant what they said.

There was one clean honest man in office and that was old Jack Barlow, the chief of the police. He wasn't what you would call a strong man—they would have had him out or shot him cold if he had been—but he was white all through. One night Gideon Fanshawe went down to see John Barlow, and I'll tell you what passed between them, but I have to tell it in my own way of talking, for Fanshawe was a college man and spoke a hundred percent Harvard, while I speak only common Amurrcan.

AFTER greetings Gideon looked round the room.

"Lookit here, John!" he asked. "There ain't no detectiphones? No stenog round the corner?"

"Not with you, Mr. Fanshawe," said the chief, smiling and pushing over his box of cigars friendlylike.

"Word of honor, John?"

"Yep. You may take it so."

"Now, I'm talking turkey, John. Every word has its face value. First of all, did you ever hear of the G. T. S. Society?"

"Can't say as I have. I'm fair hazed with all these societies."

"Well, I'm here to tell you about it. There are two thousand of the best citizens in this town in it, and the letters mean, 'Got to Stop.'"

"Meaning the crooks and boodlers?"

"Just so. Now, John, you know as well as I do that something has got to be done. We all trust you. We know you are straight. But your power has gone. Your own force is rotten from end to end. Is it not so?"

"I'd soon set it right, Mr. Fanshawe, if I had support. But what can I do? These people have the money and they've bought up the whole crowd."

"Except yourself."

"No, Mr. Fanshawe, nor a few more that I could name. But what can we do?"

"You can do nothing, John. That is why we are coming in to do it for you. Now first of all—excuse my plain talking—I know what your place is worth."

"Well, you can read that in the city accounts. It is about the only true figure you'll find."

"Well, then"—Mr. Fanshawe drew a bundle of papers from his pocket—"these are bearer bonds in first-class securities and you keep them."

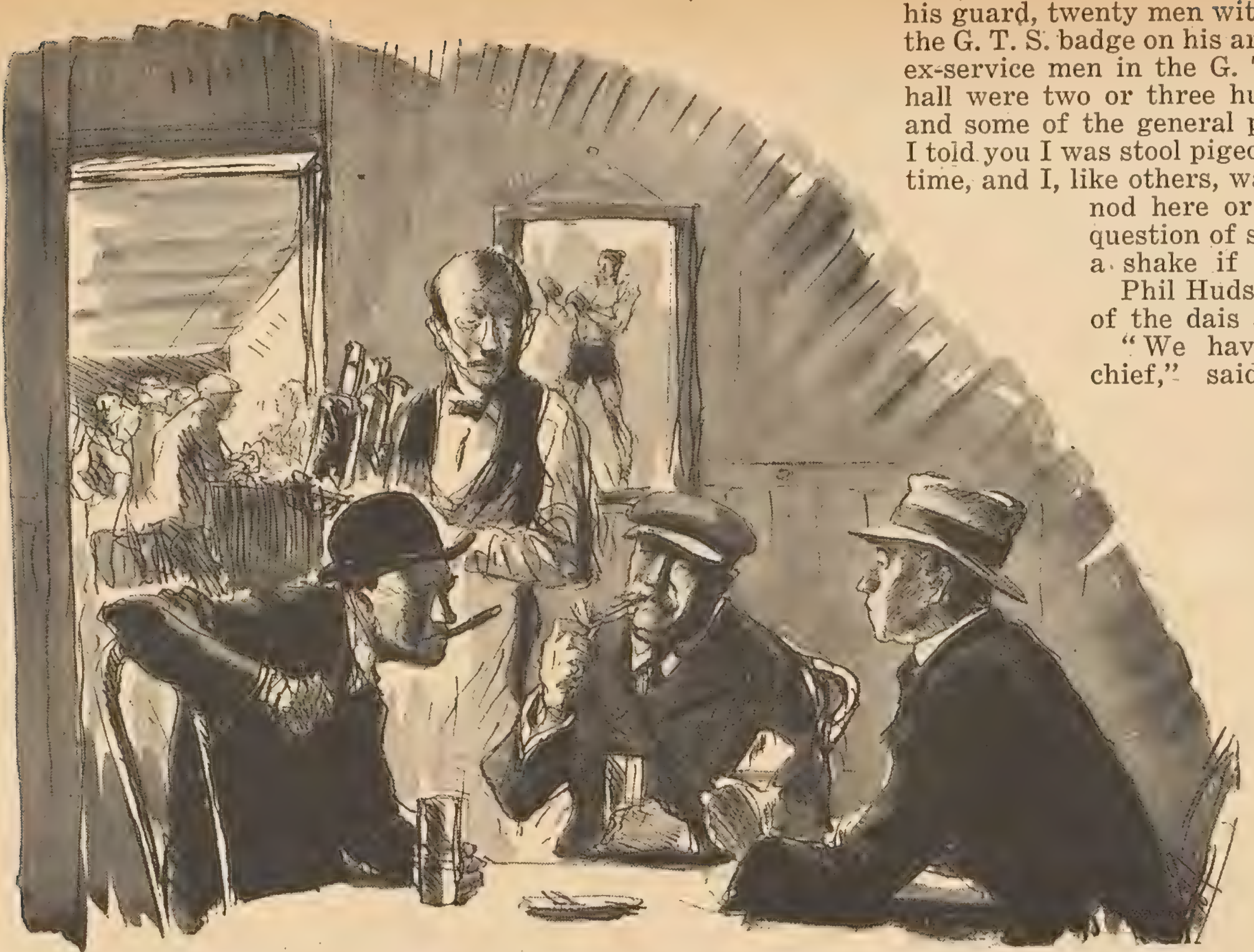
"Mr. Fanshawe, you are insulting me. How can you say I am a white man, and yet put such a proposition before me?"

"Don't lose your hair, John. You don't quite see my meaning. You will keep these bonds, John, as a guarantee that you don't suffer from anything we may do. If you don't suffer then you hand them back. But if you were to get fired on account of what we did, then it is clear justice that we should make good what we have caused you to lose. What have you to say against that?"

"Well, as you put it, that sounds fair enough, Mr. Fanshawe. If I should agree to risk my place for your sake—well, I'm a married man with a family and I've got to live. But it all depends on what you want me to do. If it's crooked, cut it out. Forget it."

"If it is against the crooks it can't be crooked. First of all, John, are there any men at all under your orders who are straight?"

"Sure, I could name two hundred that I could swear by."



When Kid Wilson got talking we were content to listen. He would lead us into that strange underworld of the great American cities.

"Then form these into one squad and order them to do as they are told on a night I shall name. Keep all the others at headquarters or any other place so long as they are not on the streets. We don't want to hurt any cops if we can help it, and they'll get hurt for sure if they horn in between the crooks and us. Could you manage that?"

"Well, it would seem good sense."

"Then I want you just to go for a joy ride that night where no telephones can reach you, with orders to your deputy to touch nothing till you return. That gives us a free hand and that's all we ask."

"But what are you going to do, Mr. Fanshawe?"

"Well, just leave it at that, John. If you don't know, then you can't be held to be a partner. Just go and leave the rest to us. If all goes smooth, then you hand back those bonds. If there is trouble and you get fired, then you're none the worse. See?"

"Well, it's a bit fierce, Mr. Fanshawe. But there's my hand on it, and I'll do as you say."

So that was that. And when May fourteenth came round, honest John simply did a fade-away, while two hundred good harness bulls—that means cops in uniform—reported at the Auditorium Hall, which was the headquarters of Gideon H. Fanshawe and his G. T. S. boys on that night.

IT was twelve o'clock when the whistle blew. All the crooks had been tabbed down days before and there was no difficulty in finding them. Three hundred automobiles full of hard-boiled citizens were after them, and the greater part were rounded up. No wrens were touched. It was reckoned wiser to deal with the men only. All over the city there were struggles and shootings, but all went as planned. By one o'clock or after there was a row of machines two deep for four blocks from the hall, with heavily armed guards to each, and the prisoners without arms inside. Then Phil Hudson—he was the man who led the raid, a little hard guy that had been a flying ace in the war—reported to Fanshawe that all was ready, and in order.

The Auditorium Hall was all lit up, and at one end Fanshawe was seated at a high table with a dozen of his crowd, his lists and papers in front of him, and every man with a gun on the table beside him. Behind him were his guard, twenty men with shotguns, each with the G. T. S. badge on his arm. They were mostly ex-service men in the G. T. S. Society. In the hall were two or three hundred more of them, and some of the general public such as myself. I told you I was stool pigeon for the police at the time, and I, like others, was there just to give a nod here or there when it was a question of some guy's identity, or a shake if he was talking blah.

Phil Hudson he came to the foot of the dais and saluted.

"We have all we could find, chief," said he. "Some were tipped off, but not too many."

"How many have you, Phil?"

"A thousand or more."

"Anyone hurt?"

"We had to shoot up ten or twelve of them. Six citizens were shot."

"Too bad! Too bad! Well, we had best get to it. Send in the mayor first."

FAT old Tom Baxter, a very surprised man, was led up with a guard on each side of him. He was a silly old butter-and-egg man, never done with the wrens, and he was as corrupt as a graveyard.

"You shall pay for this, Mr. Fanshawe. What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"We are here to clean up this town, Mr. Mayor, and we begin at the top. The committee of the G. T. S. have examined the evidence in your case. You have sheltered the crooks. You have taken their money. You have used your office as it should not have been used. Take him away!"

"Take me away! Take me where?"

"To the Odeum. You'll have all your friends round you there. You won't be lonely. Remove him!"

So the mayor with a gat stuck into his ribs was walked down the aisle. And then came the whole procession. First it was Burgess, the district attorney, and a fine rage he was in.

"I'll have the law on you for this, Mr. Fanshawe! Are you aware that I was dragged out of my bedroom by these ruffians of yours, and that I have only my pyjama suit under this slicker?"

"Too bad! Too bad!" said Fanshawe. "But the citizens of this town are dissatisfied with your conduct of your office, Mr. Attorney. They have examined your case and it has gone against you."

"What right have you?"

"The right of the people. All power springs from the people, Mr. Attorney, and all power must answer to the people. You have taken money to let crooks slip through the law. You have condoned murders. You have been the paid servant of the gangsters. There is no use our punishing the folk underneath if we leave unpunished those at the top. We mean to make a clean job of it. Take him to the Odeum."

"What for?" The little overfed guy was shaking like a jelly.

"Let us say it is to have a photograph taken," said Fanshawe.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LAST RESOURCE
Continued from page twenty-five

"Anyhow, we want you all in a bunch. Take him away."

Then came Moltak, the big black Polack, boss of the South Side beer racket, who was said to have made five million bucks in two years. He was a great giant of a man, all hair and muscles, and he glared murder at the men on the dais.

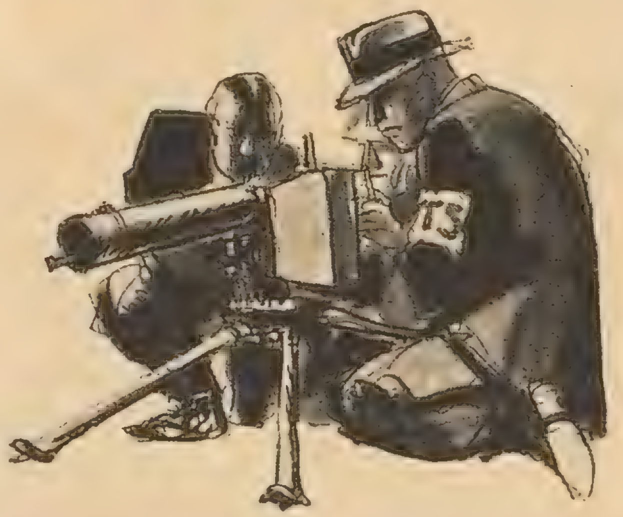
"I get you. I get you for this!" he cried.

"Looks as if we had got you, Mr. Moltak," said Fanshawe with his quiet smile. "We've got twenty killings against you and your outfit. How many of them have we, Hudson?"

"There are seventy-six outside."

"Well, we can't make distinctions. They've all got to go. I'll see you again at the Odeum, Moltak. Take him away and his whole gang along with him."

The fellow tried to make a roughhouse, but they had his arms twisted and he was helpless. There were some manhandlers, I tell you, among those ex-service men. They raced him down, and he made way for Genaro, boss of the Societas Meridionale. This slick little southerner with his evening dress and his sissy ways was up to his eyes in murder. He had been snapped up at some swell gathering and he was very sore about it.


A man on either side pulled the cloth off the machine guns.

"You take me from my guests, Mr. Fanshawe. What you dare do? You take me from the best society in this town. Six judges dine with me tonight, and you drag me away from them!"

"Got those judges, Phil?" asked Fanshawe.

"Yes, chief."

"Let them go in with the others. All right, Genaro, we won't talk about it. We've got you down for near fifty murders. You didn't do them with your own hands. You had your choppers and your gunmen. But they were yours all the same. Have you the gang?"

"Sixty of them."

"That's enough to go on with. Off with them to the Odeum."

"What you do with me, Mr. Fanshawe? What you do?"

"Just a photograph, Genaro. Something to remember you all by. I'll see you later. Send in the others."

ALL night they were being led in, gangsters of every kind, thugs, gunmen, booze-hustlers, hi-jackers, racketeers, conmen, scratchers, common yeggmen, and hold-uppers—crooks of every size and shape. Fanshawe had them all tabbed; ran his finger down the list; had the man's record in a moment, and dealt with him in a word or two. Often he had a consultation with his friends, and once or twice he looked across for a nod from me or some other who was in the inside of things. Here or there a man was set free with a few stern words of warning. Far the greater part were sent on to the Odeum. At last, just as dawn was breaking, Fanshawe rose, stretched himself, threw down his half-smoked cigar—he had smoked a chain of them through the whole night—and came down from the dais. The others followed and so did I.

There were crowds in the streets, but the cops and the G. T. S. men had made an avenue, and Fanshawe with his committee drove down to the Odeum, which was only three or four blocks way. For my own part, I made my way on foot through the crowd, and reached the place after they had entered. There was a guard at the door, but MacDonovan, who was a pal of mine at police headquarters, caught me by the shoulder as I tried to squeeze in.

"Not on your life, kid," said he. "These guys know you for what you are and if you get among them I guess there wouldn't be enough of you left to be worth a funeral."

"Can't I get a look-in anywhere, Mac?"

There was a little metal-faced door just inside, and he opened it.

"Get up this stair," said he. "You're taking a chance from the president's guards, but if you get up there you will see all there is."

So up I went, only to find a gat flashed into my face from a sentry at the top. I got friendly, however, and he let me stop where I could get a view. It was some sight, I tell you.

The Odeum is a big square dancing hall with no furniture. It just has a gallery at one end where the band would play, and that is where I was. There was the one stair leading to the gallery with the guarded and locked door at the bottom. There were two or three other guarded doors faced with metal down below, and the windows, which were high, were all boarded up.

DOWN in the body of the hall were about twelve hundred people, some in dress, most in any sort of rough clothes, but all of them just dancing with rage. They were shaking their fists up at the gallery and yelling out every kind of abuse and threat of what they were going to do with the G. T. S. folk when they got loose. In one corner I could see the mayor with a dozen judges and lawyers round him, and they were not talking about the state of the crops, you bet.

Dancing mad—that was how they were—and as you looked down under the bright top lights you could just see open yelling mouths and twisted faces and fists held up shaking at the president. There he sat with a few of his committee looking down in silence on the mob, as quiet as a fish in ice. On each side of him was a big brass tripod and a velvet cloth over each, such as photographers use. Half a dozen G. T. S. were at the back, and if ever I saw hard-bitten soldiers it was there.

Presently Fanshawe rose and held up his hand for silence. There were some yells of hatred, but as the man stood and looked down at them with a face like death and eyes like icicles these died away, and there was such utter stillness that there might have been no one in the room. Then he began to speak with a voice that crackled like electricity.

"There are a few Amurrcans in this room, more shame to them," said he. "They have been corrupted and led away, and yet they were the very ones chosen by the people and trusted to look after their affairs. I am sorry for them, but they have only themselves to thank. As to the rest of you, you are nearly all from foreign lands whence you were driven by want or tyranny. You came here and Amurrca welcomed you. Within a year she put you on an equality with the oldest citizen. She gave you all her broad lands that you might find a place for yourselves and use every gift that was in you.

"And what have you done for Amurrca? You have broken her laws, made the name of her cities a scandal, corrupted her citizens with your ill-got money, broken down her legal system, killed her guardians of the peace when you could not corrupt them. You have done such things that at long last we, who are the real people, have had to come forth and show you that there is a live Amurrca which has in it also the power which can punish those who abuse what has been given. You have forced it on us. Enough said! Cut loose!"

As he spoke, a man on either side pulled the cloth off the machine guns. The hard-bitten citizens behind sprang to their position, and in an instant the massacre began.

I saw them rushing for the doors. I saw them climbing to the sealed windows. I saw them piling up in the corners as rats do when a terrier is loose. I saw them running and screaming, and tripping and falling, and some hiding behind the others, and the dead piling up, and the judges all going down in one heap, and the mayor running forward with his hands up and the blood running down his white waistcoat. All this I seemed to see, and then—and then—

. . . . .

"Well, what then?"

"Well, as I said at the beginning, the rattle of that skirt's slop pail carried on the tapping of the guns, and then she was bobbing and scraping, and saying that she thought I had been up and out."

We sat in disgruntled silence.

"Do you mean to say," I cried at last, "that this has all been a dream?"

"Well, you can call it that, if you like," he answered, taking the sodden cigar from his mouth. "A vision maybe is a better word. It hasn't happened just like that yet. But wait a bit, folk, wait a bit."

POOR old Kid! We felt that the end of his story had been a bit of a flop. But his own end was dramatic enough. Only a few days later we saw the curt paragraph in a morning paper:

"An American named Wilson was found by the police early yesterday morning in the portico of a common lodging house in Carlisle Street, Soho, suffering from several knife wounds. His assailants had apparently waited for him in the shadow of the door, and had attacked him as he returned, according to his wont, in the early morning. He refused to make any statement, and died on his way to the hospital. There is no clue at present to the assassins, but there are reasons to believe that the tragedy is part of that gangster system which has wrought such havoc in America."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Sweets Preferred

The lengthy recital had drawn to a close, ice cream and cake had been served, and the teacher was bidding the students good-by. One of the little performers had brought her small brother with her. As he was about to leave, the teacher beamingly said, "Well, Bobby, did you enjoy the recital?"

"Yes," answered Bobby; "all but the music."—Marjorie B. Atwell, 1016 Clark St., Stevens Point, Wis.

* * *

Sometimes with Sound

Billie is fond of telling his dreams at the breakfast table. One morning, thinking to apply an intelligence test, I said, "But, Billie, I don't believe you know what a dream is."

Billie's answer came quick and sure: "Yes, I do. It's moving pictures while you're asleep."—Samuel Schnapp, 1528 Charlotte St., Bronx, N. Y.

how the LINIT Beauty Bath takes the place of Expensive Skin Whiteners

WOMEN theatre-goers particularly will be fascinated by this remarkably inexpensive way to eliminate the inevitable "shine" from their neck and arms.

After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin an even, invisible "coating" of Linit powder which makes the usually heavy whiteners unnecessary. This Linit powder is absolutely harmless—and absorbs perspiration *without clogging the pores!*

Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your bath, bathe in the usual way using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! It will be soft and smooth as velvet, as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact the quality and purity of starch from corn are regarded so highly by doctors that they recommend it for the tender and supersensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

OUTLAWS and Such

Good Entertainment in Some Sinister Doings on the Screen

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE UNHOLY THREE

CAST

Echo	Lon Chaney
Rosie	Lila Lee
Hector	Elliott Nugent
Midget	Harry Earles
Prosecuting Attorney	John Miljan
Hercules	Ivan Linow
Regan	Clarence Burton
Defense Attorney	Crauford Kent

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Jack Conway.

I MISSED the silent picture of The Unholy Three which made such a tremendous hit in 1925, so I have no comparisons to make between it and this newer audible version. I found this one interesting and amusing, but neither mysterious nor flagitious. Perhaps what it has lost in sinisterness it has gained in comedy.

Lon Chaney's characterizations are fine.

The midget, Harry Earles, who was with Chaney in the original screen production, is very clever. Lila Lee is a pretty and likable Rosie and Linow, as the surly giant, gives a creditable performance.

This scene from Night Work is played by Eddie Quillan, little Douglas Scott, and Sally Starr.

Inside the Lines presents a cool Mischa Auer and a perturbed Betty Compson.

★ ★ ★ THE BORDER LEGION

CAST

Jim Cleve	Richard Arlen
Jack Kells	Jack Holt
Joan Randall	Fay Wray
Bunco Davis	Eugene Pallette
Hack Gulden	Stanley Fields
Judge Savin	E. H. Calvert
George Randall	Ethan Allen

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin H. Knopf.

This is not a case of too many cooks, but of two heads being better, etc., etc. The two directors who gave their efforts to this production did very well by Zane Grey's story. The acting and photography are above the average, too.

The border legion is a band of outlaws who operated in the far western states about the end of Civil War days. The band is made up of all types of men from ex-army officers to hobos who work under the leadership of Jack Kells. They prey upon the little border towns.

Jack Holt, as Kells, is very good. So is Eugene Pallette. Fay Wray's acting is a little stilted, but she looks charming in the old-fashioned tight-bodiced gown that belongs to the period.

★ ★ NIGHT WORK

CAST

Willie Musher	Eddie Quillan
Mary	Sally Starr
Aggie	Frances Upton
Calloway	John T. Murray
Harvey Vanderman	George Duryea
Pinkie	Ben Bard
Phil Reisman	Robert McWade
Oscar	Douglas Scott
Trixie	Addie McPhail
Squint	Kit Guard
Mrs. Ten Eyck	Georgia Caine
Buster	George Billings
Mr. Vanderman	Charles Clary

Produced by Pathé. Directed by Russell Mack.

This is an original story made to order for Eddie Quillan, but it is a bad job of tailoring. It's too long.

Lila Lee and Lon Chaney as they look in their latest film, The Unholy Three.

Most of the department-store episodes could be cut out to the advantage of the story.

Eddie, as Willie Musher, is a window trimmer in a department store, and because he adopts a baby without meaning to—a pretty nurse in a foundling home talks him into it—he takes a job as waiter in a night club to pay the baby's keep in the home.

Eddie is a nice kid and I like him, but the babies are the real comedians in this picture. The tiny comics give it charm.

If Night Work were cut in half it would be just twice as good.

★ ★ OUR BLUSHING BRIDES

CAST

Jerry	Joan Crawford
Connie	Anita Page
Franky	Dorothy Sebastian
Tony	Robert Montgomery
David	Raymond Hackett
Marty	John Miljan
Mrs. Weaver	Hedda Hopper
Monsieur Pontoise	Albert Conti
Joe Munsey	Edward Brophy
The Detective	Robert Emmet O'Connor
Evelyn Woodforth	Martha Sleeper

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Harry Beaumont.

Our Blushing Brides is another one of those titles evidently picked out of a hat. There've been so many of these lately.

You'd think a title ought to have some relation to the picture even if it is only a poor relation. Most picture titles are perfect strangers to the stories they label until they are introduced to each other on the screen, and then they are usually found to have nothing in common.

The story is pretty flimsy. It is about a group of models and the dishonorable intentions towards them of their boy friends, but with virtue triumphing in the end. If it were not for the fashion parade, which takes up a good deal of the footage, and the interesting settings, this would rate two stars less as entertainment.

A loaded lady: Joan Crawford in Our Blushing Brides.

★ INSIDE THE LINES

CAST

Jane	Betty Compson
Woodhouse	Ralph Forbes
Governor of Gibraltar	Montagu Love
Amahdi	Mischa Auer
Capper	Ivan Simpson
Lady Crandall	Betty Carter
Major Bishop	Evan Thomas
Archie	Reginald Sharland
Chief of Secret Service	William Van Brincken

Produced by Radio. Directed by Roy Pomeroy.

This is the story of a pair of spies whose work during the World War took them to Gibraltar. The story gets off to a pretty good start, but grows weaker and weaker as it goes on, finally expiring of absurdity in the last scene.

The locale is interesting, but even Gibraltar can't hold up a weak plot.

Betty Compson is unsuited to the rôle of the feminine spy. Earl Derr Biggers wrote the story, which was produced as a play in 1915, and failed.

A slight difference of opinion marks this scene from The Border Legion played by Stanley Fields, Jack Holt, Richard Arlen, and Fay Wray.

Do you know that—

Charlie Chaplin is thinking of raising a beard to disguise himself so that when he goes to London after finishing City Lights he can travel incognito and visit the scenes of his childhood? . . . Charles Bickford was a motorman in Boston before going on the stage?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—With Byrd at the South Pole.

★★★—The Big House, Raffles, Holiday, The Social Lion, In the Shadow of the Law, In Gay Madrid.

Vox

Our Cave Man Contest

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your new contest, "Funny Faces," is a wow—just what we were waiting for.

Here, at last, is an opportunity to ruin, distort, and otherwise mutilate a perfectly good portrait—and get paid for doing so.

On the face of it (no pun intended) the contest is the craziest thing imaginable; but actually it provides a pleasant outlet for a universal urge that's older than the missing link. Way back in cave man days, when some prehistoric paint-slinger created the first work of art, it's a safe bet the masterpiece was revamped by a flock of cliff-dwelling kibitzers.

And human nature hasn't changed one whit since.

Anyway, if I don't cop a prize in this contest, ten years of diligent practice in defacing subway ads will have been wasted; and that would be a shame, wouldn't it?—*Allen Glasser.*

We Might, at That

BOSTON, MASS.—You've gone and stepped on me. You're giving $500 to those making the funniest faces out of three pictures—one of them is Lindy's! I'd give ten bucks to meet the Funny Face editor in a dark alley, and ten more to see his funny face when he got out.

If you must have funny faces, why don't you reprint the pictures of your staff, that you featured in a back issue? —*M. L. Finer.*

Oh Yes

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Kicking Vox Poppers? Oh, yes. There always has to be a wet sock in the crowd, or someone trying to fly a kite in a coal mine.—*Helen.*

We're Doing Our Best

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Like many others I enjoy razzing your publication. Just when I get to going good you rob me of material with which to work. Your last three or four numbers have been a great disappointment to me.

If you don't start publishing some more silly stories and a bum editorial or two I'm going to quit you.—*Dubbie.*

This Is Enough

CHESTER, PA.—I've read Liberty for some time and I read the Vox Pop and I have come to the conclusion that you don't know how to run a magazine. Now, if your boss wants to hire a man who can run a magazine, give him my address and if there is dough enough in it, I might take it.

In the meantime I will give you a hint how to run one.

As you have about twenty different kinds of kickers, make Liberty in twenty sections—each section about the size of the present Lib.—and have each section different: one full of love, one full of gang war, one full of the movies, etc.

After you get the twenty Libertys, bind them in different colors so each can pick his or her color—then they can read his or her own section and don't need to worry about the rest of it.

Oh, and you might offer a prize—say a $10,000 auto—to the reader that never sends in a kick.

If you want to know any more let me know.—*John Russell.*

"Mothers Remember"

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—I have just finished reading the sweetest article Liberty has ever and probably will ever publish. It is "Mothers Remember," by Grace Robinson.

Since reading it I have decided to buy Liberty every week. Let us have more articles like it.—*J. C. Eaton.*

HENDERSON, KY.—The article on the gold star mothers, by Grace Robinson, was interesting reading, but if the entire article was as authentic as the paragraph reading "There was Mrs. Lucy Lawrence, from the mountains of Kentucky, a quaint little person who, on the ship going over, smoked a pipe. It is the custom around her town of Owensboro."

Well, if all the story is as authentic as that statement there'll be an awful howl from the gold star ladies.

Gently whisper in Grace's ear that it is a "fur, fur piece" from Owensboro to the nearest mountain; somewhere between 150 and 200 miles, to be exact. Owensboro is a most progressive small city of about 25,000, and a pipe-smoking woman would create no end of amusement and consternation among the cigarette smoking girls of the town.—*Mrs. Walter Quinn.*

GUTHRIE, OKLA.—I have before me a copy of Liberty of July 19, and have read Grace Robinson's article, "Mothers Remember."

I have mailed the magazine to my mother, and I know that she will appreciate it and cry over it, as she should.

I happened to be an unimportant one of the several hundred thousand that went from Varennes up through Montfauçon, Romagne, Buzancy, and to Stenay, and I have made it a point to read all of the newspaper and other articles that have been written about this trip of the war mothers to France.

I want to say candidly and frankly that Miss Robinson's article was the one that has caught the attention and will strike the imagination of all those who are interested in this subject, whose numbers in this commercial and unfortunately rapid-moving day are all too few.—*E. B.*

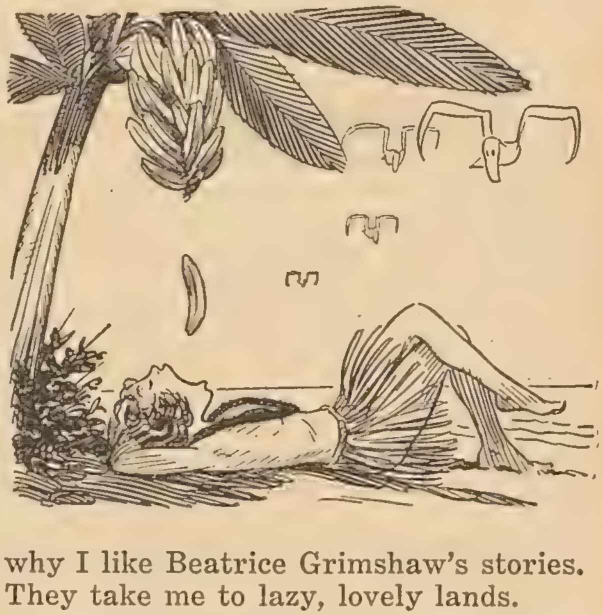
For Mr. Brennan

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"God's Gift to Women," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, was a gem. It was funnier than anything I've heard in a theater in weeks. Real drama, too.—*L. Lafayette.*

MULLINS, S. C.—"God's Gift to Women," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan— Now, I am not a woman, but if I was and this Buster was all God could give me— No thank you, not anything. —*Marvin Grainger.*

You Better Have More Than a Skirt, Kitty

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ho, hum! Life's just too complicated, and I long to go far away to some simpler sphere, especially in the summertime. Some place far from subways, jazz, and gin. That's why I like Beatrice Grimshaw's stories. They take me to lazy, lovely lands.



As long as you buy Miss Grimshaw's stories, I'll buy Liberty.

Yes, sir! Just give me a grass skirt, a beach, and a bending tropical fruit tree to drop fruit into my mouth when I open it, and little Kitty will be happy.—*Kitty in Grimshaw Land.*

Flatterer!

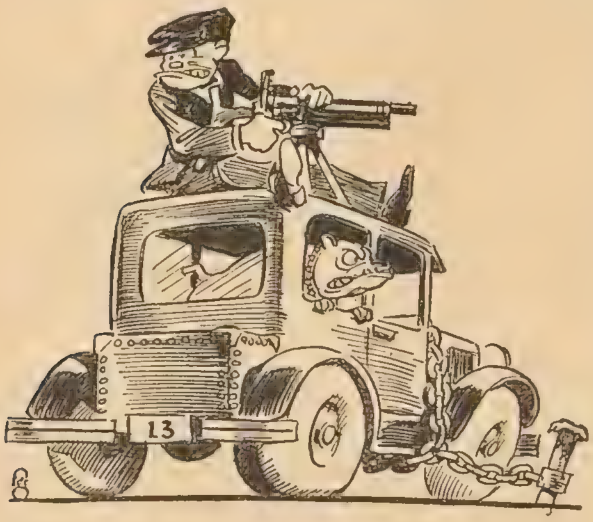
RALEIGH, S. C.—I know of only one braver than Nathan Asch, who wrote that story, "Bravery"—and that was the man who published it.—*Raleigh.*

Pop

That "Heist Guy"

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Say, I haven't read anything as interesting in months as the article by that "heist guy," Roy Chadwick: "My Racket Is Autos." It's easy work for a thief to steal an auto, isn't it?

That article made me feel that the only way to keep a car from being stolen would be to drive steel stakes through the asphalt, chain the car to them, equip the chauffeur with a machine gun, and install a big bulldog on the back seat—a dog with big teeth and a deep bass voice. Even then, it's more than likely that thieves would steal that bus.—*Alexander S.*



CHICAGO, ILL.—Say, what's the idea of putting a little note just when you get to the educational part of Roy Chadwick's little confession (or is he bragging?) like this: "four lines deleted"?

Don't you know that it's considered bad manners to do anything like that? It's getting so that we ambitious heist guys can't get a good textbook any place, and I surely never thought that a magazine like Liberty would go back on us!—*Struggling Young Amateur.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—By the way, if I should send return postage would you mind sending me those deleted directions for heisting cars? The hours are short and the pay is good.—*Carl Martin.*

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—In keeping with the splendid traditions of your school, don't you think it advisable to continue your lessons through the rest of the summer, and the fall?

I am majoring in forgery, but need additional credits in murder and arson, and with a short course I could finish the work nicely. Kindly consider this.—*Casanova, Jr.*

BELL, CALIF.—How about a few more true stories, such as "Heist Guy"?

True stories of other folks' lives, troubles, trials and tribulations are always interesting. Helps us to realize how badly off or well off we are ourselves.—*Mrs. H. E. Salsberry.*

Recipe for a Fine Story

ERIE, PA.—I want to congratulate you on the short short story, "Sunday Driver," by Karl W. Detzer. It was fine, due to the fact that nobody was killed in it. A man was seriously hurt—that was all.

I believe this establishes a record for your murder-and-sudden-death magazine.—*N. B.*

Seems He Likes Miss Compson

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"The Girl Who Came Back," by Adela Rogers St. Johns, certainly whipped the fighting spirit into my mind.

Business conditions have been bad in my organization because of internal strife and disunion. But if a girl can come back—a man can, too. And so reorganization is on my program.

A man can admire and love such a woman as Miss Compson. Wish I were the lucky man.

I cannot say publish more like "The Girl Who Came Back," for there is only one Miss Compson, but I can show my appreciation by writing you this note.—*George T. Flaum.*

And a Very Good Reason, Too

GAINESVILLE, TEX.—I don't like your magazine, and read it because I want to keep well supplied with things to complain about.—*John Graham.*

Slight Rhapsody on the Cinderella of the Nations

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Here's one good loud Australian cheer for Liberty—for its discerning editorial, "The Bigger They Are the 'Arder They Fall."

Coo-ee-ee and whoopee 'n' everything!

I've been trying in my small way for ten years to get the papers on this coast to sit up and take notice of Australia as a white race base. Australia and western America need each other—the worst way—but they've both been too full of goldarned Anglo-Saxon conceit to admit it.

Thank heaven, you're not like that!

In a nutshell, Australia is the Cinderella of the nations. If the young Prince, America, is going voyaging to fit the golden slipper on her foot, I sincerely hope it may be through the medium of Liberty.—*Lilian H. Bassett.*

Gladly. Anything Else?

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Great work, Liberty! After reading your issue of July 19, I can't talk.

The whole biography of Jeanne Eagels has been swell, but that installment left me breathless, as well as speechless. I hate to see a great guy get fired, but won't you please fire Edward Doherty unless he stretches it out to about one hundred installments?—*B.*

Helping the Editor

BUFFALO, N. Y.—It is too bad a magazine should publish such an article about Mr. Hoover as "The President and the Photographers," by Mr. Carroll.

Do the newspaper reporters run the nation today that they can say a president's popularity is on the wane when he refuses to let them snap him any time they please?—*Florence E. Fitzsimmons.*

TOLEDO, OHIO—Let's have some more hooey about photographers and their victims, like that in the July 19 issue. I liked it. It was good.—*Denny Smith.*

Wise Crack for the Week

LARAMIE, WYO.—You are using sound judgment in the selection of most of your stories lately. It surprises me.—*F. J. Roybal.*

To Tip or Not to Tip

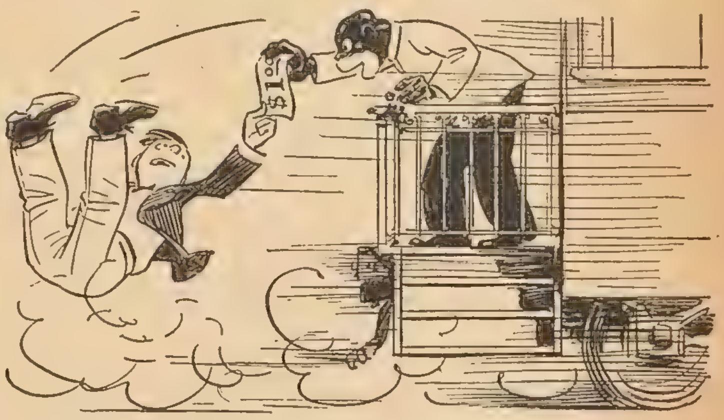
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—I have just finished reading Helen Hathaway's article, "The Courtesy of the Road," which I considered very interesting.

Lots of times you don't know just what to do or how to tip on a trip and her article helped me out a lot.

Let's have more of such articles in Liberty.—*T. M. R.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Just finished reading Helen Hathaway's article on tipping. Ye gods! How easily she writes of giving away money. The only thing she forgot to tip was her hat.

According to her method, after tipping everyone in the depot, one must enter the train at the locomotive and proceed to tip the engineer and fireman. After that come the baggage and railway mail car. Don't overlook anyone. From there make a tour through each car, tipping all porters, conductors, etc., that are encountered.



When you reach the observation platform, jump off, slipping your last dollar to a porter as you jump. Don't bother to make a will. You'll have nothing to bequeath. Just save a little change to tip the undertaker and pallbearers.—*Irate Southerner.*

Well, Folks, We're Still Offering

$500 a Week for Limericks

in five big cash prizes, as specified below

Just provide the missing line, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in a lot of last lines, if you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

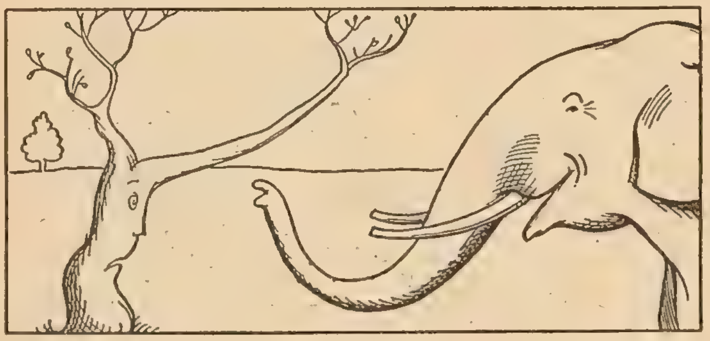
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



"I'm told," said a skeptical flea,
"That an elephant's not like a tree.
But I say it's the bunk,
For they each have a trunk

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, August 16. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

Here are THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of July 19. The Limerick read as follows:

When the orchestra started to play
A girl in the crowd shouted "Hey!
As sure as you're born
That guy with the horn

. . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"Is the blow-hard I Renoed last May."

Written by Esther D. Ehrhardt
756 Spruce Street, Sidney, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"Needs shootin' for tootin' that way."

Written by Howard A. Hart
Box 716, Westwood, California

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"Is a pip—what I mean, he's okay."

Written by L. C. Cloyd
1055 East Main Street, Decatur, Illinois

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"Is the blighter that led me astray."

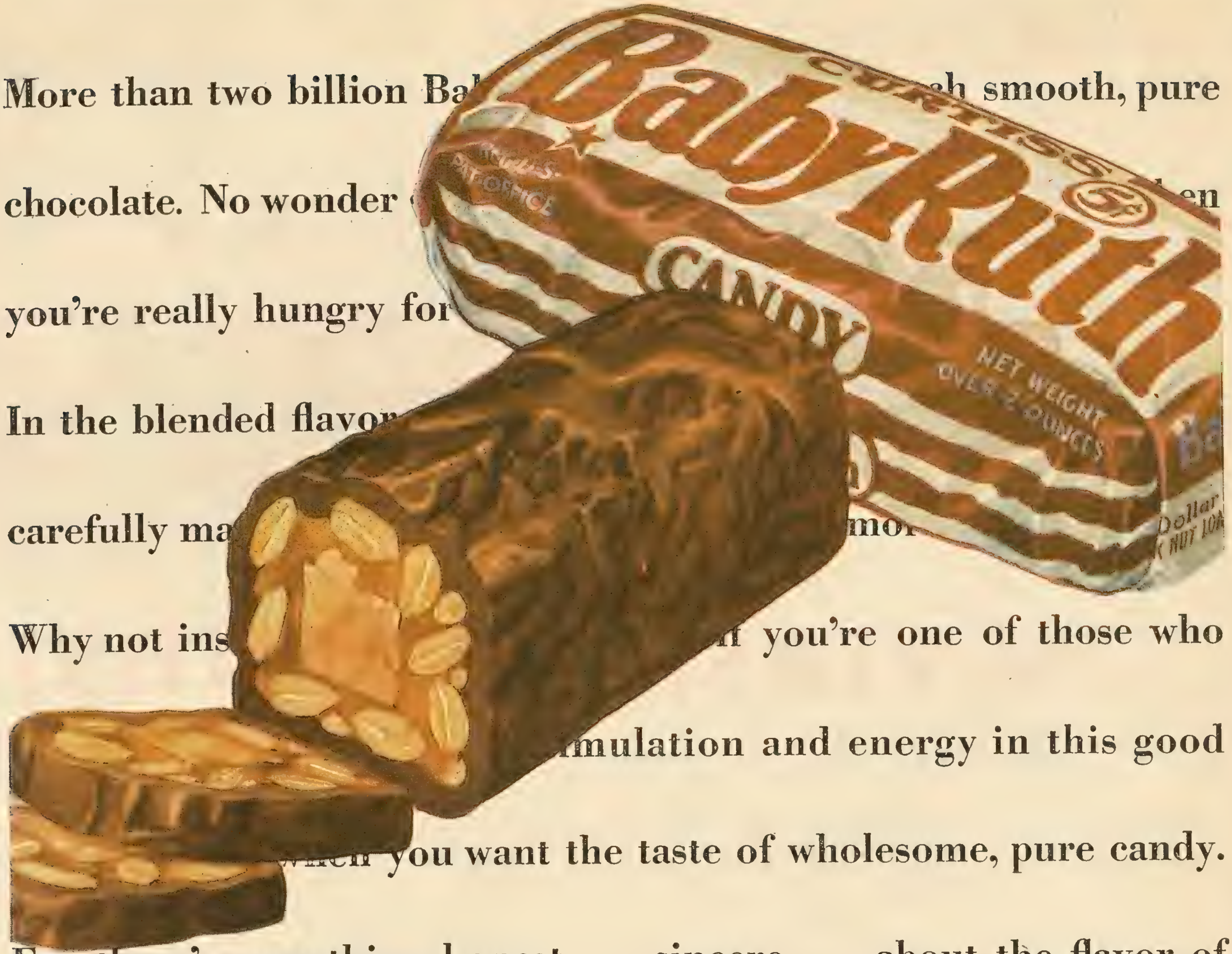
Written by Mrs. J. Edgar Boswell
668 Cecil Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"Will be mourned by his friends if I stay."

Written by Mrs. W. Styles
1107 First Avenue, New York City

Another Unfinished Limerick and $500 More in Prizes Next Week


Curtiss
Baby Ruth
5¢
CANDY
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office
NET WEIGHT OVER 2 OUNCES
Dollar
NUT LOAF

More than two billion Ba … h smooth, pure
chocolate. No wonder … en
you're really hungry for
In the blended flavor
carefully ma … mor
Why not ins … f you're one of those who
mulation and energy in this good
when you want the taste of wholesome, pure candy.

For there's something honest . . . sincere . . . about the flavor of Baby Ruth! A tempting blend that always *satisfies.*

Baby Ruth
Gum

Pure, bracing chocolate, heaped on with a generous hand. Plump, crisp, meaty nuts.

For meditative chewing, a center of caramel opera cream. So skillfully combined, these pure ingredients give Baby Ruth real food value and smooth flavor. Butterfinger, too . . . or Baby Ruth Gum and Mints!

The Curtiss Candy Company, Chicago · ·

Curtiss
Butterfinger

On the campus of the University of Kansas just before Professor H. C. Allen sent the 13 test cars away with sealed crankcases on a gruelling nation-wide road test.

UNIVERSITY SCIENTISTS

FIND THIS NEW OIL LASTS LONGER

AT 8:30 on the morning of April 8th, 1930, thirteen stock cars, representing practically every popular type of automobile engine, left Lawrence, Kansas. Professor H. C. Allen supervised the start. The amount of oil poured into each crankcase was weighed. The crankcases and filter pads were carefully sealed.

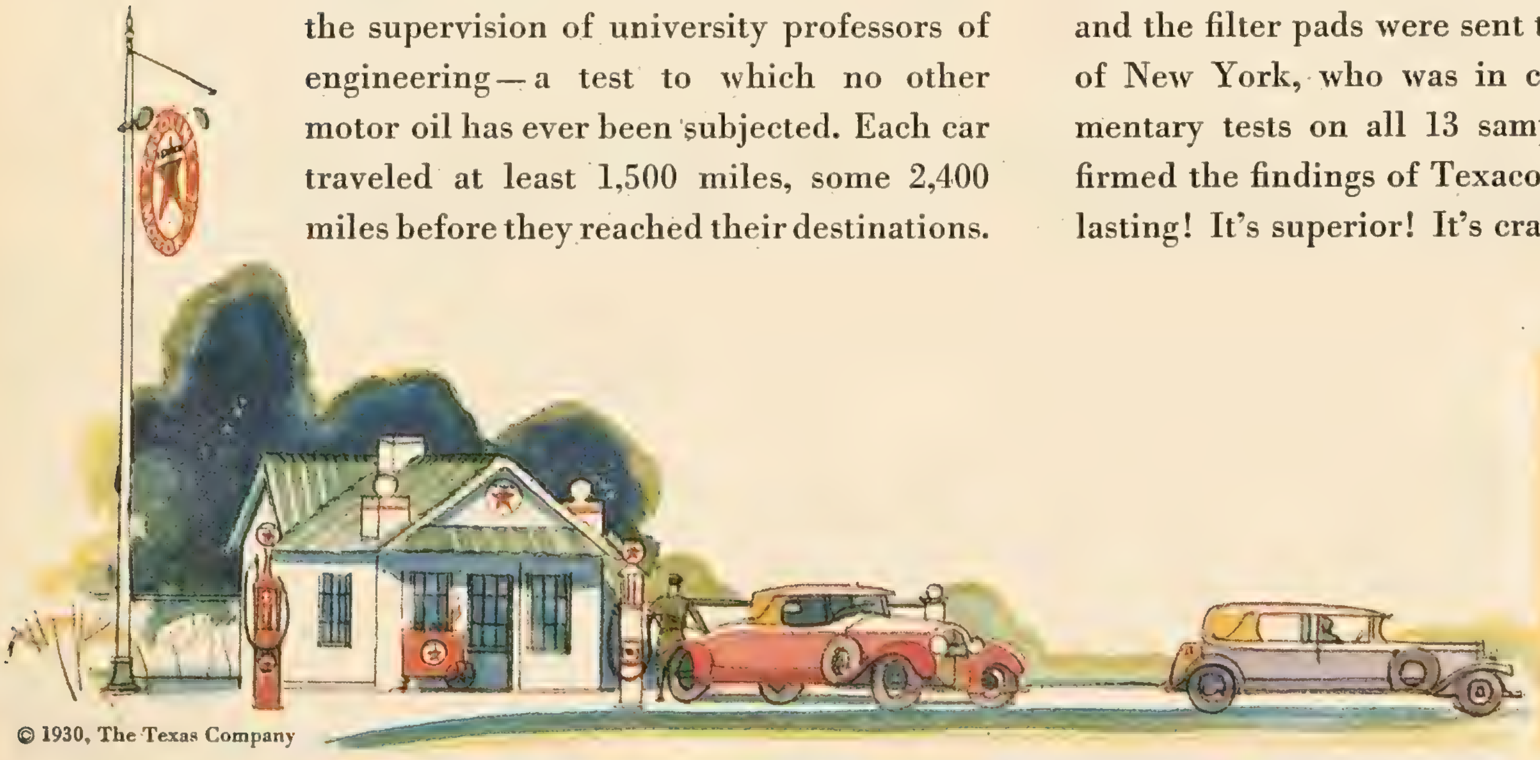
Faculty Members first to unlock crankcases and test oil

The test cars were routed to 13 leading universities. The trails led over snow-clad mountains, through burning desert heat and bitter northern cold—a nation-wide test under the supervision of university professors of engineering—a test to which no other motor oil has ever been subjected. Each car traveled at least 1,500 miles, some 2,400 miles before they reached their destinations. Here for the first time the crankcases were unsealed, the oil drained off carefully, weighed again and then subjected to comprehensive tests.

Impartial Scientific Tests

Among those participating in these tests were such well-known authorities as Professors Huff of Johns Hopkins, Graf of Oregon State College and Beisler of the University of Florida. None of them knew the name of the oil they were testing. None of them had anything but a strictly scientific interest in the results.

Half of the drained oil was retained by the local professor for tests of his own. The remaining oil and the filter pads were sent to Dr. Lincoln T. Work, of New York, who was in charge and ran supplementary tests on all 13 samples. The reports confirmed the findings of Texaco engineers—It's longer-lasting! It's superior! It's crack-proof!

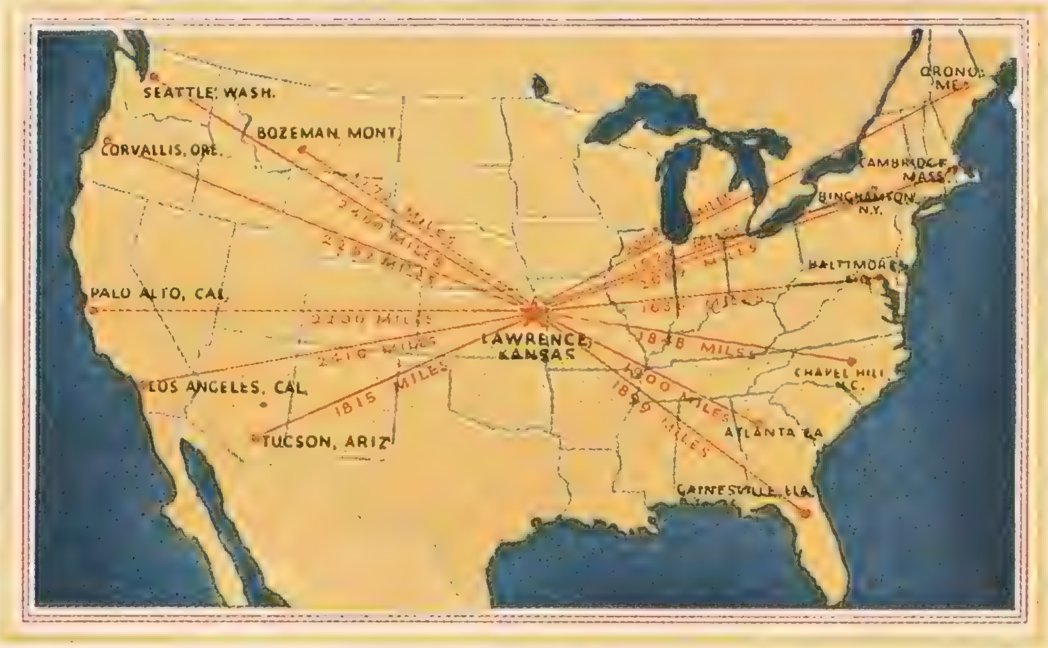


REPRESENTAT

"After a road test of 2,060 miles the motor oil had undergone relatively little change and was still suitable for much additional use."

"The oil dilution was

© 1930, The Texas Company


SEATTLE, WASH.
BOZEMAN MONT.
CORVALLIS, ORE.
2400 MILES
PALO ALTO, CAL.
2416 MILES
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
1815 MILES
TUCSON, ARIZ.
LAWRENCE KANSAS
ORONO ME.
CAMBRIDGE MASS.
BINGHAMTON N.Y.
BALTIMORE MD.
1848 MILES
CHAPEL HILL N.C.
ATLANTA GA.
GAINESVILLE FLA.

University destinations and distances traveled by the test cars

Dr. Lincoln T. Work says—

"THESE various reports on the new Texaco Motor Oil emphasize many different points, and present these outstanding characteristics:

1—A low oil consumption which averaged one quart in 790 miles.

2—Very little tendency to form carbon when fresh or when used.

3—Retention of viscosity even after extended use on the road.

"I would conclude from a summary of the data submitted by these university experts that this oil can be marketed as a superior lubricant for the gasoline engine."

An extra margin of safety

On this university test, as on all the road and laboratory tests conducted by Texaco technicians, this new oil gave remarkable mileage. But for maximum motoring satisfaction we say keep the oil in your crankcase at the proper level and follow manufacturer's draining recommendations.

When you have your car drained insist on the new Texaco Motor Oil. For in this remarkable wholly distilled oil you have the combined outstanding qualities of the major crudes. The long life of this new motor oil assures a greater margin of safety—a margin of safety which will carry you through when less enduring oils would crack and break down in the engine.

Available in all our 48 States

The new Texaco is manufactured in five grades: C, D, E, F, and G, which correspond in body to the Society of Automotive Engineers (S.A.E.) viscosity ratings. They cover a sufficiently wide range to give every type of automobile engine the maximum in lubricating efficiency. Sold in all our 48 States at 30¢ a quart. (35¢ for grade G.)

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

E FINDINGS

very low, under 1.5%."
"The used oil shows the maintenance of very considerable viscosity."
"The low carbon residue and low pour points are very favorable."

the New

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

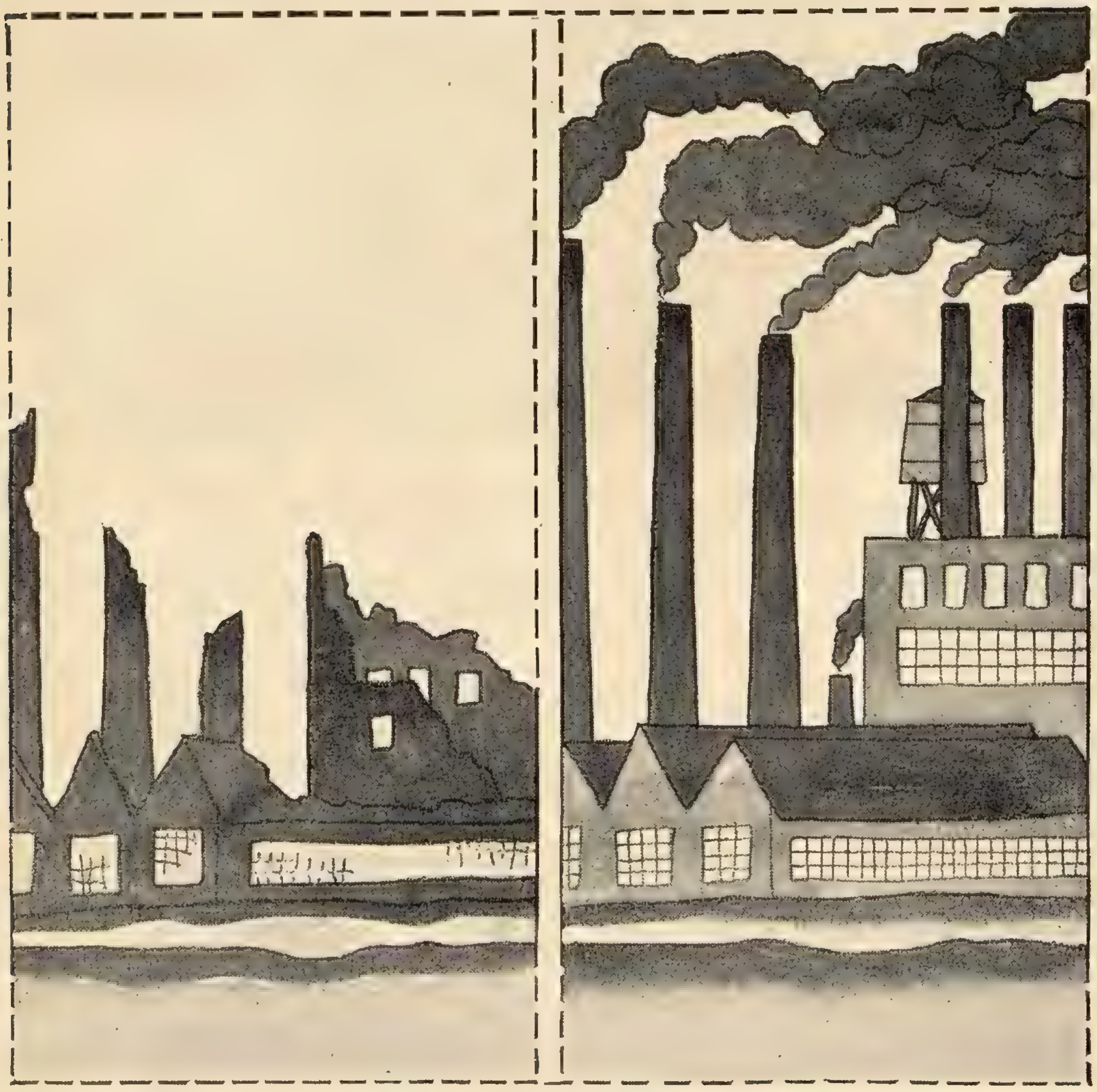
30 cents a quart (35¢ for grade G)

LONGER-LASTING. "CRACK-PROOF"

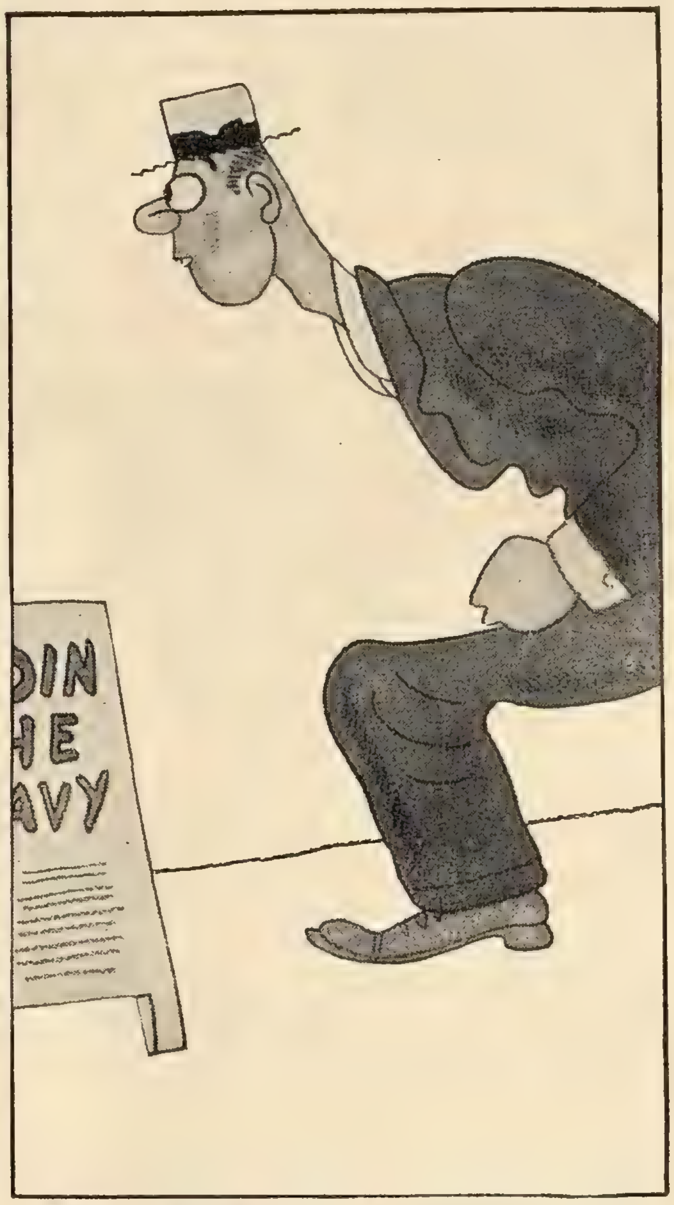
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

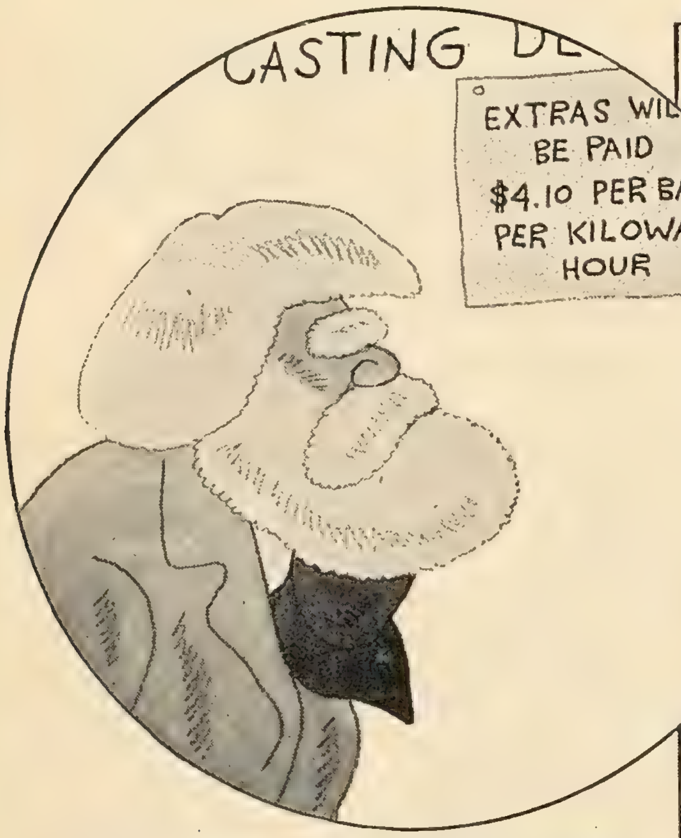
By RALPH BARTON



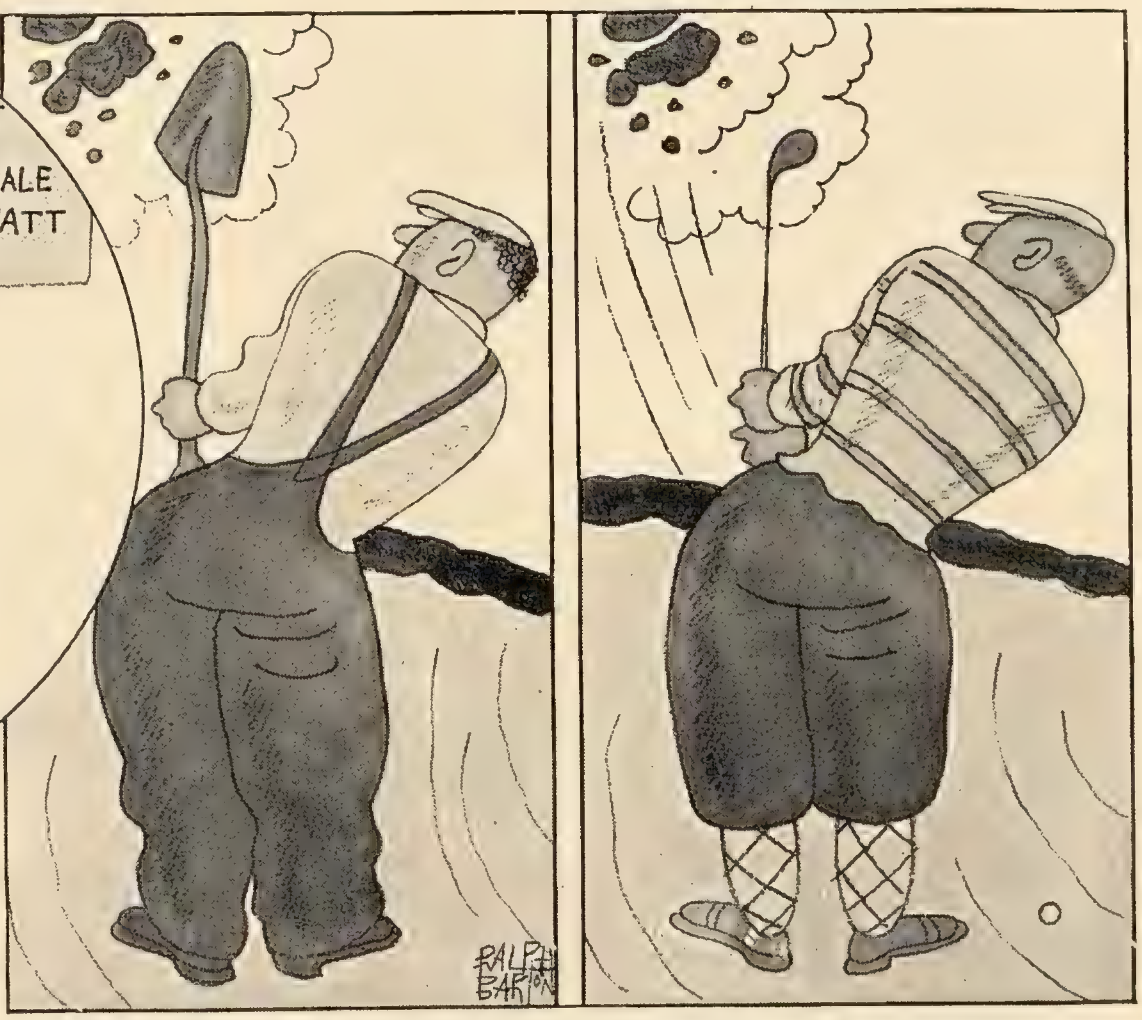
PERPETUAL CARTOON showing American industry before and after the passage of the new Tariff Bill. *(Cut out on dotted lines and place in the order that corresponds to your convictions. If mounted on boards, cartoon may be used to cover all tariff revisions until America becomes a kingdom in 1965.)*



MEN DESIROUS OF SEEING THE WORLD will, if they hurry, probably still have time to do so before the Navy is scrapped.


CASTING DE
EXTRAS WIL BE PAID $4.10 PER BALE PER KILOWATT HOUR

NEW SCALE OF EXTRA-MEN PRICES goes into effect in Hollywood.


RALPH BARTON

AMBITION. The gentleman at the left makes only $1,000 a year, but he is studying hard to better himself and earn one of those $1,000,000-a-year salaries like the gentleman at the right.

The Open Road

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE Sapphire Lake Tourist Camp was over the hills and far away at the end of a rocky, dusty road. People paid fifty cents a week-end to park their cars, pitch tents, eat canned food, carry water, and slap bugs. It was a retreat from all comforts of home life. Backs ached from bending over low wood fires and eyes smarted from squinting at cooking directions by the flickering glow of oil lamps. The lake itself had disappeared in a July drought and only frogs could find enough moisture for water sports.

This week's cover picture.

"This is the life!" a fat man called out to Sandy. "A tent's better than a palace in this hot weather and it's fun to toast your shins in the sun." He pointed to his rolled-up trousers.

"You gotta get back to nature every so often," Sandy told him, "or you'll go batty. I get sick of brick and stones."

"Yeah," his fat friend agreed; "gimme the sky for a roof." He pointed above his bald head and Sandy looked up at a swarm of gnats.

"My wife's in the hospital with a new baby," Sandy said, "so home wasn't home to me. I'm out here for the week-end to give the kid some fresh air."

"Looka, looka, looka!" little Ulysses began to yell, running out of the tent. "Looka, looka!" A three-inch lizard squirmed from his thumb and forefinger and went through Danish gymnastics in the glare of the sun.

"Set it right down," Sandy told him, "and come and eat your supper. Nannie made sandwiches for us."

Nannie's peanut-butter sandwiches were very tasty, but Sandy had to keep waving his handkerchief around his head so that mosquitoes wouldn't fly in his mouth. There was no wind and the smudge of many camp fires made breathing unpleasant.

"Isn't this fun?" Sandy asked U., knowing that Lil would throw a fit in the hospital if she could see what they were eating for supper.

"Where's my bed?" U. wanted to know. He stood at the flap of the tent stuffing stuffed olives into his mouth.

"We're going to sleep on auto robes," Sandy said, "and I have nets to tuck around our heads."

Insects began to hum as soon as the sun went down. Frogs croaked. Campers tuned in on their radios. Ukuleles wailed and there was a child there somewhere suffering with whooping cough. The auto robes were very hard and Sandy's nets were not mosquito-proof; gnats joined in the biting contest and crickets creaked from the corners of the tent.

"Time to get up!" Sandy called at 6 A. M. "Get dressed!" He flung the mosquito netting away from his face and grabbed his old green trousers from a stool.

"I am dressed," U. said, wriggling into view with the red-and-white bathing suit he'd worn since the day before. "I'm dressed 'cept shoes."

Sandy made a fire outside in the clearing and set the coffeepot in the middle of it; the weak flames went out twice but finally a gust of wind gave them courage.

"Watch the fire," he told Ulysses, "while I shave."

A few minutes later there was a *s-w-i-s-h* and a rattle—and Sandy looked out at a dumped-over coffeepot and the rear view of his mischievous son.

"Doggone your hide!" he yelled, grabbing a stick and poking his head into the cloud of steam. "Wait till I rescue my coffee and I'll—"

"Ha-ha!" a man laughed, watching Sandy's calamity. "That's one of the joys of the open road!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Jungle)

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE

After all a man's smoke *is a pipe*

WHEN your nerves are a bit frazzled . . . or when you've just put over a good deal . . . or settled down for the evening with a book . . . that's when you turn to your pipe.

A man's smoke, a loyal companion no matter *how* you feel—that's a good pipe filled with good tobacco.

So many men in so many lands have found that Edgeworth is *their* tobacco that we want you to know about it, too. Fill your favorite pipe with this fine old burley blend. See it glow comfortably to life as you touch your match to it. Enjoy the full, rich, *cool* smoke — the flavor that never changes and the fragrance that even non-smokers like.

If you're new to pipes, get a good one. And let us fill it for you the first several times. Just clip the coupon and send it in to us. We'll be right there with a generous, let's-get-acquainted packet of genuine old Edgeworth, free.

EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

Dixie Spiritual Singers every Monday evening, 10:30 to 11, Eastern Standard Time.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.
I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name__________
My street address__________
And town and state__________

Now let the Edgeworth come! B-39

Still Another JULIET

A Love Story of Today in America

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

What Has Gone Before:

JULIET ROGERS on the stage the opening night of a New York revue! Juliet a real show girl!

It had come about because her dream of marrying Keith Morris had, so far, proved unrealizable.

Juliet and Keith had both worked in the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency—she as a stenographer and he in the copy department, a job he had left when he took a position with the new Roth Agency. They had fallen desperately in love, but life seemed determined to hold them apart. Keith had to support his widowed mother, who didn't approve of girl stenographers, and Juliet had to provide for her widowed mother in the old suburban home. And Mrs. Rogers didn't take kindly to Keith, the son of a woman she had detested when they were both girls.

Then a complication had arisen at the office. J. D., "the big boss," falling for Juliet, had asked her to marry him. When she had told him "no" she had felt compelled to give up her job. Finding another as good wasn't easy, so when Bert Thomas, a big producer, had offered her a place in his show, taking it had seemed the reasonable thing to do.

At the Broadway opening Juliet's beauty, heightened by perfection in costumes, was dazzling. Thomas was moved by it to flattering attentions of the type he bestowed on a number of the girls.

Then suddenly one night he cried: "Baby, I'm crazy about you—and I'm the kind of fellow who gets what he wants."

"I told you," Juliet answered, "that I loved someone else."

And so clear was she about loving someone else that when Thomas asked her to be his guest at a champagne party she preferred to keep a date with Keith. And she did keep it, waiting in a drug store until nearly one o'clock. But Keith did not come. Now go on with the story.

PART EIGHT—THOMAS MAKES AN OFFER

JULIET let herself into the house quietly. She didn't want to wake up mama. Mama was always up early in the morning, and she was cross when she heard Juliet come in late.

She hurried to her room. Mama usually left a message there if anyone had telephoned. There was no message.

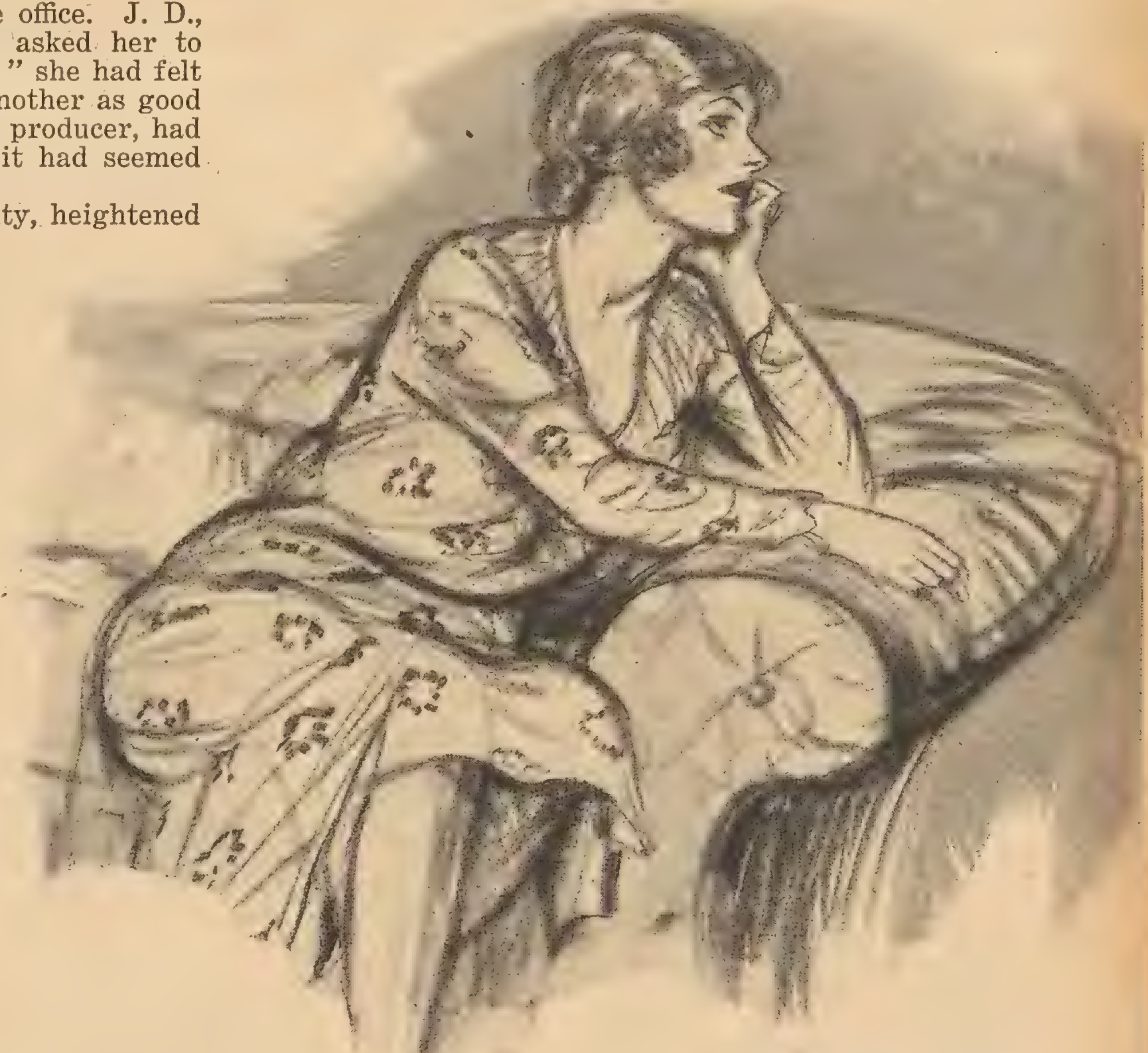
She couldn't believe that Keith had cut an engagement—had not wanted to meet her! Why, she had stayed away from a big party to be with him. He was loyal, really cared for her. And he wasn't the type that "stood up" a girl.

She was afraid something had happened to him—some accident. There was no way to find out. She didn't dare telephone his home now. She knew how angry Mrs. Morris would be if her telephone rang at two o'clock in the morning!

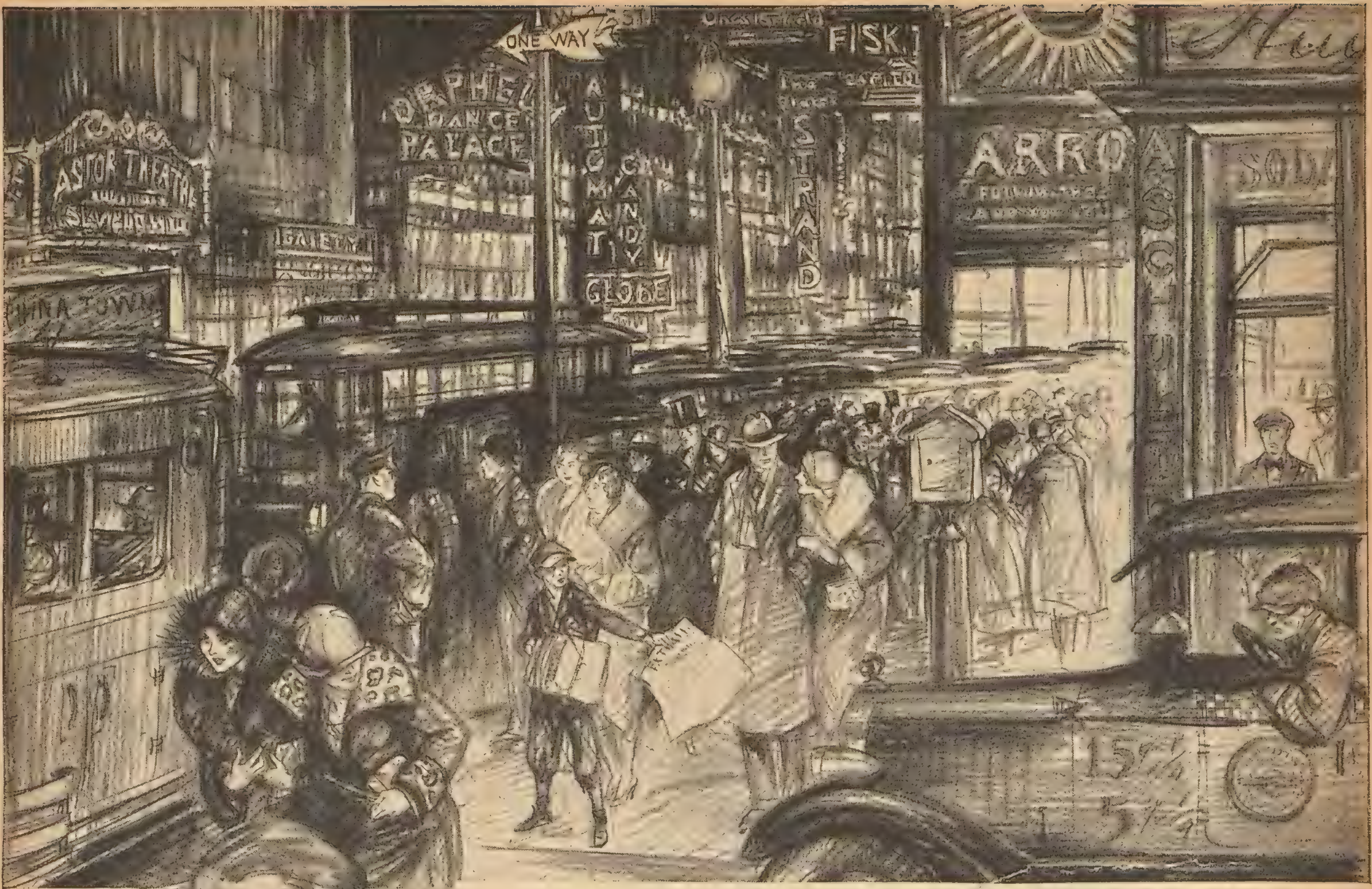
She undressed slowly, almost automatically, with a little gnawing worry that almost kept her from realizing what she was doing.

She got into bed, finally. She bathed mornings now. There was time then for a more elaborate toilet than had been possible when she was in a business office.

She turned off the light, and lay there restlessly in



"Of course," sighed Juliet. "There's no use having another quarrel. You'll have to go."



Tonight Juliet liked Broadway better than ever. He was back. Hers. Safe!

the dark—couldn't fall asleep. She turned on the light again, tiptoed downstairs for a book. She was reading Marian Spitzer's Who Would Be Free. She wished she could seize her freedom the way Eleanor, the heroine, had done. She took the book to bed with her. She couldn't concentrate on it. She must have fallen asleep then, for the next thing she knew mama was waking her up.

Mama was angry because Juliet had gone to sleep without turning off the light.

"I don't know what's come into you!" she sighed. "One night you stay up nearly all night dancing, and the next night you fall asleep with your light on. Things aren't like they used to be!"

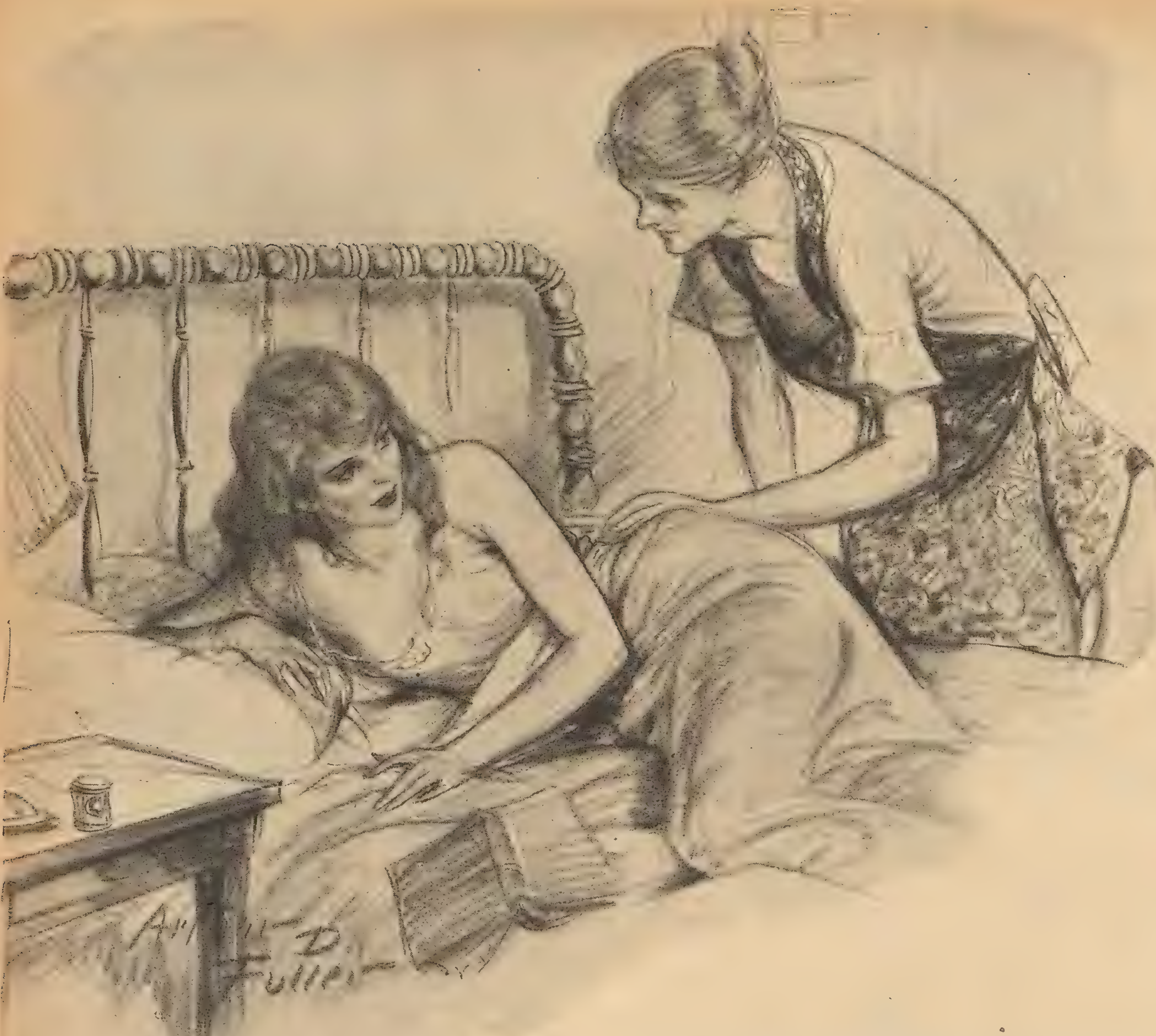
Juliet couldn't tell mama she was worried. Nor why. She tried to cheer her up by telling her little stories about the girls in the show, being careful about the stories she told her. Juliet knew that she couldn't tell mama the truth about a lot of things. Mama *would* have raved then!

MAMA was afraid that Juliet had changed—was doing things she shouldn't do. She asked Juliet apparently careless questions, hoping Juliet would confess to something. It wasn't that mama wanted Juliet to do anything bad. It was only that mama had always heard about the wild life chorus girls led.

Now, while Juliet talked with mama, the undercurrent of worry about Keith gnawed at her. What was the matter? Had he been in an accident—been injured? Was it possible that he didn't care as much as she thought? It couldn't be that! She knew how much they meant to each other. Still, Keith hadn't met her! And now he didn't telephone!

Juliet wandered around the house. She tried to read the morning paper. Put the paper down. Glanced at her watch or at the clock. Finally, for an excuse to find

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Mama was angry because Juliet had gone to sleep without turning off the light.

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-nine

out if the telephone was really working, she asked Central what time it was. The operator still told you the time in Glen Hill. It was ten o'clock. And Keith didn't telephone!

Juliet picked up the paper again. And she found herself staring at a page and not knowing a word she had been reading. She picked up a book, put it down again. This was silly! Why didn't Keith telephone?

If—if everything was all right, Keith must be in his office now. He could telephone if he wanted to. Had she done anything to hurt his feelings? Or did it just mean that because their hours were so dissimilar they were drifting apart? Was that it?

The telephone rang!

Juliet rushed to the phone. When she recognized Florence Garrison's voice she was so disappointed she could hardly speak. Florence thought it would be jolly if Juliet and Keith could spend Sunday at the Garrisons' snug little brick house in Richmond Hill. As usual, the Garrisons couldn't leave the baby—but if the day was nice they could all go for a walk in the afternoon.

Juliet knew that the Garrisons were a little impressed because she was in The Big Show. They were a little nicer to her than they had been before. Still, the invitation meant that she and Keith could have the day together. Late October was getting too cool for the beaches, and there were so few other places where they could be alone.

Juliet accepted eagerly. Then she thought of Keith. What if Keith didn't want to go? What if—

She went into the kitchen, tried to help mama. Mama was puttering around a bit aimlessly. Housekeeping, which had been an exciting occupation for her when dad was alive and Thelma was home, was a tiresome routine now. Juliet wasn't home for dinner half of the time.

JULIET talked to mama now, and she was hardly aware of what she said. Anything to waste time. Life had become suddenly unpleasant, drab, horrible. Every minute stretched to a dull, terrible hour.

She could ring up the office, ask about Keith. She didn't want to do that. What if Keith—

Oh, Keith had to ring! She couldn't stand it any longer! Simply couldn't! Oh, Keith! Keith!

And Juliet and mama talked on about nothing at all.

The telephone rang! Juliet rushed to answer it so fast that mama called:

"Whatever is the matter, Juliet? I never saw you act as funny as you're acting today!"

Juliet reached the telephone. She said "Hello" almost weakly. It was Keith's voice!

"I've tried to call you ever since I got to the office," Keith said. "Just as I'd ask for a line, something would come up. You know how that is. Did you think I'd been swallowed up last night?"

Everything was all right! Keith was there, safe, at the other end of the wire!

"What was the matter?" asked Juliet. "I was awfully worried. I waited practically all night for you."

"You didn't!" said Keith. "You poor darling! I can't tell you how sorry I am. I didn't want to telephone and have you paged at a drug store, and I couldn't telephone you at the station. And I didn't want to phone you after you got home. I didn't know exactly what time you'd get in and I didn't want to wake up your mother. And this morning I waited until I got to the office because I knew you slept late. And then there was a conference about the new refrigerator. I think I'm going to get the account!"

"What was the matter?" asked Juliet.

"I know I should be full of apologies for standing up my best girl," said Keith. "But, honestly, I thought you'd know I'd been detained and couldn't let you know—and wouldn't worry. I do feel badly about it, darling. And it's such a stupid reason. I—I fell asleep, and then—"

"I see," said Juliet.

"DON'T be cold, darling! There's more to it than that. I can't tell you over the telephone. It couldn't be helped, really. Delvin's manager went out of town, so I didn't have to have dinner with him. So I thought I'd go home and eat with mother and read and get some rest. You know how tired I was. It wasn't that, though. I'll tell you all about it. You forgive me, don't you, darling?" Keith's voice was anxious.

"Of course," said Juliet. "Only, I was so disappointed and so nervous over you."

"Well, I'm glad you were disappointed—a little," said Keith. "It shows you do care. You darling! You'll meet me tonight, won't you? I'll promise to be there this time." And then, very low and indistinct, Keith whispered into the telephone, "I love you!"

It was all right! Keith did love her!

Everything was changed. Everything was all right again. Juliet went back to the kitchen to talk with mama, and the kitchen seemed cheerful and gay. She helped mama make little cakes—and wished she could bring Keith out with her to help eat them. She said as much to mama:

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if you'd let Keith—"

At once mama was angry.

"Don't you ever think of anything but him?" Mama's voice grew shrill. "I'm sick of hearing about him! If your father was alive you wouldn't keep on trying to push him down my throat. You know how I feel about Minnie Streeter—how I've always felt about her. Well, don't fool yourself; I feel the same way about her son. They are the same stripe. The sooner you forget him, the better. With all the men you meet, surely there's someone else you could get interested in. Someone with money, who could do something for you—and for me, too!"

Then, and gentler now:

"What about Mr. Thomas? He seems a very nice man, from the things you've told me. Think how grand it would be if you could marry a man like that! Other poor girls have done well. I'm always reading about chorus girls marrying millionaires. Thomas is very rich, from what they tell me. And those other men you meet—"

And mama was in the clouds, daydreaming of Juliet married to a rich man and having the luxuries, and giving mama the luxuries, that she felt were quite their due.

Juliet hardly listened to mama. She had heard that all so often before. Poor mama! She didn't get much out of life. And Juliet had Keith!

The sun must have come out suddenly. The rest of the day was lovely. Everything was right again. The book she was reading became one of the most fascinating stories in the world. Being in love with Keith and thinking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"To climb with daring feet some rugged rock
And sit aloft where gulls and curlews flock
—And smoke."
—Henry Lloyd

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

On top of the world . . . with Granger!

What you've always wanted in tobacco enjoyment—the topmost peak of pipe content—is here waiting for you in Granger.

Richness and fragrance—the full "fruity" flavor of prime Kentucky Burley. Slow-firing mildness—the clean coolness of big shaggy flakes, sweet-burning to the last dry ash.

And you can thank Col. Wellman for his priceless old "Wellman Method" of sealing the flavor *in* the tobacco. It stays there till it's smoked out —by you!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-one

about Keith loving her in return—that was all you needed in life, after all!

All the way into town and all during the show Juliet had the warm feeling that life was most satisfactory. In the dressing room the girls saw how happy she was.

"Got a date with the sweetie?" Daisy Kelly wanted to know. Daisy's growing collection of diamond bracelets didn't keep her from being sentimentally interested in any love affair.

"Yes, I have," admitted Juliet.

"Well," Daisy admitted, "the boy is there with the looks and the personality. You sure he hasn't got an invalid uncle with a million or two?"

"He doesn't seem to need that," laughed one of the other girls.

The girls were all excited over the party of the night before. They reported a marvelous time. They showed little platinum pins as their loot. Some of them were going on another party tonight. Some of the Detroit automobile men had stayed in town. Lois Fisher asked Juliet if she couldn't break her date.

"I'm sorry," Juliet said. "I couldn't possibly."

"Good Lord!" Lois was impatient. "Why don't you marry the boy and have it over with? Then you could go out on the side sometimes and have some fun."

"Nothing would suit me better than the marrying part."

"My God, he isn't one of the kind that's standing you up, is he? Putting off marriage and all that sort of thing? I thought he was just a poor but honorable young man. Don't poor young men always insist on matrimony? And housekeeping in one room and a never-disappearing bed? I thought it was only rich men who couldn't afford to buy wedding rings."

"Well, anyhow, I've got a date with him tonight," Juliet said. "Some other night let me know what you've got on hand."

In the wings, after the Never Say Never number, Thomas stopped her.

"We missed you last night," he said. "It was quite a gay party. In fact, it was so gay we're continuing tonight. You've another date, I suppose?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Thomas," said Juliet. "I—I *really* am! Because it's a date I can't break."

"All right." Thomas looked sulky. Sulkier than Juliet had ever seen him look.

"Ask me on another party!" begged Juliet. "You'll see whether I can go or not. Honestly. Try me again!"

"All right; certainly, sister." Thomas' voice was warm enough, but he walked off without smiling.

Juliet wanted to be in the new show. She knew that if Thomas was really angry he wouldn't put her in.

THE other big revues had already opened. Juliet knew she wasn't well enough known as a show girl to get in after an opening. If Thomas put her in White Cavalier it probably would mean a whole winter of work. She hated to think of going back to an office.

Show business was fascinating. The girls with their lively stories. Dressing and rushing down for numbers. Music, color, excitement. Perhaps, if she encouraged Thomas just a little, went to a few parties with him, that would satisfy him. He had said definite things—but he hadn't pursued her very closely. If all he had wanted had been an affair, he would have dismissed her long ago. He had been almost fatherly, had told her about White Cavalier. Still, he said he always got what he wanted. The girls said that, too. Oh, well, that could mean anything.

After the show Juliet removed her make-up hurriedly. The other girls were talking about the party.

"What a little fool you are, Juliet," Dovey Landon said. "Why, you're wasting your life with that boy. Good-looking, and attractive to talk to—but what can he do for you?"

"She's right, Juliet," said Ruth Pickett. "You've only got a couple of years more and all the good fishing will be gone. You'd better catch a nice big fat papa fish while you've still got the bait."

"Maybe I've done all the fishing I want to," Juliet laughed. "Maybe I've caught what I was looking for."

"More fool you," said Ruth. "Do you know Francie Ray? Three years ago she married a saxophone player, though I think she had dreams of his leading an orchestra and giving her more bracelets than Daisy one of these days. Well, the poor but not honest young man ran away last week with a girl from his show and left poor old Francie twenty pounds overweight and not a diamond bracelet to her arm."

"Well, she can't blame the overweight on the saxophone player," said Lois.

"Oh, can't she, though!" Ruth went on. "I'd be fatter than that if I let myself go. That's what marriage does to you. You let yourself go right away. Why, Francie would have a hard time getting in a third-rate burlesque show now, and she used to be one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. That's love!"

"I don't know that marrying for money gets you any place," said Lois. "Look at the girls in this show who marry for money one year—and are back in show business the next without a cent to their names."

"Yes," said Daisy. "But that's because they're dumb. If you stick where the money is, it's likely to rub off on you. Now, Juliet's practically throwing herself away—"

JULIET knew when she saw Keith waiting for her that she wasn't throwing herself away. She had never seen him look handsomer. How absolutely second-rate the men who liked going out with chorus girls looked, compared to him!

Keith tucked her arm under his. The night was lovely. Cool and yet there was no wind.

It was grand, walking up Broadway at night with Keith. The changing crowd was always fascinating. It was fun being jostled by a thousand other couples, from cities and villages, wearing this minute's evening clothes or last year's second-bests, all bent on gayety.

Each time she saw the street at night Juliet was struck anew with the wonder and beauty of Broadway. The lights against the dark sky, the cañons of streets, the crowds. Each couple was complete, and one with the crowd too.

Most of the people who jostled you were unimportant, Juliet knew. The people you read about as "belonging to Broadway"—producers, stars, writers of plays, columnists—pulled the strings behind the scenes. The people you didn't read about, from the Bronx and Washington Heights, from the suburbs and the middle west, made Broadway what it was, an always new delight.

Tonight Juliet liked Broadway better than ever. She felt as if she and Keith were having a sort of reunion. He was back again. Hers. Safe!

Keith could afford only inexpensive restaurants. They chose a quiet little place they knew. A few couples, each in a little world, were scattered through the place. Juliet and Keith were far more isolated, more alone, than if they had gone to one of the more expensive eating or drinking places.

Juliet didn't have to talk now. All of the unrest was gone. It was lovely, being here with Keith and hearing Keith tell how sorry he was about last night.

"You'll have to know exactly what happened," he went on. His face darkened. "I came nearer disliking the one I had always loved best—next to you—than I ever thought possible. It frightened me. I hope it will never happen again! You know how my mother feels about you?"

Juliet nodded.

"Well, as I told you over the telephone, I came home unexpectedly for dinner. Mother thought I wouldn't go out again. She was angry when I told her I was going out.

"I went into my room to read. I was awfully tired—afraid I'd fall asleep. I didn't want to miss seeing you, so I fixed my alarm clock for half past ten. I did fall asleep. And when I woke up it was after twelve--and

I found that mother had come into my room and had turned off the alarm!"

"Oh, Keith!" Juliet didn't know what to say.

"I was furious. I lost my temper completely, and said things I shouldn't have said. I told mother that I'd continue to support her, but that she could never interfere in my plans again. Of course she cried. She had hysterics and her heart hurt, and I felt like a dog. And I was sorry for what I had said and apologized and all that. But it did break me up. And I had missed seeing you."

"I know," said Juliet. And there was nothing she could say, really. After all, the mothers were there, two lonely old ladies of another generation who had to be looked out for. And you couldn't blame Keith's mother, in a way.

Juliet got Keith to talking about his new job, finally. He was interested in that. The beautiful high happiness had gone out of the evening. But, after all, they loved each other—would belong to each other wholly some day. And that was all that mattered.

They talked quite solemnly about the Roth accounts. Juliet felt that because she had been with an advertising firm she was more of a help to Keith than a girl would be who didn't know anything about advertising.

After all, in spite of the mothers and the fact that they couldn't marry now when they wanted marriage, it was, well, next to perfect, having Keith's love and loving Keith—and being in show business and seeing Keith after the show. If things only kept on this way!

THE Big Show closed. There were a couple of weeks, then, in which Juliet had no job at all. And she and Keith spent all of Keith's free hours together.

Mama worried as she always worried when Juliet wasn't working. In spite of the larger salary, Juliet hadn't saved anything. Bills would begin coming in right away.

Juliet worried just a little, too. What if Thomas, discouraged because she had refused so many invitations, decided to drop her completely? She knew how many girls were out of work in show business, what little chance she had of getting anything else. She hated to think of looking for another job.

Then, just as she was beginning to get really anxious, the postman handed her a card: "Report for a first rehearsal of White Cavalier on Monday at ten o'clock, New York Theater." Well, that was that, anyhow.

Rehearsals then. They were curiously familiar now. The bare stage. Learning the lyrics. The numbers. And each of the show girls had half a dozen lines now, too.

It was fun seeing the girls you knew, finding out which girls were being used, meeting new girls. Lois Fisher and Daisy Kelly and Dovey Landon and Dorothy Green, the girls Juliet liked best, were in the new show. Ruth Pickett had got too fat, and Frances Nestor and Margaret De Haas, "the old war horses," hadn't received calls. And there were some new girls who were very pretty and looked awfully young.

The first weeks were easy. There was no work at night, so Juliet spent a lot of time with Keith. It was nice lingering over dinner, or taking a bus ride, or sitting together, Juliet's hand in Keith's, at the movies.

And then night rehearsals started, and dinner had to be hurried through again. It seemed to Juliet as if the time she could spend with Keith was always being curtailed. Mama or Keith's mother or show business! Oh, well, if they could just have patience, some day—

White Cavalier was far different from The Big Show. It was an operetta with sixteen show girls, a big male chorus, and a long list of principals. The show girls were house-party guests or court ladies.

Juliet went through the numbers and learned the lines almost automatically. Funny how you get used to things! One number was a minuet, and Juliet thought it very lovely. She thought most of the others were rather tiresome.

Five weeks of rehearsing, and a strenuous week of costume fittings. Lovely brocaded gowns with hoop skirts to be worn with white wigs. The show girls sat around, as usual, making up their lips as seriously as if this were the most important thing in the world. And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DANCING FEET ARE HAPPY FEET IF THEY ARE FREE OF CORNS

There's no fun in dancing or anything else when your feet hurt! Nyal Corn Remover stops pain immediately. A few applications banish corns and callouses. Then feet are happy. In applicator bottle, 25c. For perspiring feet use Nyal Eas'Em Foot Powder.

NYAL CORN REMOVER

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Sold only at

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

Every Nyal Druggist is the proprietor of his own store and a registered pharmacist—skilled in his profession.

EXPLODING?

WHEN HAY FEVER TOUCHES OFF EVERY KIND OF SNEEZE YOU EVER OWNED . . . AND YOU'D LIKE A GOOD BETWEEN-THE-SNEEZES SMOKE . . . TRY THAT FAMOUS CIGARETTE . . . WHICH PROLONGS THE PERIOD OF OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT.

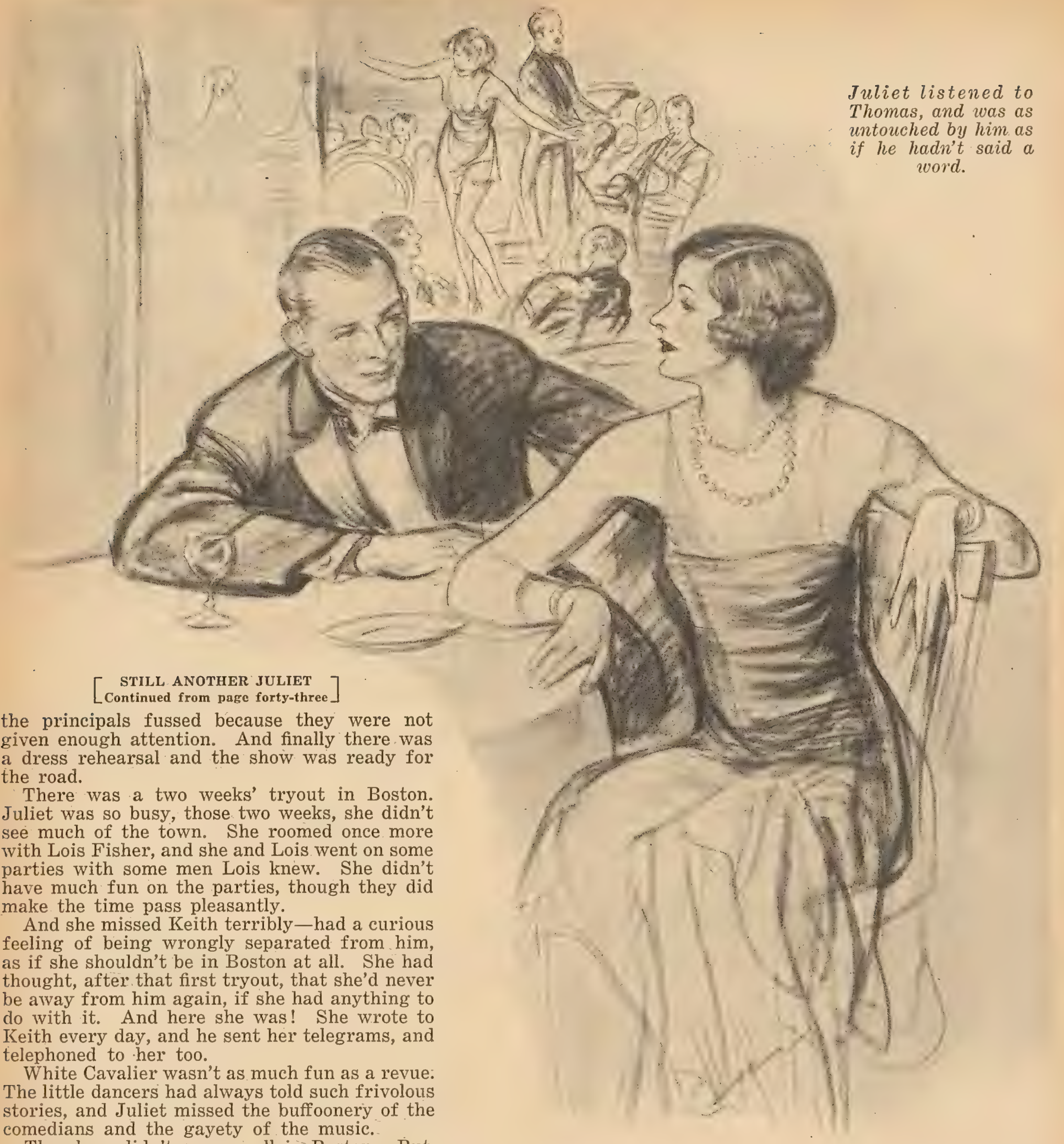
◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.



Juliet listened to Thomas, and was as untouched by him as if he hadn't said a word.

[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-three]

the principals fussed because they were not given enough attention. And finally there was a dress rehearsal and the show was ready for the road.

There was a two weeks' tryout in Boston. Juliet was so busy, those two weeks, she didn't see much of the town. She roomed once more with Lois Fisher, and she and Lois went on some parties with some men Lois knew. She didn't have much fun on the parties, though they did make the time pass pleasantly.

And she missed Keith terribly—had a curious feeling of being wrongly separated from him, as if she shouldn't be in Boston at all. She had thought, after that first tryout, that she'd never be away from him again, if she had anything to do with it. And here she was! She wrote to Keith every day, and he sent her telegrams, and telephoned to her too.

White Cavalier wasn't as much fun as a revue. The little dancers had always told such frivolous stories, and Juliet missed the buffoonery of the comedians and the gayety of the music.

The show didn't go so well in Boston. But, after all, Boston was Boston. It would go better in New York.

Back in New York then. And Keith at the station. And Keith's kiss. And comparing him, once more, to every other man she had ever met. And finding out, all over again, how superior he was.

"DON'T ever let me go away again!" she said as she clung to him.

"All I want is to keep you with me always," Keith said. He seemed even closer now than he had seemed when she had come home from The Big Show tryout.

How fine and tall he was! How nice his overcoat felt against her cheek! He was her boy! She didn't want to leave him, ever. Why, she was just beginning really to appreciate him!

Opening night then. This time Juliet got telegrams from a dozen men she had met. Flowers from men she hardly remembered. And flowers from Keith, too. And flowers from Thomas. It was all very exciting, the way a first night is always exciting, with everyone nervous in the wings.

After the show Juliet and Keith and Bill Frayne and Lora Andrews and the Roy Halls had supper together at one of the gayer night clubs. This was Bill's treat, and they were all very dressy, and the music was good, and Juliet knew people at some of the other tables, and it was a lot of fun. Juliet was accustomed now not to be alone with Keith when she wanted to be.

The show got only fair notices, though Thomas seemed optimistic about it. There'd be a dull week or two, but it was always dull before Christmas. Then they'd get the Christmas trade and January would be good.

Juliet had hoped that Thomas had forgotten all about her. She found out that he hadn't forgotten her at all.

"I haven't seen you in a long time," he said one night while she waited in the wings. “What about a little party Wednesday night?”

“I'd like that a great deal,” she told him.

“We'll go to the Gold Club. How's that?”

Juliet nodded. The Gold Club was new, awfully smart.

Juliet asked Lois Fisher if she had heard if Thomas was giving a party.

“He's probably just taking you,” Lois said. “What do you care? He'll show you a good time. You wouldn't be able to stall him off much longer, anyhow, if he gets started. When Thomas pursues, he pursues. And he's had his eyes on you for some time.”

When Wednesday came, Thomas waited alone for Juliet in his big black limousine. On the way he was pleasant, cool, rather formal.

Juliet thought the new night club with its shining decorations was awfully attractive. She liked, too, the “ringside” table Thomas had reserved.

Thomas was as pleasant as possible. He introduced her with quite a gesture to those who stopped for a word with him. Toward the end of the evening he made his usual advances. Juliet felt almost as if she were hearing his words from a long way off. She couldn't take the things he said seriously, couldn't feel that he was in earnest.

“You're wasting your youth,” he said. “Look here—what are you getting out of all of this? Did you look at yourself in a picture taken when you were eighteen and then in the mirror, the way I told you to? You'll see what I mean then. A few years more and you'll be too old to enjoy life. Why don't you get some fun out of it while you can? Why, sister, I bet you're a virgin!”

JULIET was startled. She looked at Thomas.

“Tell me the truth, now, aren't you?”

“Yes, I am,” said Juliet, “though I feel that to admit it does seem almost a crime, these days.”

“Not a crime.” Thomas shook his head. “But damned unusual. And it's funny, but I believe you. If any other girl in White Cavalier told me a thing like that, I'd laugh my head off. No, you needn't tell me that Freda Reynolds is a virgin because she wears those dowdy clothes. That girl lived with a vaudeville slapstick comedian for three years. Nor any of the others, either!”

Juliet started to protest. Thomas went on:

“Why, baby, you don't know what you're doing. Life isn't complete, the way you live it. That boy of yours may be the best man in the world to marry, but it seems to me he's pretty slow. Why, how can you know what life's about until you've lived? You won't let yourself go! That's what's the matter with you. You're afraid [illegible] of your own emotions.”

[illegible] mas, and was as untouched by him as if he hadn't said a word. She knew his arguments. She had heard the girls talk in dressing rooms, had read things. She didn't want to lose her job, and, in a way, Thomas fascinated her. She might as well listen to him.

When they left the night club, Thomas told his chauffeur to drive out to Glen Hill. Juliet protested. It was such a long ride!

“But I never get a chance to talk to you,” Thomas said. “How silly of you to live so far out! A little apartment in town and you'd be a lot more comfortable. No long trip every night. You could tell your mother you were sharing the place with a girl in the show. You could go home weekends—wouldn't have to stay in town all the time. It would be better than this nightly pilgrimage to the sticks.”

Thomas put his arms around Juliet, kissed her. She wanted to push him away, yet she knew how silly it would be to make a scene. She gave a real sigh of relief when they reached the old house in Glen Hill.

“WILL you go on a party Saturday night?” Thomas asked before he told her good night. “We won't be alone, I'm sorry to say. A friend of mine from Philadelphia will be in town. I thought perhaps you and Fisher—she's your best friend in the show, isn't she?—could go with us.”

Juliet knew better than to refuse.

“That will be fine,” she said. “I'll go.”

She had planned to be with Keith on Sunday, and she knew he would be glad to go to bed early Saturday night.

Lois was quite excited over the party.

“The man is probably Bill Stafford, who owns a lot of real estate in Pennsylvania,” she said. “The whole thing looks about perfect.”

On Saturday Juliet brought her best evening dress into town. She was a little worried about the trend the party might take. Oh, well, she could take care of herself.

After the show Thomas and Stafford were waiting for the girls. Stafford turned out to be a rather dull man of about fifty, with a long, impenetrable face. He was the sort of man who wanted to be amused but had little to offer toward the amusement.

The four of them went to three night clubs in rapid succession. The midwinter Saturday night was unusually gay and Juliet liked watching the crowds, seemingly the same people in every night club. Slim, well dressed girls. Older women with too much make-up. Rather silent older men. Or men garrulous and stupid from too much to drink.

Bill Stafford saw that champagne appeared from nowhere at all, especially in the night clubs where liquor was not sold. They danced, and the girls got flowers, and everyone drank just a little more than usual.

Stafford found suddenly that he had to catch a train, could drop Lois on his way to the station.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO BRUSH-NO LATHER
MOLLÉ
APPLY WITH FINGER-TIPS

The best shave in all your life *or your money back*

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave in all your life, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) *Wash your face—leave it wet* (2) *Apply* MOLLÉ *with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream* (3) *Shave with your favorite razor*

Over a million shavers now use MOLLÉ. You, too, will like MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and the delightful after-feel that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Get MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and remember our guarantee.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

for Shaving without Brush or Lather
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOLLÉ
MŌ-LAY

[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-five]

And Juliet was alone with Thomas.

At once, almost as if he had been given a cue, Thomas went into his routine. He wanted Juliet. He had wanted her from the first time he saw her. She was the loveliest girl he had ever seen. Lovely now. But her beauty would fade. If Juliet would only be sensible!

Juliet said she was being sensible. She was quite satisfied the way things were. She told Thomas she didn't love him.

"But I like you a great deal," she said.

Again Thomas drove her home. And made love to her on the way.

If Juliet would only listen to him! All the things he could give her— Why, he could fix it so that her mother would never be in want again, would always have everything she needed. There weren't many men that would do that for a girl. He really did care for her. All the stories Juliet had undoubtedly heard about him—a girl in every show—were started by his enemies; were all tommy-rot. He was too old for that. He wanted a real girl. If Juliet, now— Why not think things over?

Juliet didn't want to lose her job. She knew this couldn't go on. What would Thomas do now?

Juliet couldn't tell Keith about Thomas. She hated to deceive him, but she felt there were things about show business he didn't understand. She knew she'd have to give up her position right away if Keith knew everything.

Christmas came. Juliet and Keith spent Christmas Eve together after the show in a quiet little speakeasy in the basement of an old brownstone house in the Forties. There were only a few people there, and they all seemed jolly, friendly, full of Christmas cheer. It was the only possible way to usher in Christmas—with her hand in Keith's, under the table.

NEXT WEEK—

Walled City

one of the best
love stories

Rita Weiman

ever wrote

Keith gave Juliet a woven gold bracelet, and she loved it because he had given it to her. She didn't show Keith the only other real present she received.

For Thomas had given her a bracelet, too! His bracelet, which he had handed to her just before the final curtain, really was exquisite. Juliet knew what accepting it meant. She'd give it back, of course. Yet now it was in her bag—and she didn't tell Keith about it.

Was she changing? She knew she wasn't, really. Keith was the only man she loved, could ever love. And yet, so many things about the theater were confusing.

TWO nights later Thomas asked her again to go on a party with him. Again the party started out as a foursome. And again the others left and Juliet was alone with Thomas.

"Look here," said Thomas, suddenly, then. "This can't go on. You know that as well as I do. You're no child, after all. You know I want you. I want you more than I have ever wanted anyone or anything in my whole life. I know how you feel about me. But, like most men, I hate to accept defeat. I never have yet, I can tell you. Here's a new proposition. I don't think any girl ever had it made to her. It's a sort of an experiment. You'll listen to it, anyhow, won't you?"

"Of course I'll listen," said Juliet.

"Well, it's this, and it's simple enough. *Give me one night of your life!* That's all."

Juliet must have shown the surprise and the horror she felt.

"Don't decide in a hurry," Thomas continued. "*One hour!* That's all there's to it. And I'll see to it that your mother is looked out for the rest of her life. I mean that. My lawyer will arrange the whole thing, so I won't be able to change my mind later. Anyone will tell you I keep my word. What's one hour out of your life, anyhow? You're young. You'll have all the rest of your life to live. One night. And your mother taken care of always. You'll have nothing more to worry about. And it will mean the world to me. Think it over—let me know."

Another couple joined them. The conversation changed magically to light repartee.

That night Thomas didn't have his car. He escorted Juliet to Pennsylvania Station, kissed her coolly in the taxi.

Juliet rode home alone on the train, as always. The noise of the wheels pounded the words into her mind: "One hour of your life!"

Her first impulse was to say decidedly, "No." She loved Keith, wanted to belong to him. She didn't want any blot on her past when she came to him.

But now she couldn't have Keith at all. Mama and money stood in the way. Mama taken care of. Then— Why not? She knew that Thomas meant really "one hour." She knew enough about his reputation to know that he would keep his word.

Juliet knew, of course, that after that one night Thomas would try to keep on seeing her—knowing her. She knew how he felt about her. A mixture of desire and hate of defeat. But if she had his word, afterward it would be up to her. Thomas had promised to take care of mama—a check for mama every week. There would be enough left out of Keith's salary to support Mrs. Morris. She and Keith could get married.

SHE knew now that Keith would marry her without even consulting his mother, if the mothers were looked out for. They couldn't marry until then, for mama wouldn't live with Keith and there wasn't enough money for mama, for her and Keith, and for Mrs. Morris—three separate establishments. With mama looked out for, everything would be wonderful.

One hour out of her whole life! That really wouldn't matter. It would be sort of a sacrifice for mama and Keith. Keith could never know, nor could mama know. No one would know but Thomas. Thomas didn't tell things like that.

One hour! It sounded like something out of a melodrama. And yet, that was what Thomas had said.

The next morning mama was blue. At first she didn't want to tell Juliet what was wrong. Then, of course, she told her. Steve, Thelma's husband, was out of work. He had been fired. And they didn't have a cent to live on!

Thelma had written long, complaining letters to mama. Couldn't Juliet help them?

The letters made Juliet furiously angry. Why should mama disapprove of Keith, who was fine in every way, and not disapprove at all of Steve, who was a braggart and never would amount to anything.

Mama cried. Juliet knew if she once started sending money to Thelma she and Steve would keep on begging for more. Yet, if she didn't send money, what would Thelma do?

Juliet had started to save up toward a fur coat. Thomas had begged her to let him buy her one. She hadn't wanted a coat from him. Now the sales would be on and she had hoped to buy one for herself.

Well, she couldn't stand mama crying every day, and she gave her fifty dollars to send Thelma. She knew that if Steve didn't get a job she'd have to send more. And she knew that Steve wouldn't get a job if he thought more was coming. What could she do? Thelma was her sister, and dad had loved Thelma almost as much as he had loved Juliet. And if it made mama any happier—

One night with Thomas! "One hour of your life!" The words etched themselves on Juliet's brain.

Juliet had taken for granted that she would be with Keith after the show on New Year's Eve, though neither one of them had said anything definite about it.

Keith met her the day before New Year's Eve. He looked troubled.

"I had been looking forward to tomorrow night," he said. "I'd been afraid to plan anything definite on account of my mother. She's been nervous all winter. Now she insists that I go to New Jersey with her. She says she's ashamed to go without me. The Madisons are having a New Year's Eve party, and Uncle Joe Madison hasn't been well, and Aunt Freda wants mother there. And mother says—"

"Of course," sighed Juliet. "I'm afraid I understand—only too well. There's no use having another quarrel. You'll have to go."

New Year's Eve without Keith. Why, away from Keith—that wasn't the way to start a new year!

"Dated up for tomorrow night?" Lois Fisher asked Juliet that night in the dressing room.

"No, I'm not!"

"Not with the b. f.? I *am* surprised. And you're in luck. Barclay Harper is having a real party in his apartment. Thomas is going, wanted you there but thought you had a date—didn't want a turn-down, I guess."

Lois told the plans for the party. A big party.

"Oh, come on," begged Lois. "You're only young once!"

"Only young once!" "One hour of your life!"

"It's tomorrow night! New Year's Eve. Nineteen twenty-six. Not next century," Lois said. "Wake up! Big party after show! You know. Champagne! Girls! Men! Penthouse!"

Daisy Kelly took up the thread:

"Girl want to go to party? Juliet like heap big party? Much powwow! Juliet say yes to party?"

Juliet knew she'd have to make a decision about Thomas. She couldn't keep on like this. And she couldn't be with Keith—and it was New Year's Eve! Oh, well! If mama were taken care of, and she and Keith were married, she wouldn't have to bother about Mrs. Morris' whims. She and Keith married! That was the most important thing in the world.

These girls had affairs, got diamonds and emeralds, and no one thought any less of them.

"One hour of your life!" Why not? And she and Keith together always.

"Sure," she answered, then. "Juliet like heap big powwow! Juliet go big New Year's party!"

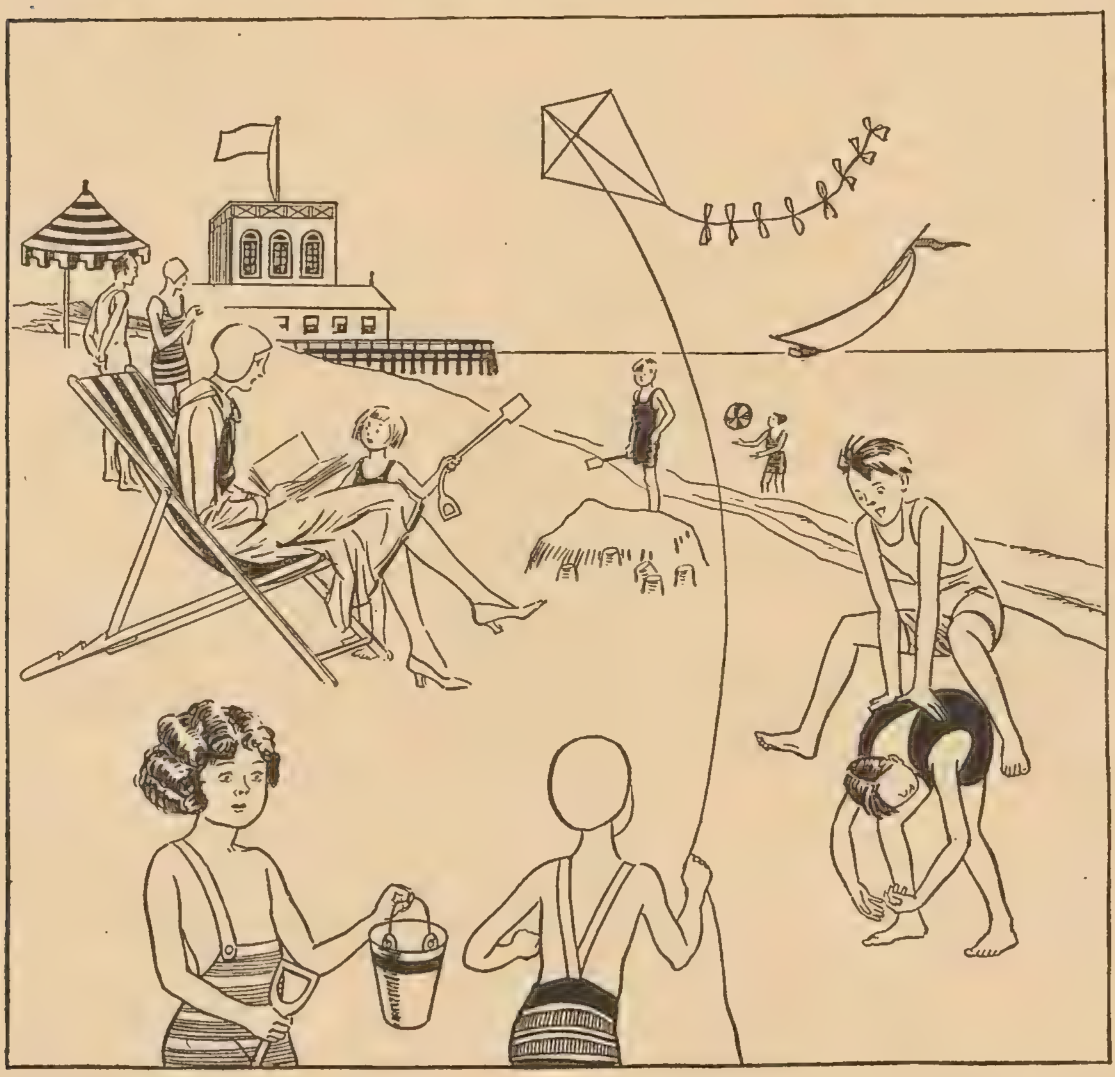
"Thank God you're getting some sense," said Lois. "It's about time!"

In the wings Thomas said:

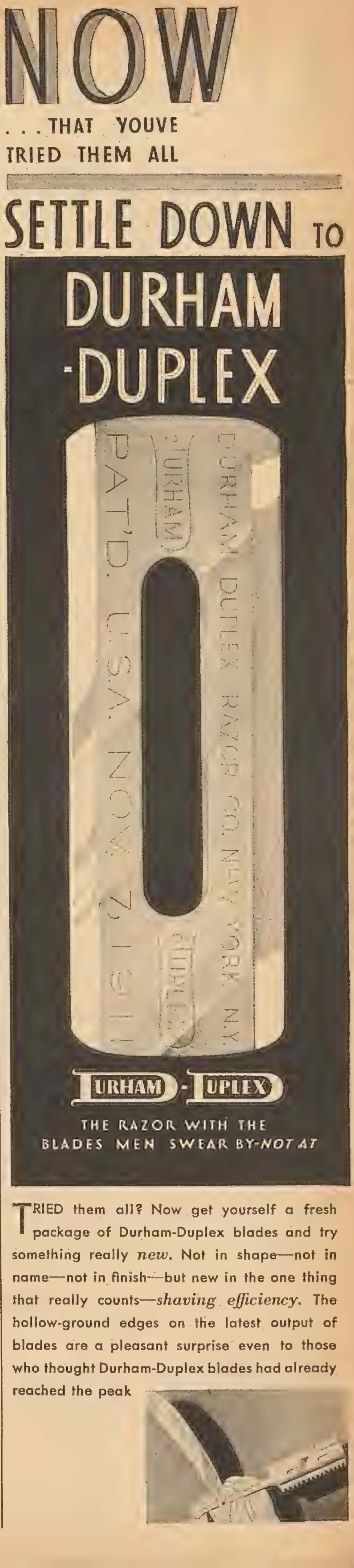
"I'm glad to know you're coming tomorrow night. It will be swell to be with you on New Year's Eve. Perhaps afterwards we can run up to my place, have a bit of breakfast together."

Juliet has made her decision. But will she abide by it, and go to the party? Next week's installment of this story will tell you.

What's Wrong Here?



Ten mistakes were made in the drawing of this picture. Try to find them without consulting the list on page sixty-six.


DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO. NEW YORK. N.Y.
PAT'D. U.S.A. NOV. 7, 1911
DURHAM
DUPLEX

NOW

. . . THAT YOUVE TRIED THEM ALL

SETTLE DOWN TO DURHAM-DUPLEX

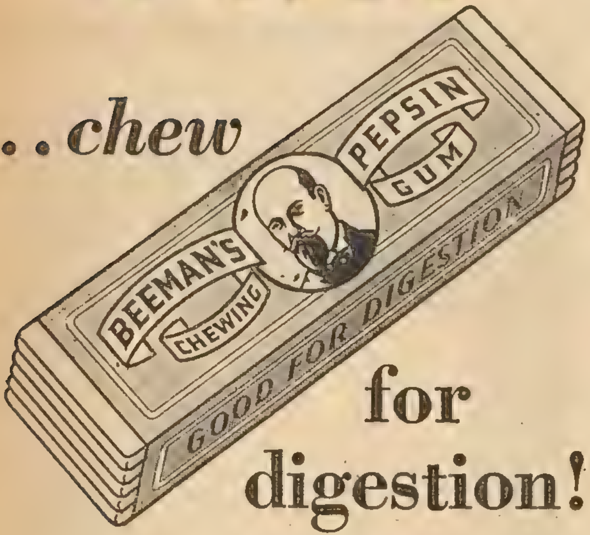
DURHAM-DUPLEX

THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY-*NOT AT*

TRIED them all? Now get yourself a fresh package of Durham-Duplex blades and try something really *new*. Not in shape—not in name—not in finish—but new in the one thing that really counts—*shaving efficiency*. The hollow-ground edges on the latest output of blades are a pleasant surprise even to those who thought Durham-Duplex blades had already reached the peak

Over-eat?

..chew



for digestion!

WHEN your eyes are larger than your stomach . . . and you over-eat . . . try this simple way to help your digestion. Chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum!

Over 30 years ago Dr. Beeman perfected this delicious chewing gum as the most pleasant way to aid digestion.

No other gum has ever matched Beeman's for keenness of flavor or for velvety smoothness — and Beeman's is the delightful way to help digestion.

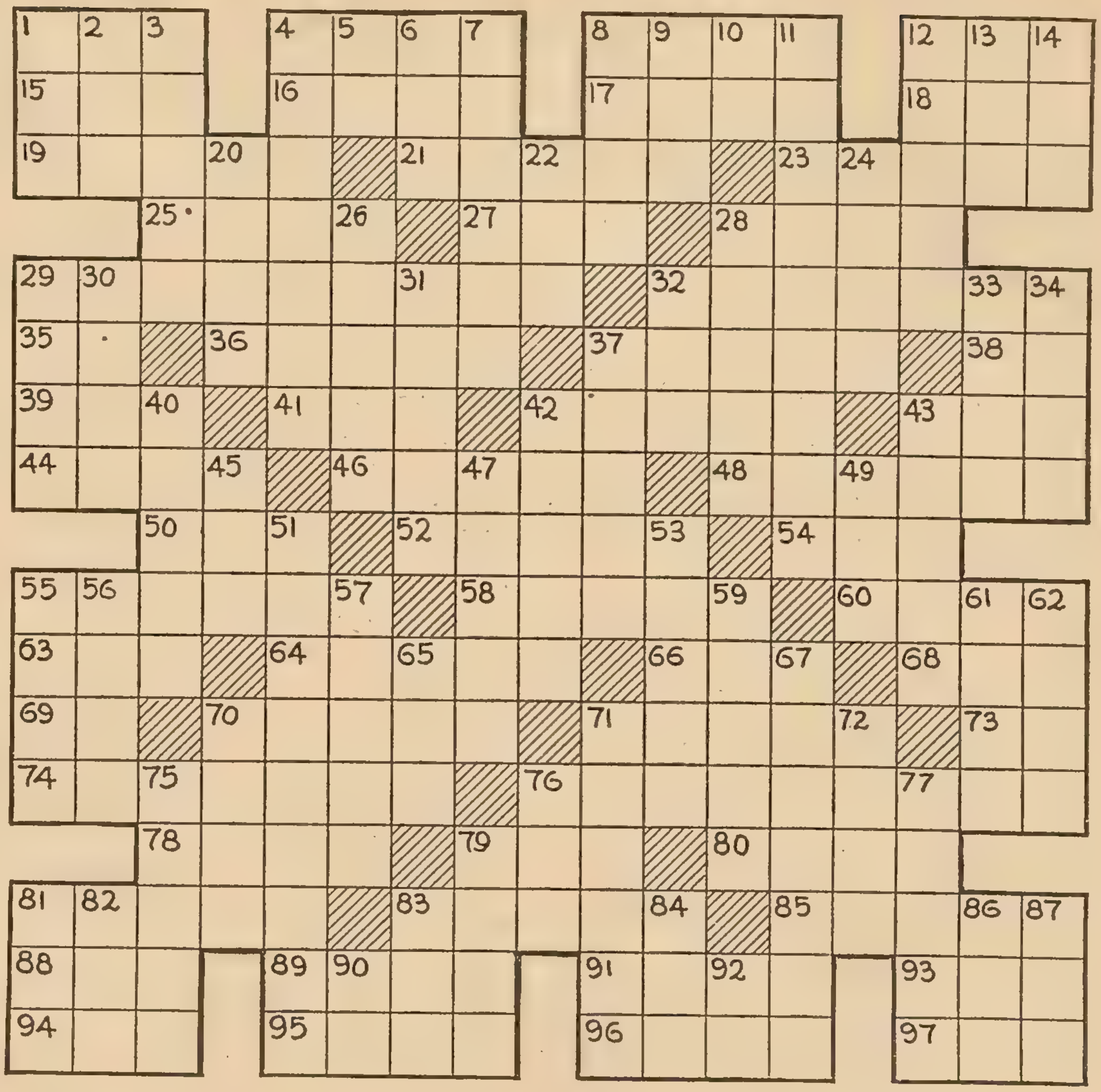
BEEMAN'S

PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion

Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Sack or pouch
4 Man's name
8 A color
12 An inclosure
15 Commit error
16 Raise; elevate
17 A kind of fine Russian hemp
18 A digit
19 Slightest
21 Destined
23 Asterisks
25 Boil
27 Bird's craw
28 Agitate
29 Disunited
32 Steep ascent or descent (plural)
35 Alleged force
36 Initiate
37 Turns; shifts
38 South American arboreal animal
39 Insect's egg
41 River in England
42 Ignited
43 Beard, as of grain
44 Pack, as freight
46 Amusing and strange
48 Tumultuous crowd of people
50 Cushion
52 Glides through air
54 Japanese coin
55 Gave attention to
58 Declare
60 To try
63 River in Switzerland
64 Leans or inclines
66 The former capital of Burma
68 Regret
69 Form of to be
70 Town in Quebec
71 Dirty, moist, adhesive substance
73 Printer's measure
74 Withdrew
76 Writer of ballads
78 Part of the head (plural)
79 Comrade
80 Let it stand!
81 Lean; gaunt
83 Skull cavity
85 Growing out
88 Possesses
89 Midday
91 A balsam
93 Allow
94 Sooner than
95 Faithful
96 A pitcher
97 An affirmative

VERTICAL

1 Babylonian deity
2 Measure of area
3 Comprehend
4 Changed
5 Note of the scale
6 From
7 Organ of a plant
8 Increased or developed in any way
9 To free from
10 One indefinitely of a number
11 A day that has passed
12 Gaze fixedly
13 Rocky pinnacle
14 An assent
20 Puncture
22 Street urchin
24 Bonds
26 Carried on, as a war
28 Guide
29 Descendants
30 Amend and revise
31 One of two or more rows, one above another (plural)
32 Weight of India
33 Device used in connection with a ratchet
34 Trigonometrical ratio
37 Rural residence
40 Inebriate
42 Flutters; flickers
43 Man's name
45 Small, compact mass
47 Kilns
49 Wager
51 That which prevents
53 Stable compartment
55 Outgrowth of an animal
56 Relieve of strain
57 Plunges
59 Afflictions
61 Entreats
62 A shelter
65 A cover
67 Nonprofessional
70 Fabricator
71 Greet; hail
72 State of bliss
75 Annoy
76 Forbid
77 European country
79 A tree
81 Pronoun
82 Parity
83 French coin
84 A swine
86 A mound
87 Letter of the Greek alphabet
90 Either
92 French article

Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle, you will find it on page sixty-six

“Fall In!”

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

IT may be because I do not run as fast, or as often, as I used to, but I seem to be way behind on my parades. It must be almost a year since I saw one, and then I was in it myself. I don't mean that I started out marching in it, but I got caught up in it and became confused and had to march several blocks before I could get out. It was horrible.

But in spite of the fact that I haven't been out watching them go by, I know that there have been parades, because I have heard the bands. Nothing makes a man feel older than to hear a band coming up the street and not to have the impulse to rush downstairs and out on to the sidewalk. I guess that this symptom of senility comes on after about twenty-five years of rushing downstairs and out on to the sidewalk only to find that it is the Reuben Lodge of the local Order of Reindeer marching by in brown sack suits and derby hats. After a while, this sort of disappointment makes a cynic of a person.

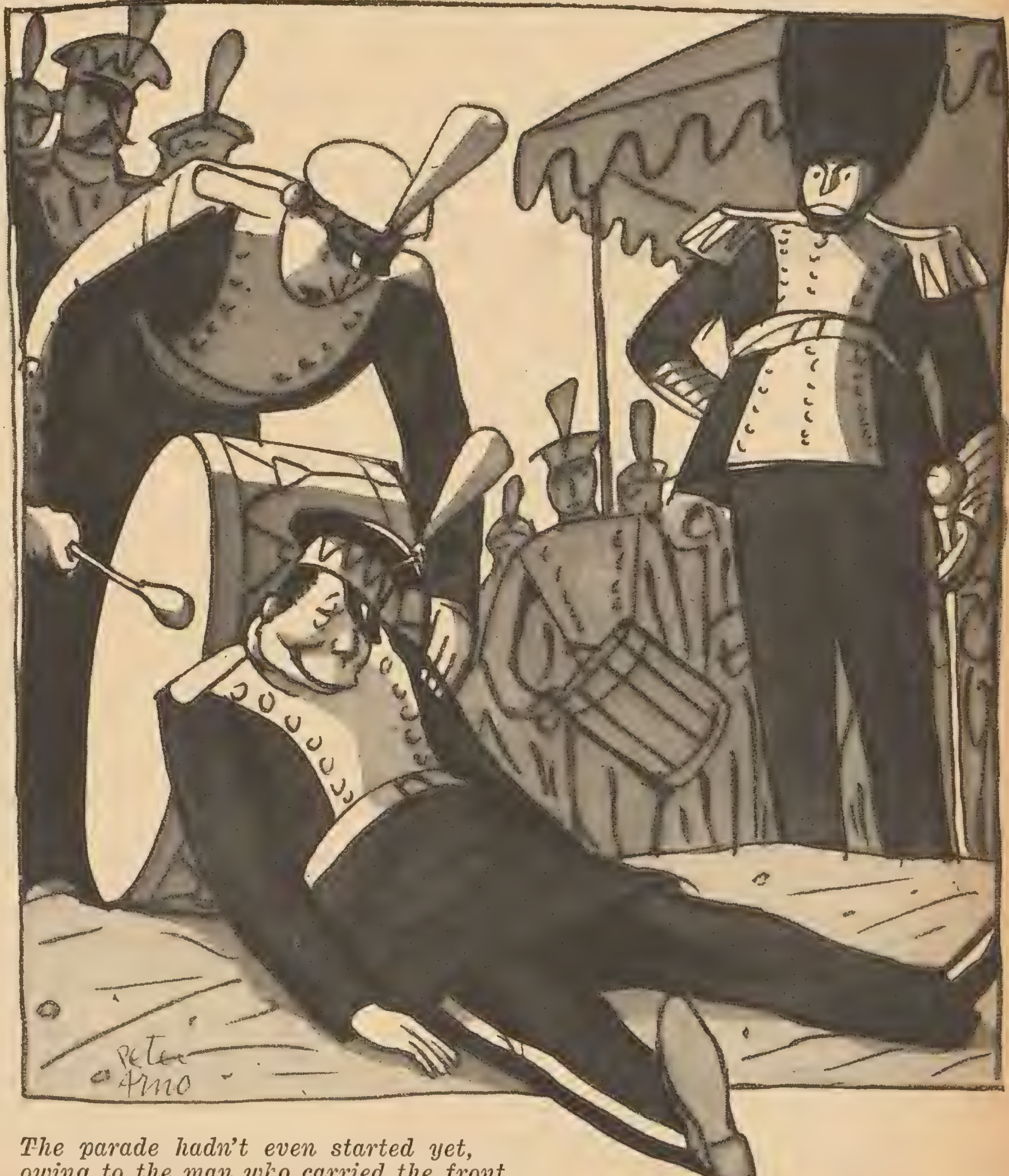
I think that not only was the last parade I ran after made up of men in brown sack suits and derby hats, but the *band* had on brown sack suits and derby hats as well! That definitely crushed me, and now I wouldn't even take my head out of my hand (where it is most of the time) to look out the window at the finest band music that could pass my house. . . . Well, I might just *look*.

The American people, however, are still pretty unswerving in their allegiance to any organization which feels like walking up and down the street to music. And as for the police and city officials, they will go out of their way to help make it a gala occasion.

Our municipalities spend thousands of dollars and tear out great handfuls of hair trying to figure out some way of relieving traffic congestion. They arrest pedestrians who don't hold out their hands when making a left turn, and chase automobilists who go straight ahead when they should go around in a circle. They arrange red lights and green lights and orange-by-southeast and blue-by-southwest lights, with systems of bells which only a Swiss bell-ringer can understand, and all in an attempt to straighten out the tangle in our streets which modern automotive civilization has brought down upon us.

And yet, let the National Association of Cyclone Underwriters petition for a permit to march up the main street of the city and throw traffic into a five-hour chaos, and not only do they get their permit but the police get out their riot machine guns and help them to spread confusion. There is a flaw somewhere.

In the old days parading was more simple. If the morning paper announced that the circus or the local cavalry troop was to start their parade at the Fair Grounds at 10 A. M., the entire route, all the way along Main Street,



The parade hadn't even started yet, owing to the man who carried the front end of the drum being unable to get up.

through Elm, up Center and down Walnut, would be cleared by 9:45, and the sidewalks lined with expectant throngs hours before the marshals had arrived at the starting point.

"It said in the paper that they would pass by the City Hall about ten-twenty," was the whisper which ran along the curbing. "That would bring them along here about ten-twenty-five." The smaller children would start crying shortly after ten-five, and the older ones would begin darting out into the street and tripping over their balloons by ten-fifteen. One would hardly have believed it possible for children to get so smeared with molasses and popcorn in fifteen minutes. In fact, one would hardly have believed it possible for there to have been so many children, and so unattractive.

"Listen, Norman, mamma'll take you right home this minute if you don't stand up here on the sidewalk. Come *here!*" But Norman, knowing that mamma wouldn't give up her place on the curbing for anything short of a cash bonus, was never impressed. And neither was Evelyn, Harold, Stanley, or Ralph, Junior. They knew that until that parade had gone by mamma was as good as planted right there, no matter what they did. So they did it.

Then, as the minutes dragged by and no parade appeared, the parents would join their children in little abortive excursions out into the middle of the street to look in the direction of the Fair Grounds. By this time all traffic had entirely disappeared from Main Street, which meant that Dakin's Fish Market was making its deliveries over another route and that it would be noon before McCann & Stodder got their groceries around.

EVERY now and again some of the older boys would yell: "Here they come!"—at which children would be yanked in from the gutters and hats would topple off as their owners tried to crane their necks to see. But these false alarms soon ceased to have their effect, especially as someone who lived across the street from the Fair Grounds telephoned down that the parade hadn't even started yet, owing to one of the horses refusing to get up or the man who carried the front end of the drum being unable to get up. When this word had been passed around, everyone sat down on the curbing and waited, the comical ones pretending to go to sleep, the more serious-minded ones finishing what they had brought along to eat.

But no one went home. And no traffic passed through the restricted area. It was probably eleven or eleven-thirty before the band was finally heard in the distance and the excitement, for the eighth consecutive time, reached a fever heat. But it made no difference to anyone how long they waited. In those days, *nothing* made any difference to anyone. And civilization is supposed to progress!

Today a parade is no joke. Next to a big fire, there is probably nothing worse than a parade for jamming things up. There are still a lot of people who will wait on a curbing for hours to see one, but there are also a lot of people who *can't* wait on a curbing for hours. Today there are trains to be caught and dates to be kept, and a man who has to catch a train or keep a date never seems to enter into the parade spirit—not when he is held by the necktie and prevented from crossing the street by a large cop while phalanx after phalanx of strangers wearing red sashes and carrying bamboo canes shuffle past. To have one section of a city's populace lining the streets cheering and another section held in check by the police, fuming, is a state of affairs which tends to civic unrest.

THEN there is the question of saluting the colors. In the old days, two flags were enough for one parade, and it was a pleasure, not unaccompanied by a thrill, to doff the hat. But today, when every chapter of an organization representing every state in the Union carries the national banner, the thing loses a little of its impressiveness. It is better just to keep your hat in your hand and perhaps genuflect a little at each passing flag.

Of course, if you are in an office and have work to do, there is an almost irresistible urge to rush to the window and hang out whenever a band is heard. I used to do that myself until I got an office over a radio store. For the first two months, every time I heard the martial strains of Under the Double Eagle coming from the street below, I would drop everything and tear to the window. It took me two months to discover that the band music came from the loud-speaker projecting from the store below.

It is too bad that the parade as an institution has lost its glamour. If I were police commissioner I would issue parade permits only to those organizations which wore brilliant red coats or could promise to ride camels. Then they would be worth watching. If they could be induced both to wear red coats and ride camels, I might be induced to march with them.

For, in spite of my aversion to parades in general, I have always had a sneaking feeling that I could cut rather a dashing figure in one myself.

More of Mr. Benchley's contemplations of time-honored customs and institutions will appear in an early issue.

Liberty is offering
$100 Apiece
for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the motto of the United States Marine Corps?

2—How many signs in the zodiac?

3—Where are the Orkney Islands?

4—What African capital is named for a United States President?

5—Where is Mount Wilson Observatory?

6—What is the Bourse?

7—What does Argus-eyed mean?

8—What are crocodile tears?

9—Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?

10—What does *Deo volente* mean?

11—What is megalomania?

12—How many time zones in the United States?

13—In what state is the Grand Cañon?

14—Is there any difference between the meanings of ravel and unravel?

15—What is the air-mail postage rate?

16—What does an olive branch symbolize?

17—What is the capital of Portugal?

18—What tree produces the filbert nut?

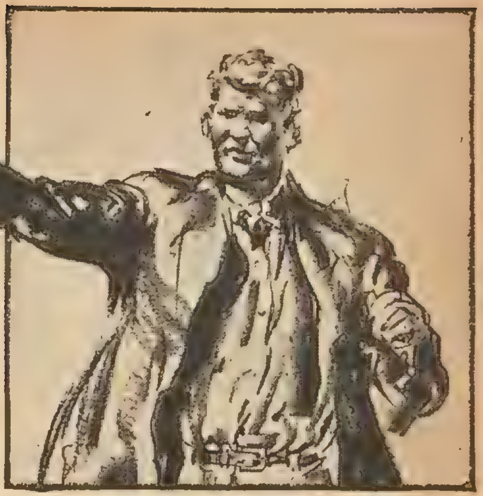
19—On shipboard what hours are indicated by eight bells?

20—What war included the Battle of Chancellorsville?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-seven)

The Leading CITIZEN

A Short Short Story



A man walked opposite him across the street. Jim hailed him.

By

ANN GLENN-RICE COLEMAN

a South Carolinian, graduated from college in 1928 and now at work in New York. This is her first published story. She says her only claim to fame is an uncle who signed himself O. Henry.

JIM POWELL was going home to Leesburg for the first time in fourteen years—just as he had gone home some hundreds of other times before—in the last open box car of Number 37.

He looked through the open door over the cotton fields toward a few buildings which showed up on the outskirts of the village. The moon made a black shadow of the Leesburg livery stable, standing as it had long stood, with the careless arrogance of bygone aristocracy. Jim's feelings were curiously stirred at the sight of this old landmark. He remembered, as he looked out into the pale darkness, how he had once worked there for a few weeks, helping curry the horses for Mr. Abrams. He hadn't worked much in Leesburg, though. People said he was too trifling—no family and no responsibilities. But he had had his fun, and the townspeople couldn't make him take root in Leesburg's dusty soil. He had lived his own life—bumming around, seeing things, just traveling.

Jim beat his fist against the side of the car and made a solemn vow to himself that this was his last ride on old Number 37. He wanted to settle down now and have a family and responsibilities. "The war must've changed me," he thought. "Why, I want to be somebody, and with my war medals I reckon I'll be ace high before another tomorrow. I'm ready to settle down now and get a good job with Mr. Abrams. Soon I can save a little money and buy a decent suit of clothes. Nobody here ever saw me dressed up."

He looked down at his ragged cotton trousers. They, like his battered face, had suffered from hard usage. But he was happy—coming home—to turn over a new leaf, to make them forget the town bum and respect the new leading citizen.

IT would soon be time to get off. The freight did not stop at Leesburg, and he wondered if he could regain his old art of hopping off just at the coal chute. His legs had been pretty badly shot up during the war; his nerves were shattered; and those last years in the government hospital hadn't helped much.

The freight rumbled a little slower, though, and Jim the hobo jumped. Bad legs or good, he was seasoned at leaving freights. He was home.

Main Street showed up dimly under the one arc light over the Town Hall. Leesburg was the same. His old room over the Blue Bird Pool Room was probably just as he had left it. Jim smiled. He caught his red bandanna valise firmly in his hand and ambled past the depot on toward the town. It was late and the street was deserted. The drug store at the corner was closed, too.

Jim hurried a little—the Blue Bird Pool Room might be closed, too. He wanted to get a good sleep and clean up before he saw the folks.

He passed the Baptist Church, a familiar sight. His eyes instinctively looked for the town pump, which for years had stood there just at the corner, and in whose waters he had often bathed his parched, bare feet.

But the pump was gone, and in its place an imposing structure stood out in startling relief to the cluttered frame buildings. Jim walked over to examine it closely. It was a monument, a doughboy with a hard-set countenance and a rifle in his hand. Jim chuckled. The moon was under a cloud and the darkness prevented his reading the inscription beneath it. He drew from his pocket a match and struck it.

JAMES BALDWIN POWELL
Leesburg's Bravest Son
Who Gave His Life to Help Make
This World Safe for Democracy
1890 1917

THE man drew back. His face was rigid, and his whole body stiffened for an instant; then wavered uncertainly. He caught his breath in quick gasps and muttered to himself in short, harsh syllables: "Great God! To me! This statue—and I couldn't even borrow a dime in this town! Brushin' horses!"

He wiped the sweat from his brow and ran hurriedly down the street to the Blue Bird. But the Blue Bird had been torn down. "Leesburg Gazette—Just Like a Letter from Home" stood in its place.

A man walked opposite him across the street. Jim hailed him and ran over. It was the night watchman.

"Can I get a room around here for the night?"

The watchman stopped. "You'd better go along about your business. This town ain't got no use for hobos."

"This burg is my home. I'm Jim Powell—I just come in. That new monument there was put up to me."

The watchman came closer and frowned in amazement in Jim's scarred face. "You'd better get the next train outa here. Jim Powell was a self-respectin' citizen of this town. He was killed in the war." The man grabbed Jim's collar. "Get along!"

"But these people'll know me. Ask Mr. Abrams—he'll recognize me."

"Mr. Abrams is asleep like everybody else. You're crazy or drunk! Do you want to get locked up?"

Jim broke away from his grasp.

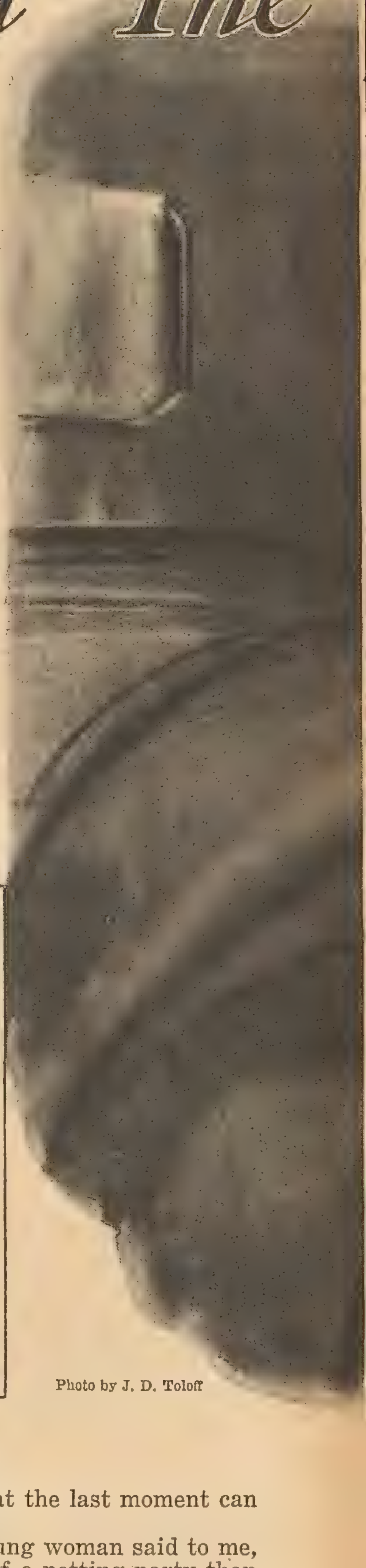
He walked slowly down the street to the doughboy monument. There he paused and picked up a cigarette stub from the ground. Then he lit it, and gazed up meditatingly at the soldier. "Well, old pal, Jim Powell is dead, eh? A self-respectin' man—the leading citizen—made Leesburg famous by scattering a nest of Fritzies. This town ain't got no use for hobos. They'd feel kinda foolish with this tombstone if Jim Powell turned up alive, wouldn't they? And he'd feel kinda foolish too—a hobo."

Jim turned and walked slowly down the short expanse of gravel to the depot. "Leesburg's bravest son—leaving home for a tour around the country."

He wondered if he could hop the next freight. His legs had been pretty badly shot up during the war, and his nerves were not what they used to be—but Jim was seasoned at hopping freights.

THE END

MORE about The



In Which Newspaper Women Report on Changing Morals in the Younger Generation

By GRACE ROBINSON

RECENTLY Liberty printed an article of mine dealing with the deplorable let-down in moral standards of many young women in America. I frankly affirmed what sociologists have been crying for a dozen years past—that the professional woman of easy virtue was disappearing, while the so-called nice girl who tolerated the familiarities of boy associates was, to a certain extent, taking her place.

The article was entitled The Amateur Competition.

Naturally, it horrified many people. Parents who idolize their offspring refused to believe *their* daughters ever acted in a manner unbecoming a lady. Apparently a great many people had supposed the widespread pastime of "petting," for instance, carried on in automobiles, road houses, dark lanes, and vine-covered porches, would end there. That it had any biological significance to the youth of our race, or could undermine the morals of supposedly well bred young women and place them in the lamentable position of competing with the outcasts of their sex, seemed to be a new idea to many readers.

Liberty received hundreds of letters on the theme, mostly from men. Some admitted the unfortunate condition bared in the article. But the majority protested, and protested so vociferously that I thought perhaps I might have been mistaken about young women's morals. Was it possible that the vice experts and the doctors and the social workers and the young men and the young women with whom I had discussed this subject were all wrong, and that the great bulk of America's younger generation still maintained the decorum which held it improper for unengaged couples even to kiss?

To obtain further light on this subject, Liberty sent out a questionnaire to newspaper women in various sections of the country, inviting their opinions as to whether the girls of today have a code more lax than their mothers had. Newspaper women are sensible, hard-working people, old enough to have outgrown the radical notions of the very young, and in constant contact with all levels and varieties of society in its most penitent and confiding moods. We believe they are qualified to report accurately and fairly on the morals of their sex.

Seventeen newspaper women replied. Many of them felt that much written in The Amateur Competition was true. For the most part these writers, scattered over different parts of the country, admitted that young women no longer cling tenaciously to pre-marital chastity, that a man can "proposition" a girl, after knowing her a short time, without offending her, and that almost all girls know about, or are interested in, birth control.

Many deplored the slump in feminine fastidiousness, just as I deplored it in my article. But there were varying views about this.

Genevieve Forbes Herrick of the Chicago Tribune, a widely known newspaper woman, believes "the feminine tongue swings easily to overemphasis" and that "it is the tongue, rather than human nature, that has changed." She says:

"The old-fashioned girl exaggerated her goodness; the modern woman exaggerates her badness. The basis of feminine charm as recently as 1900 was innocence. The theme song of 1930 is experience.

"But much of the confession that masquerades as autobiographical is rhetoric rather than experience. Many a girl wants to assume a vice if she has it not.

"It takes a very smart young girl to play dangerously with danger and know just when and how to skip away in old-fashioned outrage. That is why most of the cases I have covered are concerned with girls who are poorly equipped with education, with information, with reputation. The girl who has these three safeguards may talk like a Sadie Thompson, but at the last moment can act like Elsie Dinsmore.

Photo by J. D. Toloff

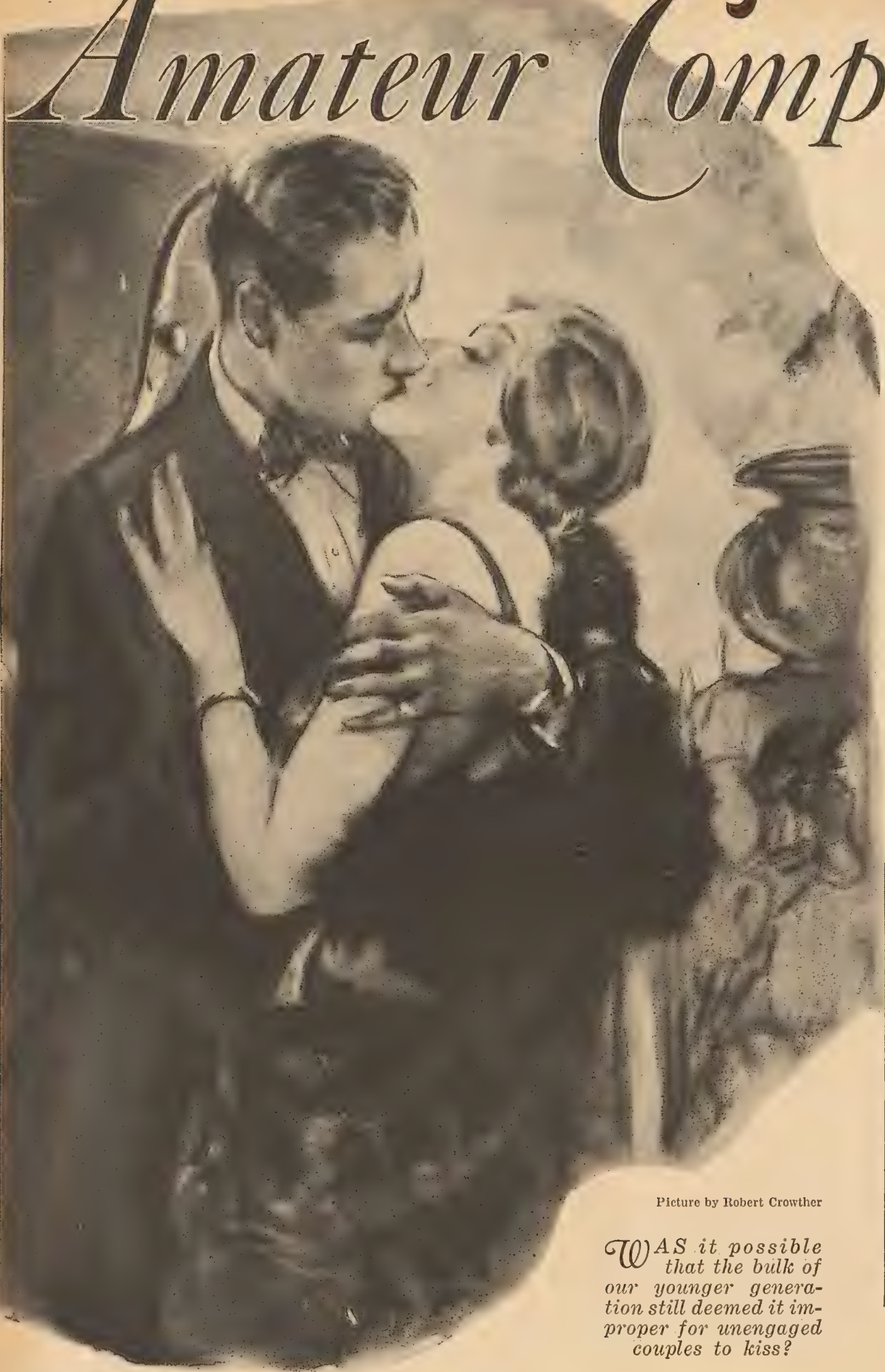
Genevieve Forbes Herrick
Chicago Tribune

"She pets, inevitably. One young woman said to me, 'We girls don't think any more of a petting party than we do of a game of bridge.'

"But most girls decline the hotel invitation. Not by having a fit of hysterics, or calling the police, or rushing home to tell father and brother. They decline politely, and they date again with the man. In fact, it is coming to be regarded as foolish and conceited for a girl to make a fuss over such an invitation.

"'Eunice gives me a pain,' remarked a girl of my

Amateur Competition



Picture by Robert Crowther

WAS it possible that the bulk of our younger generation still deemed it improper for unengaged couples to kiss?

Gwen Bristow
New Orleans Times-Picayune

acquaintance. 'She thinks she's such a heartbreaker and she's always being insulted. That's the bunk. If a nice man that I've been going with asks me, as one did recently, for a hotel date, I simply explain that I don't care for that sort of thing. That's all there is to it.'

"Human nature is much the same--in the steerage of a transatlantic liner, where I found immigrants indulging in such outrageous demonstrations that stewards had to patrol the decks from twilight to dawn; and in fashionable circles where débutantes fling silken lingerie on the grass and plunge nude into a luxurious swimming pool.

"In so chaste a city as Boston, one of the best hotels is identified as 'the week-end love nest' for men and women from nearby universities. In Washington a few years ago the men grouped the debs into the 'good sports' and the 'high-busted virgins.' They seemed to know the classification well, and there weren't many in the latter class."

THE job of reporters is to record life. That we report or write about a state of affairs, after painstaking investigation and an honest conviction that we are recording truth, does not mean we approve of what we have discovered. If that were the case a newspaper man could not report a murder trial without giving tacit approval to the crime of homicide. Moved by the murderer's ordeal, he may express or imply pity for the unfortunate defendant. But that does not mean that he advocates an increase in murders, or would feel free to go out and commit a murder himself, or that he, in the slightest degree, condones the murder in question.

However, a great many people appear unable to distinguish between a report of facts and a propagandizing in favor of what those facts represent. We are not propagandizing for a spread of feminine immorality. We are merely reporting that the strict rule of pre-marital purity is no longer generally enforced, however much it may operate in isolated cases, and that the attitude of young

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Where Is the Fat of Yesterday?

Have you noted how fast excess fat, with men and women, has disappeared in late years? Slender figures are the rule. Think what millions have gained in youth and beauty, health and vigor by that change.

A great factor has been a discovery made some 25 years ago. Medical research found a cause of excess fat. It lies in weakness of a gland which largely controls nutrition. Too much of the food goes to fat.

Modern physicians in treating obesity now feed that gland substance. And that is the main factor embodied in Marmola prescription tables.

Marmola was perfected by a famous medical laboratory. Its chief factor is a gland food. People have used it for over 20 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus, year by year, the use has grown to very large proportions. In the past year alone it has doubled.

The results are seen everywhere. Excess fat has been banished to a large degree.

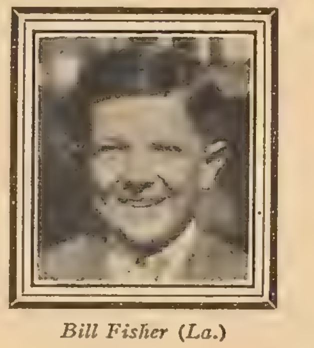
Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes, you know exactly why. No hard work, no starvation. Just take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method which for over 20 years has brought new joys to so many. You owe that to yourself. Watch the gradual loss of fat. Enjoy the new energy that comes. You will be delighted. Don't wait longer. Get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

FREE PRIZES! for Boys



Bill Fisher (La.)

FELLOWS,—be independent! Earn your own spending money in your own neighborhood. And at the same time get free sporting equipment, won by your own efforts. It's so downright *easy!* No experience is needed. Thousands of boys in the United States and Canada are now doing it.

For there's fishing and swimming and hiking and ever so many activities for which you've simply got to have things,—a rod . . . a bathing suit . . . a camera . . . or a bike. Furthermore, you can have radios, and musical instruments . . . and at the same time you earn money to spend as you wish.

Send the coupon below for full details of our offer, and we will mail you our big Prize Catalog—a treasure of joy-to-boy giving prizes. This is a jim dandy opportunity for every really wideawake fellow.

Mail this coupon now!

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,* 8-16-30
220 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Please tell me how to join you organization of Boy Salesmen. I want to make money and prizes.

NAME..AGE........

ADDRESS..

CITY..STATE..................

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here

....

MORE ABOUT THE AMATEUR COMPETITION
Continued from page fifty-three

women toward birth control, "improper" suggestions, and that risky pastime known as petting has become amazingly lenient in the last dozen years.

Here is the contribution of Gwen Bristow, reporter on the Times-Picayune, New Orleans:

"Does the modern girl cling to her grandmother's ideal of pre-marital propriety? She doesn't, and there's just one reason. Birth control.

"Birth control has absolutely splintered the great safeguard of the older feminine morality. No wonder those women who are too old or too unattractive to take advantage of the new freedom are dismayed. Ever since the beginning of time they have been busily building altars to their unknown god, and suddenly a new generation has decided that he is not worth knowing. They called it an ideal of purity, but the average modern girl is pretty sure that it was mainly the awfulness of unholy motherhood that kept women more chaste than men.

"Times have changed. There is the young man, for instance, who sought the heart-problem editor of a local paper with the plea, 'For heaven's sake, tell me what to do about my mother. She has found out that my wife had an affair before we were married and she's raising all kinds of a racket. Now, Ethel told me all about that long ago, and we've been married two years and I'm crazy about her. But my mother's old-fashioned and I can't convince her that Ethel isn't a bad woman. She's nearly driving us nuts—what shall I do?'

"There is the girl—aged twenty-five and holder of a Master of Arts degree—who ended her confidence to me by saying, 'So I asked the doctor if he thought I was abnormal, since I was the only one of five sisters who had remained a virgin. He said no—there were plenty of girls of my age who weren't interested in sex; but that if it was bothering me I really ought to have an affair with somebody and get it over with.'

"THE modern girl does not have to be pure, because she knows how to avoid the disastrous consequence of being otherwise; and because, regardless of what the general idea of the subject is among her associates, nobody need know whether she is pure or not, unless she tells. Since so many nice girls have taken sexual matters into their own hands, the attitude toward unmarried girls who are not virgins has changed.

"The opportunity for experiment in matters of sex is open to the modern girl as to no other in history, and my observation has been that she is quite frankly taking advantage of her chance. More than one girl of my acquaintance who had pre-marital sex experience is now living with her husband apparently as happily as anybody else.

"Morals and customs move in cycles; the adulterous, rationalistic eighteenth century was logically followed by the stodgy puritanism synonymous with Victoria, and that age with equal logic by our own. Acccording to the normal clockwork of the centuries it would be reasonable to prophesy that the granddaughters of our shocking contemporaries would revert to prudery and the old conception that no nice girl should look forward to any happier destiny than that of the honored mother of a dozen nice children—but the present generation has seen the popularization of birth control. Birth control is new, and there is no preparation for it in the economy of ethics. But its most direct result has been to change sexual relationship from a matter concerning society to a matter concerning only the two persons involved. No longer is it necessary that your sins will find you out, and consequently they have lost much of their traditional heinousness.

"For it is a recognized principle of ethics that what constitutes a sin are the evil results of the act. Lying and theft are wrong because they result in unhappiness. Even lying is not always a sin—hardly the most punctilious truth-lover will hesitate to assure a proud mother that her cross-eyed baby is adorable, because this is a lie that results in happiness. Sex without children has been placed by many modern girls

Emma Upton Vaughn
Leavenworth (Kansas) Times

in the same category.

"Few people behave themselves unless there is a fairly certain penalty for wrongdoing. If they did we would not need traffic fines. If the moralists want the girl of today and the future to conduct herself before marriage with as much propriety as her grandmother did, they have got to invent a new penalty for violation of their sex code that shall be as certain and as dreadful as unsanctified motherhood. And since under birth control they can't tell who is naughty and who isn't, I don't see what they are going to do about it."

Emma Upton Vaughn, columnist of the Leavenworth (Kansas) Times, deplores the new attitude as follows:

"That there is a very great change, both in belief and practice, has got beyond question. Anyone who has not lived the life of a hermit for the last ten years, or else willfully closed his eyes to what was going on around him, knows the fact is indisputable.

"Defenders of the new code say it is better to be open and aboveboard with their lapses from virtue than to stultify truth by hiding them under the rose. Many answer this argument by affirming that it is a more healthful sign when wrong seeks a cover than when it lifts its head unblushingly.

"It is argued that nowadays street soliciting is less common. Perhaps the bald variety—but has not the 'picking up' of acquaintances in hotel dining rooms and restaurants increased?

"Some maintain that today's greater laxity gives a girl, often more worthy than her associates, another chance. There is something in that. But the ostracism once accorded such an unfortunate was a distinct deterrent to her mates from following in her steps. The outlawing of such girls was hard on the individual but good for society.

"ONE of the worst by-products of today's moral laxity is that it keeps the young women who are best fitted to be wives and mothers from being noticed by eligible young men, who no longer demand chastity in their prospective wives.

"Youths of today are so accustomed to being called up by their girl friends to make pleasure engagements that they pass up some really pretty but modest girls as being prudes and 'no fun.' I know of many such girls now getting on toward middle age who never had a beau, let alone a lover. I agree with that novelist who said, 'It is a serious matter to have a lover, but a great deal more serious never to have one.'

"Under the calm demeanor of these cheated girls is a sore longing for the love that is every woman's birthright.

"Many of the younger generation argue that much fun can be had in petting parties without going the limit. Possible, but not probable. When the outposts are taken the citadel soon falls.

Picture by Ralph Pallen Coleman

"The young moderns take their fun now."

"All this is distinctly a question of youth, or simulated near-youth. But what of real age? When the rose dies, as die it must, where will these lovers find the compensating lily? The faithful wife is rewarded by protection and care long after the light-o'-love is discarded and forgotten."

Photo by Grady

Marie Newberger
Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer

From Marie Newberger of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer we have the following:

"The *modernes* hold that temporary liaisons often result in happy marriages; that they prevent promiscuity and the spread of social diseases; that it is safer and saner for a young man to have an affair with a girl of his own position, with whom he has something in common besides the physical relation, than with a woman of the streets.

"Sex incompatibilities after marriage are remedied only by divorce or the shattering of marriage vows. Differences discovered before marriage, say the *modernes*, prevent incompatible unions.

"Also they point out that formerly physical emotions were overestimated in choosing life partners, the real qualifications for marital happiness being obscured by the urgent desire each had for sex life. Now, due to pre-marriage petting, they are sure of each other's physical charms and consider their mental compatibility, so that when the glamour of sex is dimmed they may enjoy hours together instead of brief moments.

"AS to birth control—a young girl said to me: 'George and I plan to have our baby in February. We've been married two years. We have our home paid for. Now we're ready to raise a family. We talked that all over before we were married. Isn't it a more beautiful thing to have a baby by budget and plans than by accident?'

"My answer was the remembrance of girls who, with fear in their eyes and rebellion in their hearts, say to their husbands: 'I'm afraid I'm pregnant.'

"Under this new moral régime the erring woman has a chance. Women of yesterday were either good or bad —one misstep and then the Scarlet Woman. Today there are social welfare organizations, the juvenile court, the court of domestic relations, and greater tolerance for the delinquent. Covering police court I found a talented girl who had been betrayed by a minister. She came from a loveless, poverty-stricken home. The juvenile court made her its ward. Today she is a wonderful musician, married to a successful man. Yesterday she would have been 'just another girl gone wrong.'

"The younger generation frowns on the woman who condones her husband's infidelities and the woman of the foolish roaring forties.

"The younger woman refuses to condone infidelities, because she has economic independence and frank resort

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mary Linda Helfant
Springfield (Mass.) Republican

MORE ABOUT THE AMATEUR COMPETITION
Continued from page fifty-five

to the divorce courts.

"The older woman had little economic independence and the divorce courts were to be shunned as a terrible plague. Alimony has made more faithful husbands than weeping wives ever made!

"As to the woman who takes her fling late in life, a coed said to me recently:

"'I won't go to the Rosewood [night club] because all you see there are silly old women making fools of themselves. Why can't they act their age?'

"Repression in youth, coupled with prohibition liquor, has created a group of women, aged forty to sixty, who are taking a long-deferred fling at life. The young *modernes* take their fun now and their lace caps at the proper time."

Mary Linda Helfant of the Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican believes the ideal of chastity in their expected wives still dominates the majority of men, and that the new code holds much unhappiness for women. She writes:

"Whatever the cause or causes back of girls' changing morals, the difference is an established fact. And it isn't so much a change in morals as an entire lack of them.

"It is still a crime to face unmarried motherhood, particularly in New England. As knowledge of birth control spreads among the young unmarried people, more and more girls will be added to the ranks of what Miss Grace Robinson terms 'the amateur competition.' What at first resulted from a smart-aleck gesture of rebellion and daring is rapidly becoming the result of social and economic necessity.

"Virginity used to be a virtue greatly desired and respected. Even the girls who had lost it pretended that it was still their most precious possession, and would defend their reputation with their last breath. Fashions in morals change. Nowadays there are plenty of girls who freely admit their lack of it, and some extremists who, silly as it may seem, are almost boastful on this point.

"EVEN the older people of today regard chastity among modern girls as something unique, desirable but rare, as an incident from my boarding-house days illustrates. My newspaper work frequently brings me home at two or three in the morning. Too tired for immediate sleep, I stay up for an hour or two, mending or reading. One morning, as I was reading in bed, I was disturbed by an unusual sound. I looked up from my book, and I saw the door knob move.

"'Who is it?' I asked.

"There was silence, and I was about to return to my reading when a bit of white paper was pushed beneath the door.

"'May I see you sometime?' I read. 'I would love to have a talk with you.' The note was signed, 'The Boy B-Low.'

"Though old enough to know better, I was still romantic. I had never met the 'Boy B-Low,' but I knew he was a handsome young Romeo. Had the paper fluttered into my life before the door knob was tried, the story might have had a different ending.

"But the uninvited attempt to invade my privacy had aroused my anger, and, in language our composing-room foreman would have envied, I told the young man where he got off.

"Two mornings later the door was tried again. I was now angry enough for action. I waited until I heard his door close on the floor below, then cut down the back stairs, awakened my landlady's husband, and asked him to stand by while I talked to the offender.

"I felt sorry for the young man cringing beneath my tongue-lashing. The point of my story is that the landlady and her husband, who conducted a refined, homelike rooming house for nurses, teachers, and other professional young people, forgot their indignation at the man in incredulity at my 'goodness.'

"'Why, Miss Helfant,' the landlady exclaimed, 'you might have had him up there both nights and none of us the wiser!'

Dorothy Roe
Universal Service

Picture by Ralph Pallen Coleman

"The modern exaggerates her badness."

"Girls aren't marrying as young as they used to. Even the average girl, one not interested in any special career, has pleasant means of earning a living without having to accept the first man who proposes.

"MANY claim that abstinence or continence into the thirties is as unnatural and impossible for women as for men. Nevertheless it is a question whether women are finding happiness in their greater freedom. 'Speed' is still generally regarded with disfavor and society frowns upon temporary alliances without a wedding ring. Some men will overlook past affairs in their expected wives, but the majority prefer absolute purity.

"Great unhappiness for women lies in the new code for another reason than society's disapproval. Women haven't attained men's temperament with their new viewpoint. They cannot forget an affair as easily and thoroughly as men do.

"Once a woman has given herself to a man, even if she doesn't care to marry him, she is a slave to jealousy.

"There are exceptions—but for the average woman the single standard of the day means much heartache."

Dorothy Roe of Universal Service, a nation-wide news syndicate, observes that today's girl has grown up in an age that encouraged frankness and decried suppression. She points out that all ages of womankind have produced their rebels, and she doubts whether women profit by the present vogue of honesty. She writes, in part:

"It is undoubtedly true that few conventions are observed by the average modern girl. She has formed her own creed, which, so far as I can see, runs something like this:

"'I will do what I want to do, and make my own standards of right and wrong. I will be my own judge of values. But, above all, I will be honest.'

"In the last sentence lies the great difference between the girls of today and the girls of our grandmothers' time. A new frankness has sprung up, and with it a definite change in the attitude toward the same old sins, if sins they be, that have existed since the human race began.

"If grandmother wandered from the prescribed laws of conduct of her day, she kept still about it. Discovery meant ostracism and perhaps the East Lynne snowstorm scene.

"Granddaughter has grown up in an age when the greatest sin is suppression. She is not afraid to admit her actions, and, once admitted, they must somehow be accepted and fitted into the order of a changing world.

"Ministers have preached long and impassioned sermons on today's almost universal custom of petting. But what about the bundling parties of grandmother's time?

"There were undoubtedly discontented wives in Babylon and emancipated women in Athens. The days of the old French courts boasted far more sexual freedom than is prevalent today. In practically every family there was a brother or father who was trying to get his sister or daughter into the good graces—and affections—of a court favorite, so that the household fortunes might prosper.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—*Semper Fidelis* (always faithful).
2—Twelve.
3—Off the north coast of Scotland.
4—Monrovia, Liberia; named for James Monroe.
5—Near Pasadena, California.
6—The Paris stock exchange.
7—Extremely observant.
8—False or affected tears.
9—Jonathan Swift.
10—God willing; by God's will.
11—A mental derangement in which one has grandiose delusions concerning himself.
12—Four: eastern, central, mountain, and Pacific.
13—Arizona.
14—No.
15—Five cents for the first ounce; ten cents for each additional ounce.
16—Peace.
17—Lisbon.
18—The hazel.
19—Four, eight, and twelve o'clock.
20—The Civil War.

"In the days of Solomon and his five hundred wives, could there have been many strict moral laws?

"The escapades of King Henry VIII must have left their imprint on the standards of conduct of his subjects.

"Thus it has gone, down through the ages. That it has become the current fashion to talk about it does not mean there is a large moral earthquake under way.

"There is, however, one definite change in the present generation—men today do not demand the innocence in their wives that their fathers demanded. No matter what his opinions on the value of virginity might be, no modern man would risk airing them to a probably derisive fiancée. The double standard is fast vanishing, thanks to the honesty of modern women.

"It is a question whether women profit by the changed attitude. I am afraid they do not. No matter how loudly men proclaim their liberal views, they do not like to face the truth about the women they love. Men are creatures who by nature demand pedestals for the objects of their affection. They like to clothe their women in illusive and trailing clouds of glory. Now that the gossamer veils of illusion have been stripped from modern womankind, men are a bit disgruntled.

"I believe another generation will see the return of all the tried and true evasions of women that have worked so well since the world began.

"Men will have supposedly chaste statues to worship, and women, if they must play around, as they probably will, will keep a discreet silence."

This discussion will be concluded next week.

You can Tell There's
FRESH ORANGE JUICE
IN THIS NEW
FRUIT DRINK

1 GLASS
EQUALS
2 ORANGES
IN FOOD CALORIES
DR. Wm. D. McNally
EMINENT SCIENTIST

Meet "Crushy"

The fresh uncooked juice of millions of tree-ripened luscious oranges . . . a spicy taste of peel and lemon juice acid zestfully blended with sugar, food color and sparkling carbonated water . . . make this new fresh fruit Orange-Crush America's most refreshing, most delicious, most healthful drink. "Contains fruit vitamins; drink it freely as desired," says Dr. McNally. Demand the one and only Orange-Crush, by name, at all fountains, and in bottles.

THE NEW
Orange-Crush
Made from FRESH Oranges

Product of ORANGE-CRUSH COMPANY, Ontario, Cal., CHICAGO, New York. World's Largest Producer of Citrus Fruit Beverages

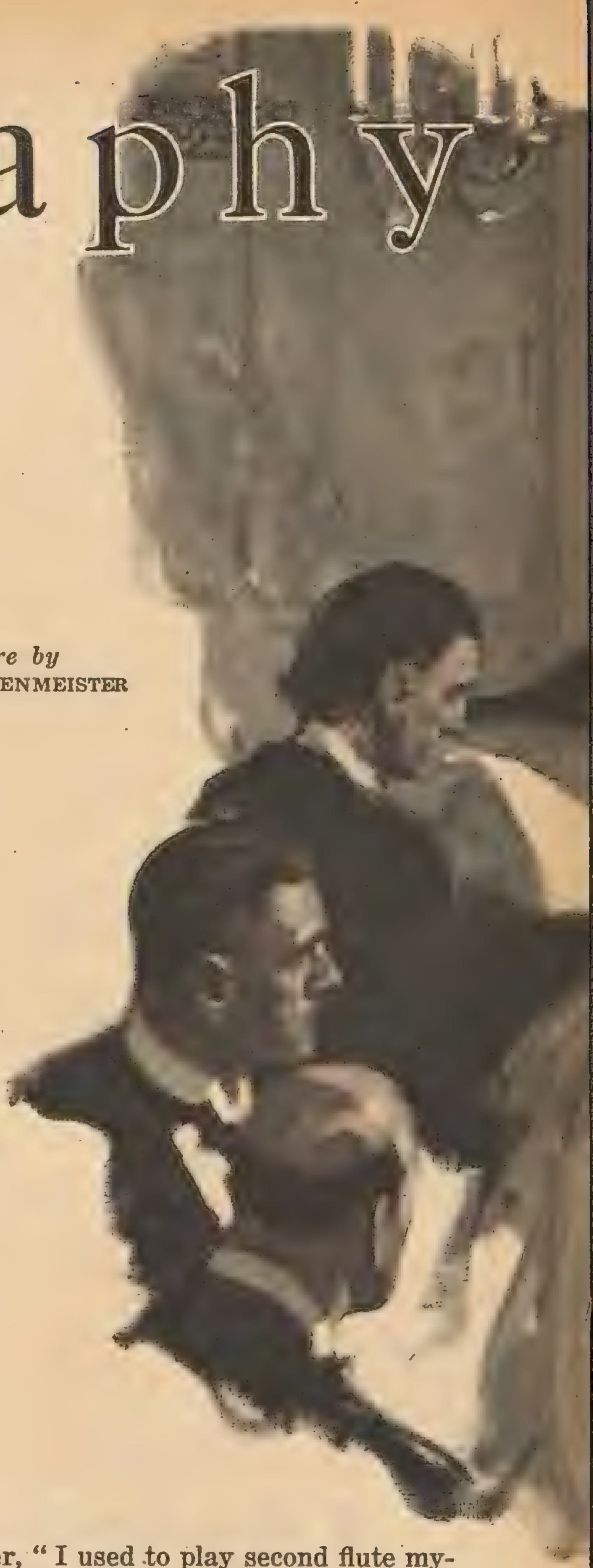
The Biography

The Story of a Lonely Man

By

PARKER BLOSER

who is twenty-six years old and was born in Columbus, Ohio. After finishing high school there he went on to Ohio State University for a B. S. degree and a fling at athletics. In daily life he is a teacher of penmanship.



Picture by
LOWE BIEDENMEISTER

"BORN in Kirkersville. Attended public school in Kirkersville. Edited the Kirkersville Republic for thirty-four years." Loar had written his biography for the county history. He walked to his home and thought: "It's good. Not one man out of a million is much better off."

He passed the house of Feron, the one and only banker, and heard someone singing. It was a woman's voice. He walked slowly and listened. She was singing in a foreign tongue. In the evening sun the banker's house, his lawn and flower garden looked luminous and inviting. The voice sang on. Loar felt as he had never felt before. It seemed to be an obscure happiness. His thoughts deepened. "Pretty good. Not one man out of a million is much better off."

At his home, about the table, his family was gathered: the woman, all her life of Kirkersville, whom he had married; their five children, of quarrelsome nature, smelling of hair oil; his dear mother, quiet, yet what she said was generally done. His wife, who seemed to be dining only that she might return to her ironing, said:

"Mrs. Feron has invited you and mother and me to hear somebody sing there tonight. I can't possibly go. I'm too tired."

Without looking up at her Loar answered, "I'll go to Ferons'," and his mother said that she would go.

His wife, going on with her routine, lapsed back into speech with, "There isn't a thing in the house for breakfast tomorrow."

In the cool softness of twilight Loar and his mother went forth. The Feron lawn offered odor of wild grape and honeysuckle. Loar breathed it in, again felt happiness, and said to his mother:

"That new county history is coming out soon. Wonder if you'll like what it has to say about me?"

In the Ferons' rooms, so regular, beautifully decorated, and inviting, the guests were gathered. There were the business men and their wives—the beautiful, the homely, the square-jawed—and even Park Gillaugh was there. Jest was predominant. All were aware of the stream of life within them.

At their abrupt, embarrassed hush, Loar saw near the piano the Ferons' niece. Her beautiful shoulders, her graceful arms, her body dressed in blue, her slow, floating voice, invaded him. In her he heard and saw all youth, all that is finer, all that is different. Upon Loar a pair of invisible hands laid hold. He felt, and had never before felt so much. For the first time all of his importance, his office, his newspaper, his home, his wife and family were outdistanced. He saw that this woman led a new and different life. She lived a different way and it was her way that he wanted to live.

At the close of her singing he approached her. Could she not see that of all those present he alone was the only one to whom she had signaled? He felt that he was crying: "Where are you? I know. I understand. In the Lord's name, throw me a rope!" Instead he was saying: "You sing like a bird, Miss Feron."

"Much obliged, I'm sure. I—" Others intervened and he waited for a long time by the piano, the stout, smiling man.

At length he found his opportunity, and said to her, "I used to play second flute myself." But he wondered whether he had said this aloud, because she only glanced his way and smiled.

He did not have another chance to address her. Out on the street his mother said, "My dinner did not agree with me very well"; but Loar made no reply and hurried home.

HE took a blanket and went out on the grass to sleep. There was no change in the trees or the buildings near by. They were true to the past. But they seemed new to Loar, even the stars. It was perhaps the twenty thousandth night of his life, and yet it seemed like the first to Loar. He was seeing, hearing, feeling, and smelling things he had never felt before. He was feeling: "Say music! I've always liked it; but look what it is! Look what it does!" The pang of Miss Feron and her music returned again and again, powerful, possessing.

At daybreak he woke. He thought: "I'm going to take music lessons. This very day I will go and see Miss Feron about it." He looked around him. For the first time in his life he saw the morning.

At breakfast his attitude caused suspicion. "You act as though you were about to risk some more money," said his mother. "Better not." And his wife asked abruptly,

# of LOAR

In her he heard and saw all youth, all that is finer, all that is different.

"What woman was there last night?" So that Loar thundered, "Can't I have peace in my own house?"

Then Loar realized that by his words of thunder he had in some way cut himself off from Miss Feron. In order to again return to her world he spoke gently to his wife.

The first thing he did on arriving at the office was to request the return of the biography copy from the editor of the county history. Loar said, "I can liven it up a lot." It had come to him that in his biography he had not expressed his life, so rich and so potential.

Now the office routine began. The bare room seemed to have life. The men of the staff and of the composing room, Johns, De Chub, Krick, and Dunbar, with their dirty aprons, he saw with renewed interest. Had Loar ever really seen them until now? He felt as if everything were simple; and he was exquisitely rested.

He said to one or two: "Do you realize that music is a great thing? It is, for a fact. Wish I'd kept on with the second flute the time I started."

IT was just eleven o'clock when Loar called the Ferons' house by phone. A voice answered: "Oh, Miss Feron? She left this morning for her home. Who is this calling, please?" Loar mumbled: "Kirkersville Republic. Thanks for the news item."

He went at noon to the Marble Counter for lunch. The place was clean, the food was good, and the waitress was perfectly within her rites. Before the marble counter Loar sat. He felt his legs tremble as he climbed on the stool and he felt the shivering of a pup in the night air, homeless.

He was the last one to leave the office that night and as he ambled along Main Street toward home he felt the lonesomeness of the world. At his own gate it came to him that he wanted his mother. He was glad that there was a light in her room. He slowly walked toward her, intent on his nameless and infinite loss.

She sat among her plants and bottles and regarded him without change of expression, there, vast and shapeless in her red and black checked shawl. She commented: "I thought you were coming home early tonight." He stood stricken, not by his failure, but by hers.

He quietly withdrew and in the hall met his wife. She put her arms around him and whispered, "No one loves you as I do." This should have surprised him, but he was not listening. His soul heard, and cried, "What of it?"

Next morning he woke to the sun and said, "Another fine day," a formula, not a feeling. He went to his office as usual, and his associates were pale fellows, dirty, inky, and remote. He faced the blind wall of human loneliness.

In a few days Loar appeared before Montague, the Kirkersville band leader, and said:

"Say, I used to play the second flute. And I wondered—"

Every Saturday night Loar sits in the Kirkersville band and plays second flute. His detached wife and his growing children gather round and afterward ask why he deliberately makes himself ridiculous by playing in the band. He cannot reply and takes refuge in irritability.

In the Kirkersville County History, Loar's biography, in fine print, stands unread in many little libraries: "Born in Kirkersville. Attended public school in Kirkersville. Edited the Kirkersville Republic for [illegible]y-four years."

THE END

Jeanne Eagels

Temperament and Jealousies—Sadie Thompson Meets with Slander—"The Greatest Actress" Plays Her Old Home Town

By EDWARD DOHERTY

IN last week's installment Mr. Doherty told how sheer luck saved Jeanne from becoming the scapegoat of a scandal that might have ruined her. He described the effects that success had upon her—the extravagance that ran through nearly all of the $2,000,000 she made, first and last; the grand manner that she acquired but could drop when her heart was touched; the absurdities and miseries of her second experiment in marriage; the rages she took out on her friends, who invariably forgave them. He told of her meeting with the Prince of Wales, and of the visit to England on which she received an apology from the Crown itself.

PART TWELVE

JEANNE was made a star, and immediately she began to attract all sorts of people—flappers who thought it smart to be seen with her, young men who had an idea she might do them some good, old men with money, society women who needed attractions for their salons, charity workers who wanted alms, and rival actresses who wanted to show the world that they too recognized the new genius.

Prohibition had been in effect some years and was beginning to work out well. That is, the real "before-the-war" stuff was circulating freely, and the American public had learned how to make beer and gin. Jeanne couldn't go anywhere—and people demanded she go everywhere—without being flattered and coaxed into taking a cocktail or two. It was not until after she married that she began to drink whisky. It was not until after she married that she began to drink to excess.

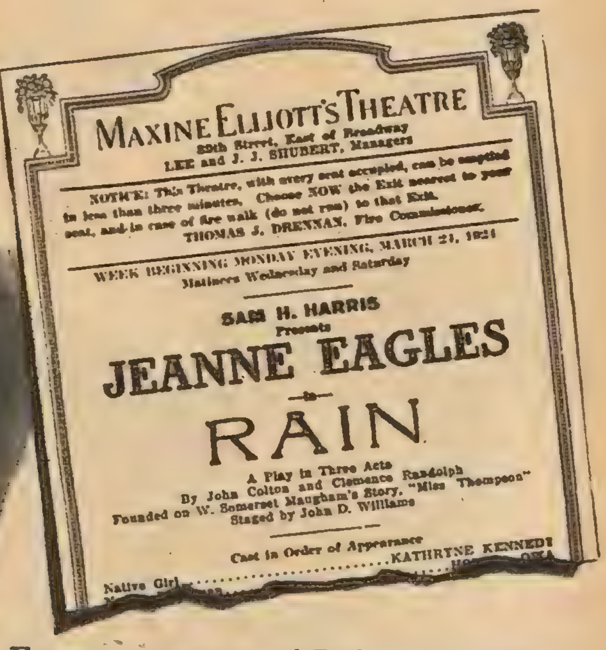
She never drank until after the curtain had fallen on the last act. Then she would hurry into her dressing room, and find a little group of friends engaged in a serious debate as to the genuineness of the stuff they were drinking. Jeanne would wriggle out of her costume, and there would be parties that lasted sometimes until long after dawn.

When Jeanne appeared at the theater that evening she would be sober, though possibly very ill. The doctor would examine her, spray her nose and throat, and let her go on. She would go on, even when it appeared to the doctor that she must collapse before the first act was finished.

And she was so jealous of Sadie that she would not listen to talk of getting an understudy. She had made Sadie, and Sadie was hers, all hers. Nobody else had a

As Sadie, the part that she couldn r to have else

White Studio photo



MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE
39th Street, East of Broadway
LEE and J. J. SHUBERT, Managers

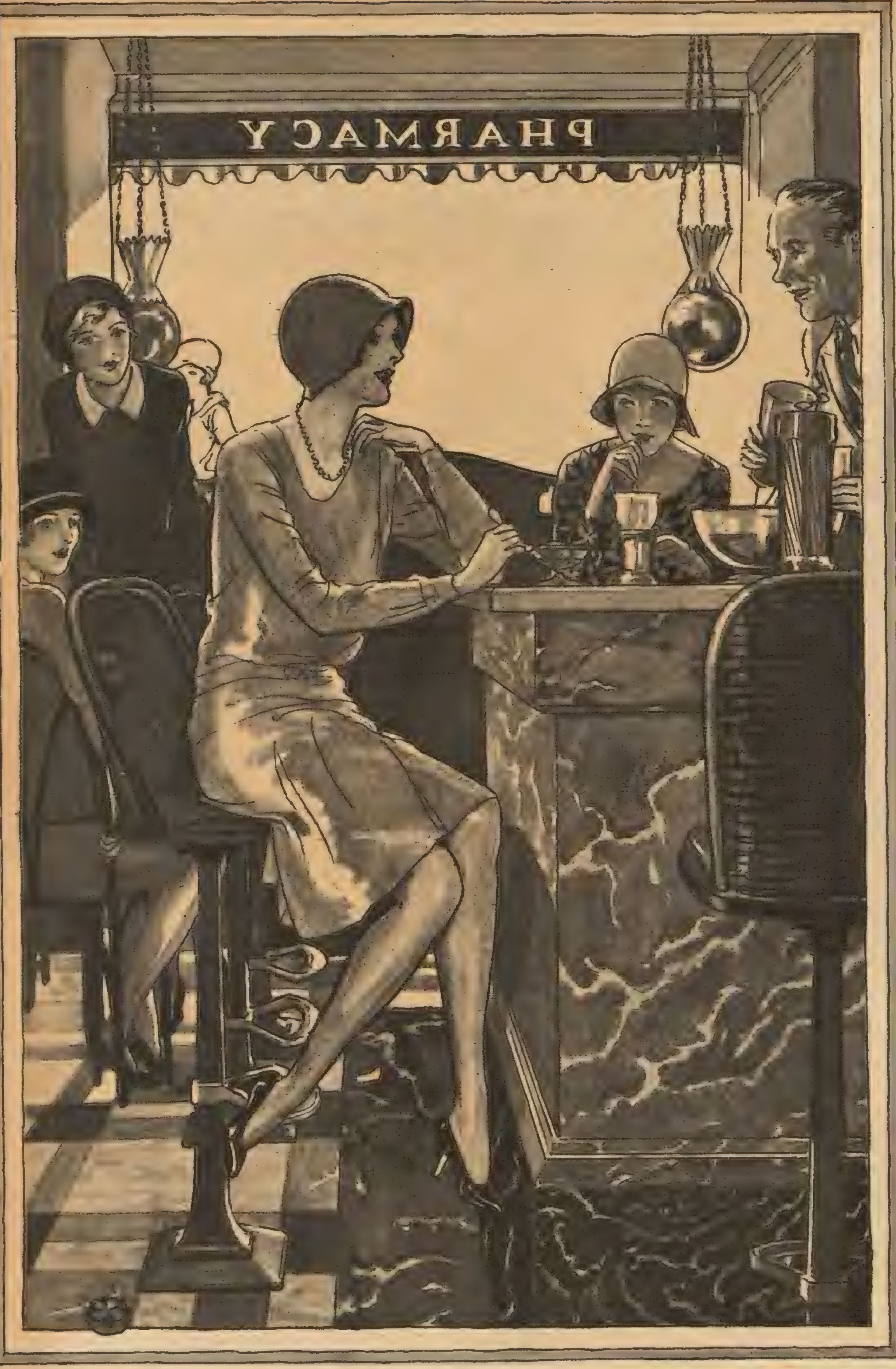
NOTICE: This Theatre, with every seat occupied, can be emptied in less than three minutes. Choose NOW the Exit nearest to your seat, and in case of fire walk (do not run) to that Exit.
THOMAS J. DRENNAN, Fire Commissioner.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, 1924
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

SAM H. HARRIS
Presents
JEANNE EAGLES
—in—
RAIN
A Play in Three Acts
By John Colton and Clemence Randolph
Founded on W. Somerset Maugham's Story, "Miss Thompson"
Staged by John D. Williams

Cast in Order of Appearance
Native Girl..............................KATHRYNE KENNEDY

From a program of Rain dated March 24, 1924, sixteen months after its run in New York began.



Picture by Edward Pouch.

Customers came in, and the clerks told them who Jeanne was. Trade was brisk.

right to play the rôle. Nobody else could. And—if she had had her way—nobody else ever would.

She was playing in a Shubert theater when the matter of an understudy came to a head. She was made up for the first act. The curtain was about to go up, and Sam Forrest was in her dressing room.

"You must have an understudy," he said. "It isn't possible for you to play every night. Look at yourself in the mirror. You're half dead now. There's nothing alive about you but that damn stubborn spirit that won't give in, even to common sense."

"I don't want an understudy."

"I know that. But we've got to have one for you. The contract with Shubert doesn't call for Jeanne Eagels in Rain. It merely calls for Rain. If anything happens to you we won't be able to fulfill our end of the contract."

Jeanne sprang up quickly and tore off her costume.

"I won't go on tonight," she said. "How do you like that?"

"All right, Jeanne," said Forrest gently. He went out and paced up and down before her door. He wasn't alarmed.

STAGE hands watched him nervously. The curtain was supposed to go up in five minutes. Something had happened, they knew that, and it looked as though there wouldn't be any show.

As they watched they saw Jeanne slide out of her door, once more dressed in her costume, and approach Sam Forrest.

"Sam, darling," they heard her say, "it's all right. Anything you do is all right. I couldn't let you down, anyway. Maybe I am half dead—but I'll always be able to play Sadie Thompson."

Sam and others watched her play Sadie one night when she bled all over the stage. Wherever she walked she left a little trail of red. The doctor and the nurse wanted to drag her off the stage. Forrest, Holland, stage hands and rain crew watched her in amazement and horror.

"She's cut her leg somehow," Forrest said. "Good God, look at her!"

She was bleeding badly, but she was going through her part as though nothing had happened to her, speaking her lines with relish.

"Get sick? Never in my life! I'm so healthy that it hurts. Well, now that it's settled where I flop, let's all have a shot of hooch. I have some rye with me that's not long for this [illegible]d. It's too good. Say, Handsome, in that parcel you're resting on you'll find an object tied up in a red handkerchief. Bring it out."

She sang. She danced with the Marines to the tune of The Wabash Blues, and never winced and never was out of character.

She almost fainted as she came off stage, but she managed to grin as she explained:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-one

“A safety pin got loose in my dance girdle and went looking for meat. It sank into my tumtum quite a way. Can you yank it out, doc? We've only got a minute.”

The doctor extracted the pin and cauterized the wound just in time for her to go on again. The audience never knew that anything had happened to her.

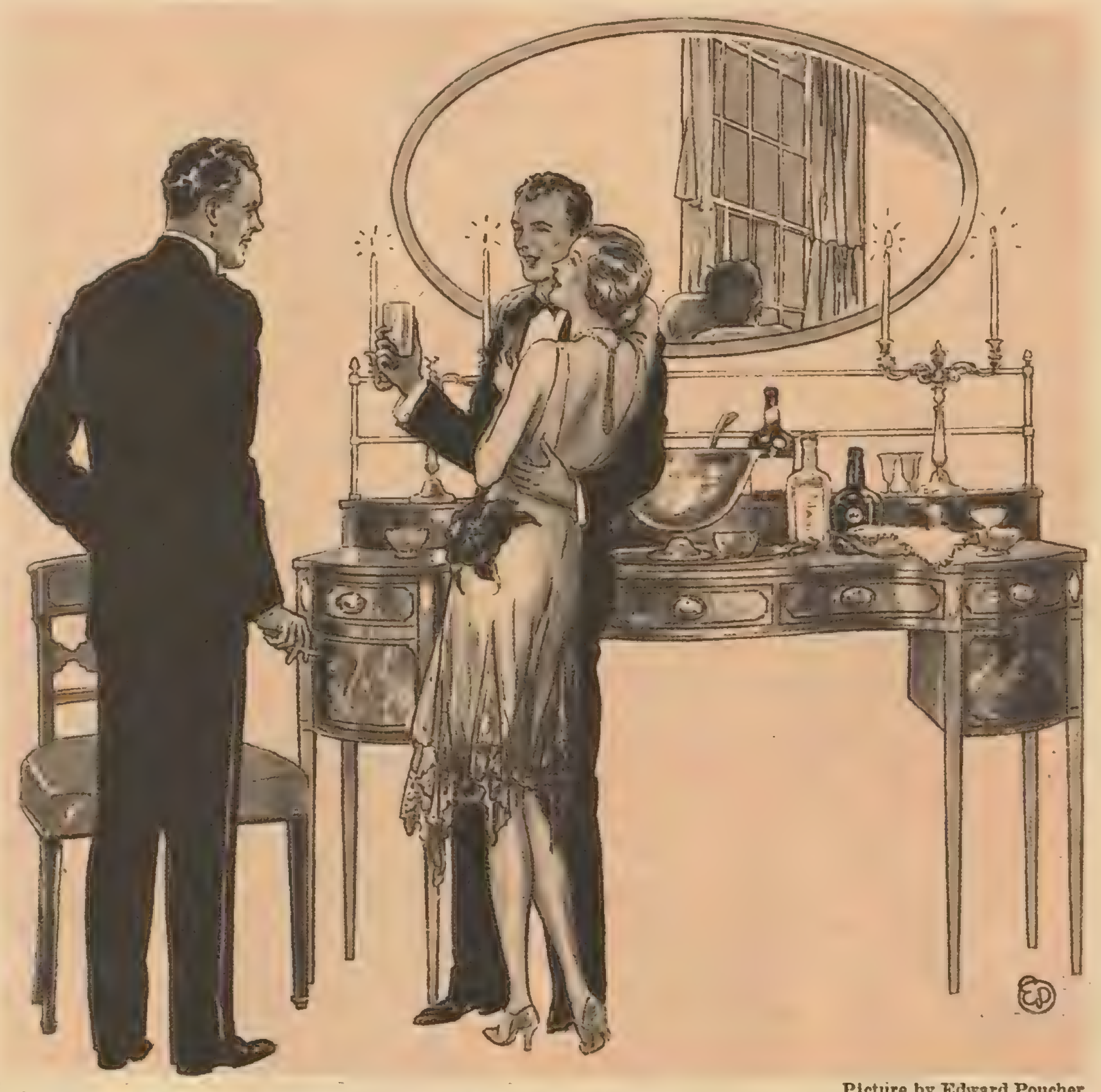
That night, long after the theater was dark, Jeanne was in a speakeasy and telling everyone about the money she had been offered to indorse a brand of cigarettes.

“Imagine that,” she would say. “Asking Jeanne Eagels to indorse a cigarette! One doesn't do these things, even for five thousand dollars.”

Fanny Brice leaned close to Charley MacArthur.

“Shucks,” she said. “For fifty dollars I'd indorse a chewing tobacco.”

Ted was with Jeanne, of course. He seldom was anywhere else. He hated to see her dancing with other men or talking to them. He would walk up politely, ask, “Am I interfering?” and join in the talk. He did this once when Jeanne stood with her arms around MacArthur.



Picture by Edward Poucher

“Am I interfering?” he asked MacArthur. “Yes,” said Charley.

“AM I interfering?” he asked MacArthur. “Yes,” said Charley, and turned back to Jeanne with “What were you saying, darling?” Coy—“and very Coy,” he used to describe himself—walked slowly away.

Coy drank more heavily, perhaps, in Hollywood at the time Jeanne and John Gilbert were making the picture Man, Woman and Sin, than at any other place or period. He was afraid that Jeanne was falling in love with the handsome movie actor, and he would get John out of bed at night to inquire politely, if earnestly, “Jack, are you sure there's nothing between you and Jeanne?”

There wasn't anything between them. Jeanne was crazy about Gilbert and jealous of every woman who played with him—but Gilbert was unaware of this. He was quite smitten with another actress and Jeanne knew it. In the last months of her life, when she was in such a condition that she didn't realize what she was saying, she made malicious remarks about many women, and especially the woman Gilbert knew.

She liked to tease Ted and make him jealous. And if he dared to ask her questions, she replied as she replied to reporters, “My love affairs, my servants, and th[illegible]ad I eat are not public property.”

She never went to night clubs or to public banquets. She wouldn't make a speech, even in the theater, and seldom autographed a photo. Ted, who wanted her to shine in public, couldn't understand it. That led to arguments. And arguments led to drink.

Jeanne wanted to drink only with people she liked, people who knew why she drank, and who would protect her. She had a horror of being watched by strangers.

“Look at all the rats watching me,” she said to Willard Mack in a restaurant where drinks were served. “Every one of them is waiting to see Jeanne Eagels take a drink. Damn them! And they'll go home and tell everybody they were out with ‘Gin’ Eagels last night, and she was drunk!”

II

PLAYING Rain in New York was glorious—despite the fact that every performance was a torture. Jeanne's arm, the one that was broken when she was a child, pained her every night because of the dampness. Tons and tons of rain fell every night on the stage. Every night her clothes were soaked. They were supposed to be.

You may remember how Sadie came rushing on to the veranda of Joe Horn's hotel, her skirts lifted above her head to protect her plumed hat, the quartermaster and others carrying her luggage—a battered suitcase and a phonograph and other things wrapped up in shawls.

“Christ on the mountain top!” she said. “That was sudden! And me in the only decent togs I've got to my name. Put that stuff down anywhere, boys. Behold—the wreck of the Hesperus!” She took off her hat and looked mournfully at the plume. “H'm. That plume has waved its last. Farewell, pretty one, farewell. I guess any idea of me looking neat and chipper when I get to Apia is shot to pieces, eh, what? *Shi-cat-a-gani*—that's what the Japs in Honolulu say when they mean ‘I should worry.’”

Jeanne knew how her arm would hurt, but that never deterred her. It would have taken a regiment of marines to keep her from playing. There were other things the matter with her besides the arm. But she wasn't complaining. The play might aggravate her arm and weaken her dangerously, but it was fascinating work worthy of all sacrifices.

After the play there were parties; after the parties, bed. When she woke there were the papers—try to get a New York paper at breakfast “out in the sticks!”—letters telling her she was wonderful, letters asking for money, bills, duns—“this bill is long past due and should be paid”—advertisements, letters from friends, a letter from Edna or from her mother.

Breakfast, which she never had in bed, came with the papers and the letters. It was orange juice and coffee and a bit of toast, and as she breakfasted she read. Then she would bathe, dress, and order her newest car. Perhaps she would go for a ride through the park, or drop in on Mabel Webb or Mama Froggy, or take someone to lunch, or go shopping. There were so many things one might do in New York between breakfast and theater time.

On the road it was different. There were always a lot of petty annoyances in hotels and restaurants and in the theaters where she played. And the people she met were mostly strangers in whose company she could not be herself. It was only once in a while that she could enjoy drinking parties after the show. Reporters in each new town asked the same old questions. Newspapers all wanted to print pictures not of Jeanne Eagels but of Sadie Thompson. And Jeanne didn't care for that. She would give them pictures of herself in filmy tulle—and they'd dig up a picture of Sadie, somehow, and print that. It seemed to her at times that newspaper men thought she had played Sadie all her life and couldn't play anything else.

For five years she played Rain, in New York and on the road. And she missed but eighteen performances on account of illness. Shortly before her marriage to Ted Coy she underwent an operation that kept her out of the theater for a week. In Pittsburgh she missed three performances —and was docked three days' pay. She complained about this, and about the fact that the public was not told of her illness until after they had entered the theater and the curtain was about to go up. She felt that it was her name that had drawn these people to the theater, and that therefore she was really entitled to be paid for the three performances.

In Pittsburgh she quarreled with Frank Gibbons, the manager who succeeded Forrest, and asked that he be discharged.

He was arrogant, she said, and insolent, and he disobeyed her instructions.

She wanted Holland to come back with her as her press representative, but Harris had other plans for Holland, his brother-in-law. Holland had spent two years with Jeanne, and when they parted, at Atlantic City, she gave him and his chum, Jimmy Whittaker, then the husband of Ina Claire, a banquet with champagne.

"It seems," she wrote, "there is something disagreeable and annoying constantly coming up between me and the Harris office to interfere with my peace of mind."

THE road companies that played Rain in the lesser towns bothered her. Not only was she jealous of every actress who played Rain, but she feared that they might injure her standing.

"These companies," she said, "have caused me no end of trouble. In a good many instances the censors have forced the players to change the original text, claiming it was immoral. In Newark I was requested to eliminate the most important scene of the play, 'the mountains of Nebraska,' because somewhere in Connecticut the second or third company had been forced to do so. I believe this action was due to the improper interpretation by a mediocre company."

She objected to the fact that Harris allowed a stock company to play Rain in Washington during the inauguration week. And when she discovered that Clarence Jacobson of the President Theater in that city was advertising the play by sending out postcards she was furious. The advertising matter on the cards read something like this:

> Dear Sir: If you get time some evening this week, I wish you would drop in at the President Theater and see Sadie. She gets pretty bad, around 10:45 every night, drinking Scotch, playing around with Marines, and trying to stand off a missionary who wants to convert her. Sadie is the star of Rain. You've probably heard rumors as to what happened to the missionary when Sadie turned her only weapon—sex—against him. He's past all help by 10:45. (Shame overwhelms him.) But Sadie—I wish you'd try to see her this week. She's leaving Saturday night. The fee is only $1.50 for the first visit.

"IT is with appalling regret," Jeanne wrote an editor concerning these postcards, "that I find anyone, however benighted, deeming such misrepresentation of Rain necessary to attract people to his theater. Not only is it misrepresentation, but it is also vandalism comparable to the gleeful debauchment of something beautiful by vulgar hands.

"To describe Rain as salacious is to insult the intelligence of great preachers, great doctors, great students, great critics, great statesmen, great sociological workers, great craftsmen of all the arts, and great men and women of letters who have expressed their opinion that the play is in the nature of a moral evolution, containing elements of a hopeful new morality.

"To attempt to draw audiences to Rain through the medium of such a postcard is to me rather a terrible act. To suggest the lure of a lecherous exhibit for this play is, to me, little short of criminal. To picture Sadie Thompson, the pathetic protagonist in this study in pity, as a beckoning red light to unclean minds is, to me, a horrific cheapening of one of the great characters in all drama.

"As one cradled in the theater and consecrated to it, I bitterly protest against this defamation, and will thank you if you will print my protest."

Jeanne felt almost as badly about the second and third road companies as she did about the postcards, and so did Rain's author, John Colton.

"I feel much sicker for you than I do for myself," Colton wrote her, "for while you know that the play was my 'thought wish' out of Maugham, not everyone does. But everyone does know the beautiful and unearthly genius of Jeanne Eagels which gave a thousand new dimensions to a character which a base touch could so easily make half-caste and commonplace—perhaps even tawdry.

"Camille is what they called 'actor-proof'—until they saw Bernhardt. And Rain, to my sorrow and frustration, seems only to be able to tickle the ears of the groundlings unless you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To men who have lost that schoolboy DIGESTION

For quick, pleasant relief from indigestion, take Pepto-Bismol!

Pepto-Bismol has been a doctors' prescription for 25 years. It brings you safe relief from heartburn, indigestion, and acid or sour stomach.

It checks fermentation and the formation of harmful acids. And even children like its pleasing flavor.

Buy Pepto-Bismol in the 3-cornered bottle, at your druggist's. Only 50 cents —and it transforms discomfort into ease and serenity—or your money back!

Pepto-Bismol

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF Norwich UNGUENTINE

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

SAFE TO REMOVE CORNS

GETS-IT
FOR CORNS and Calluses

One drop deadens pain, dries up callus

SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns. No more paring that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with an amazing liquid which acts like a local anaesthetic. Deadens pain in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort . . . instantly!

Soon the corn shrivels up and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. Working on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Results are guaranteed.

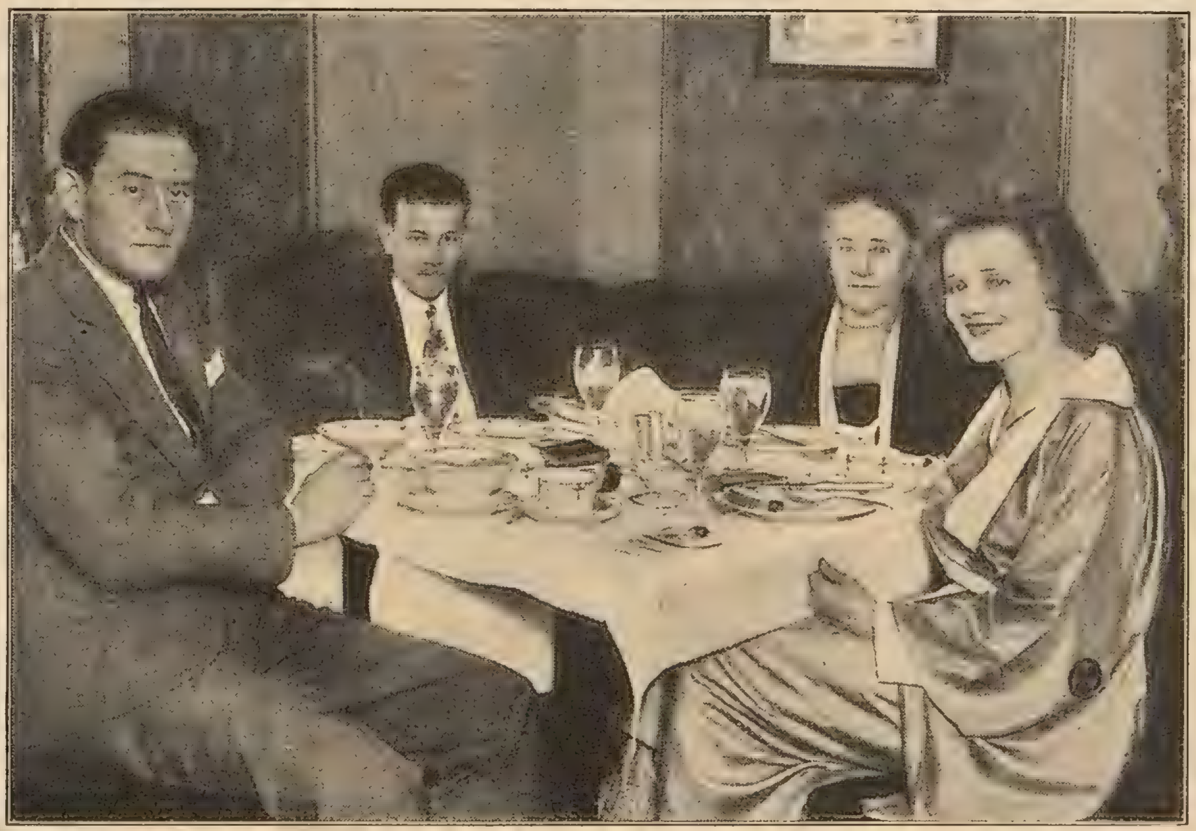
"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page sixty-three

play it. It's too bad. You made it too great. It can be no one's else.

"All the time I was thinking of you, sick and harassed, and now faced by this new and unexpected bit of unnecessary friction, and I felt so sorry. I recognize that you cannot play every hamlet and water tower in the country, but I have never been able to understand why these places could not be played, after your first year of touring, by someone chosen intelligently, someone who was admittedly about to step into your shoes."

The road companies continued to play the little towns, and Jeanne played the cities. One of the first cities she played on her tour was her home town, Kansas City.



Kansas City Star photo

Breakfast in Jeanne's old home town. From left to right, her manager Larry O'Neill, her brother George Eagles, her mother "Julie," and herself.

III

KANSAS CITY! Jeanne had left it twenty years before, a chorus girl thrilled to think she was traveling with such an outfit as the Dubinsky brothers' repertoire company.

She had returned at last, the "greatest actress in the world," the star of Rain.

She had visited the town many times during those twenty years, but not since her days in Grit, the Newsboy, had she played there.

Many a time, when she had talked with Ruby Stapp or Margaret Knowles or Anna Mall or Alma Cohen or Thecla Tempelman, she had said, "Some day I will be the greatest actress in the world, and I will come to Kansas City and play for you."

Many a time she had told other girls whom she did not like, "I'll show you some day! Wait and see. Some day you'll stand in a line at the box office to buy tickets just to see me. And I hope you don't get in."

"Some day" had arrived now, and everybody in Kansas City realized it. The papers were full of Jeanne Eagels for weeks before she arrived. Great crowds waited at the depot to welcome her. Jeanne Eagels, a Kansas City girl who had made good, had come home. And the theater in which she was to play was sold out for the two weeks of her stay.

Jeanne accepted her triumph as her due, but she was not happy, for her mother was ill—and the doctors wouldn't say she would get well. Jeanne wanted her to be present on the opening night. Her triumph would not be full without that.

She went from the depot to her mother's home, and found her dressed and waiting.

"Julie!" she cried. "I thought you were sick in bed!"

"I was," said Julie. "But the minute I heard you were coming I began to feel better."

"Do the doctors know you're up?"

"Not yet, but they will. I'm going to see you play tonight."

"Julie, you'll do nothing of the kind. You'll go back to bed. I'm going to call the doctor right away, and a nurse. And they'll scold you good. Are you trying to break my heart?"

"I told the doctors I was going to see my daughter in Rain this night if I died for it. Call them if you want. I don't think they'll come. They've given me up for a silly, obstinate old woman."

Mrs. Eagles saw the play that night. A doctor sat on one side of her, a nurse on the other. She began to get well from that day.

She went to the theater many nights in the two weeks that followed, and one night brought her three maiden sisters, Annie, Nell, and Sarah.

"They're almost like nuns," Mrs. Eagles describes them. "They would never have thought of going to such a show as Rain if Jeanne hadn't been in it. Those three girls live an austere life. They know all about the life of Christ. They can argue any point of religion with you. But they never heard of Savoy and Brennan."

ANNIE rose to her feet in the middle of the second act, and, carried away with enthusiasm and admiration, cried out, "Jeanne, you're wonderful!" She almost stopped the show. After the performance Jeanne took her aunts back stage and showed them the mechanism that turned the rain on and off, introduced them to Robert Elliott who played the part of "Handsome," and gave them one thrill after another.

The two weeks was not all adulation. Jeanne continued to be herself even in her own home town. She never made a curtain speech, though audiences begged her to talk to them. She had the curtain rung down in the middle of the second act one matinée because someone back stage had left a door open and refused to close it. And she ordered Goodman Ace, dramatic critic of the Journal Post, thrown out of the theater.

"But he's with the stage manager of the theater," she was told.

"Then throw them both out," Jeanne ordered. The actor to whom she whispered gave a signal to the company stage manager—and he carried out her orders literally. Later Jeanne didn't know why she had wanted the two men thrown out. She did recall that they were back stage, and though they had a right to be there they annoyed her. Why they annoyed her she didn't remember.

Ace commemorated the event with the following column:

LOBBYING

I like Alice Brady.

* * *

One night last week I was taken back stage at the Shubert where Jeanne Eagels was giving her performance in Rain.

* * *

Thought it would be interesting to see how the rain started and probably get a close-up of Miss Eagels in action.

* * *

We wandered about in the dark back there and stood for a moment looking in on the scene in which Miss Eagels was denouncing the reverend.

* * *

She stomped about and glanced in our direction and, of course, saw us standing there.

A signal or something must have been given the stage manager of her company for suddenly he darted over towards us and said " Off stage—come on, get out."

* * *

We explained who and why we were and he replied, " Off stage—come on, get out."

* * *

Being shagged off stage was a new experience so we both decided to stick it out. But at every exit the star started such a row it became embarrassing, and besides it looked like rain again so we left.

* * *

And so art was served.

* * *

Hawkins, my sleeve, please.

* * *

How do they get that way?

* * *

Does being out in the rain so much warp one's sense of proportion?

* * *

Back East that sort of stuff probably goes over big.

* * *

But this is too close to home.

* * *

I like Alice Brady.

* * *

You're welcome.—ACE.

FRIENDS of Jeanne tried to patch up her quarrel with Ace, but failed. She was unwilling to apologize. She couldn't apologize. And Ace felt he had no reason to make any overtures to the temperamental star. Yet after her death he wrote one of the finest tributes ever paid to her:

LOBBYING

It Rained......

* * *

And a slashing, stinging Rain beat pitilessly against a frail, fiery body.

* * *

Rained......a dull......dead......drip......pounding like a savage tom-tom down upon an oppressed mind.

Rain......soggy......splashing......streaky......

* * *

Ripples......each a swirling whirlpool......dragging reason into a gluttonous vortex.

* * *

Rain on the roof......Rain on the grass......Rain in the trees......Rain on the sea......

* * *

Rain on the brain......drop by drop......tearing, wearing away......

* * *

Warped......

* * *

Nights of Rain-soaked passion......night after night of wet......whimpering......water.

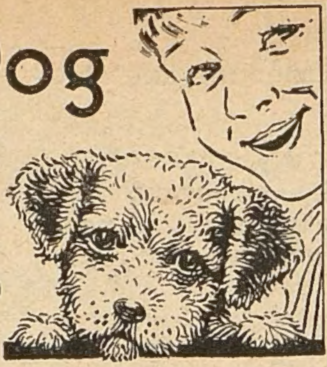
* * *

Nights......weeks......months......years......Rain drops......drops......

* * *

Drops......pools......brooks......rivers......torrents of Rain.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Your Dog Won't Have Can't Have FLEAS

—if you use PULVEX,
the powder that *kills* fleas and keeps them off 14 days after a dusting. Pulvex alone contains what U. S. Bulletin 897 declares is *the only powder substance that actually kills fleas*. When Pulvex is used, fleas never revive and reinfest your pet. Harmless, even if swallowed by the animal. Non-irritating, odorless. Easy, pleasant to use.

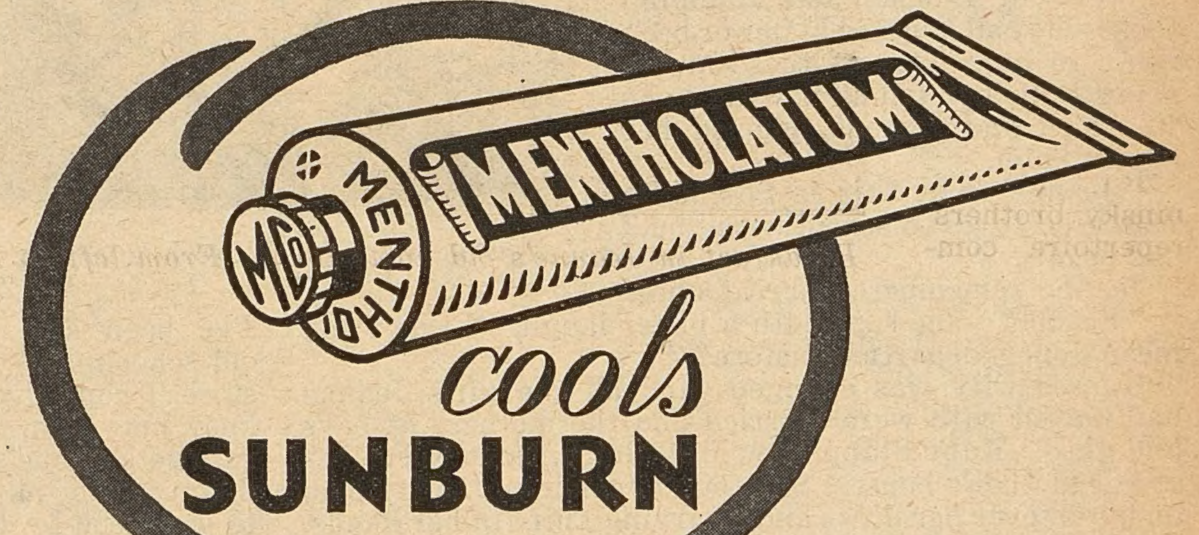
Keep fleas off the pets your children play with and out of your home. Give your pets a flea-free, scratchless summer with Pulvex. Ask for it today. At drug stores and pet shops, 50c; or direct from William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., Dept. C-179, 1925 Clifton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

PULVEX
Sold on Money-Back Guarantee

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores, have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To reduce wrinkles and other age signs,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and one-half pint witch hazel. At all Drug Stores.

Liquid Silmerine
Makes Hair Beautiful
Applied to finger waves or permanent makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain for days. Removes dandruff and oiliness. Liquid Silmerine gives hair a neat, well-groomed effect.



Toothache
Agony and pain stop instantly, shattered nerves are quieted if you insist on
JIFFY AT DRUG STORES
TOOTHACHE DROPS

LUCKY TIGER
A Proven Germicide!
For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.
TRY IT TODAY!

HAY FEVER

Sufferers: Failure of remedies or serums taken this Summer for your Hay Fever does not mean that you cannot get relief.

HERE IS OUR OFFER: If you do not receive relief after using SLANLUS according to directions the money you have paid us will be refunded in full.

Thousands have used SLANLUS without a single record of failure. SLANLUS is pure, harmless, and simple to use. Equally effective for Rose and other pollen fevers. Not a serum.

Do not endure the discomfort of Hay Fever one more day.

Wire or write today for further information. THE SLANLUS CO., 321 Riverside, Covington, Kentucky.

Are You Too Fat?
Eileen Bourne has written a new book on
REDUCING
Send 10 cents for your copy today!
Address: Liberty Magazine
220 East 42nd St.,
New York City
Name ....
Address ....

JEANNE EAGELS

Continued from page sixty-five

Crashing resistance before it......tormenting and clawing......gouging like finger nails......

* * *

Months and years......" Rain, Rain, go away, little Johnny wants......" " It Rains and the wind is never weary "......weary......" little Johnny wants "......weary......

* * *

The lulling swish......of Rain......lapping gently at gaping wounds......

* * *

Weary......rest......in the cool, clear Rains to come.

* * *

You're welcome.—ACE.

It was printed the day she was buried.

Jeanne treated Landon Laird, dramatic critic of the Star, in a far different manner. Not only did she give him a lengthy interview—and she hated giving interviews—but she also enacted for him, on the hottest day of the year, the entire second act of Rain, playing every part.

Before and after the shows she was having a wonderful time, calling on old friends and snubbing those who had laughed at her or been mean to her. One of these latter, eager to be her friend now that she was rich and famous, phoned her at her hotel.

" Jeanne dear, this is So-and-So who used to go to school with you," she began.

Jeanne remembered her at once.

" School ? " she said with a bitter laugh. " Don't you mean Jones' department store ? "

Kansas City was changed; and all the girls Jeanne had played with were married and the mothers of boys and girls. Ruby Stapp, now Mrs. Goins, came to see her at her mother's house. She found Jeanne in the kitchen, an apron over her dress and a carving knife in her hands.

" Do you like onions ? " Jeanne demanded.

" Love 'em," said Ruby.

" Swell," said Jeanne.

As soon as they could they went out together, Jeanne and Ruby, and rode all over town in Ruby's flivver. It was all right while Ruby went slow; but the moment she stepped on the gas Jeanne yelled, " Slow down ! "

THEY went to Ruby's house and Ruby unearthed a lot of old pictures, one of them taken across from the Morris school and showing Jeanne wearing a coat that was getting too small for her. Jeanne loved that picture.

" Wasn't I young then ? " she mused. " And innocent. And rather sweet. And how poor I was, and yet how happy ! If I could only go back to those days ! If I remember rightly I had the picture taken because I loved the coat and realized I couldn't wear it much longer."

They talked all night, mostly about Ruby. Jeanne's history was too well known. It wasn't necessary to discuss it.

" You are lucky, Ruby," Jeanne said when she was leaving. "You've got everything —a home, a husband, your boys, love, comfort, respect — everything I want. I've got nothing at all. Oh, don't say I've got money and fame and Ted. I've got nothing. I envy you."

The next morning Jeanne appeared at Georgia Brown's home with a basket of roses taller than herself, and that afternoon she visited Anna Mall, now Mrs. Kretchmar, and Margaret Knowles.

Margaret had married Paul Lange, and they were running a drug store and had two children. One of them was a girl who wanted to be a dancer; and Jeanne was happy to watch the little one dance for her.

She sat in one of the little wire-backed chairs and talked all afternoon to Paul and Margaret, getting up nervously now and then to pace the floor or to dip her hands into the candy jars. Once when Paul asked her a question, she didn't answer. She was looking at him, and didn't know he was talking to her until she saw he was embarrassed.

Customers came in, and the clerks told them who Jeanne was. Trade was more than brisk that day. The great Jeanne Eagels was sitting in Lange's drug store just as if she were nothing but a high-school girl.

Jeanne in Man, Woman and Sin.

WHEN Sadie Thompson met Handsome that night she gave him a fistful of candy she had taken from a jar in Lange's drug store. Handsome was surprised, but he liked the candy.

" I almost said ' Have some Langerish licorice, Handsome,' " Jeanne confessed the next day. " I don't know why I didn't. The audience wouldn't have got it—but you would. Wouldn't you ? "

" I've tried to see them all," Jeanne told Landon Laird as she was leaving for Cincinnati—Margaret and Paul Lange were with her at the depot. " I've seen them watching me from all over the audience. I've been able to pick out their faces, old friends, old schoolmates, girls I worked with in the department store. I hope I've pleased them. I tried so hard. But you know how I am. Yet you have no idea how that rain, rain, rain gets on one's nerves. Part of the time my clothes are dripping, and all the time I am depressed. I shall be sorry to say good-by to Sadie Thompson, though some day I must. But it will be nice to play in something where the rain does not fall, and in which I can use my own voice and not Sadie's."

She said another thing to Laird before the train pulled out, something he thought good enough to print.

" It's harder to stay at the top than to get there," she said. " I am now at the hardest point of my career. I must show people that I can play other characters as well as Sadie Thompson."

Laird shook hands and said good-by. Jeanne sent someone to find Handsome, and boiled her messenger in oil because he had shouted at the top of his voice, " Hey, Handsome, Miss Eagels wants you right away ! " She introduced Handsome, and started for her train.

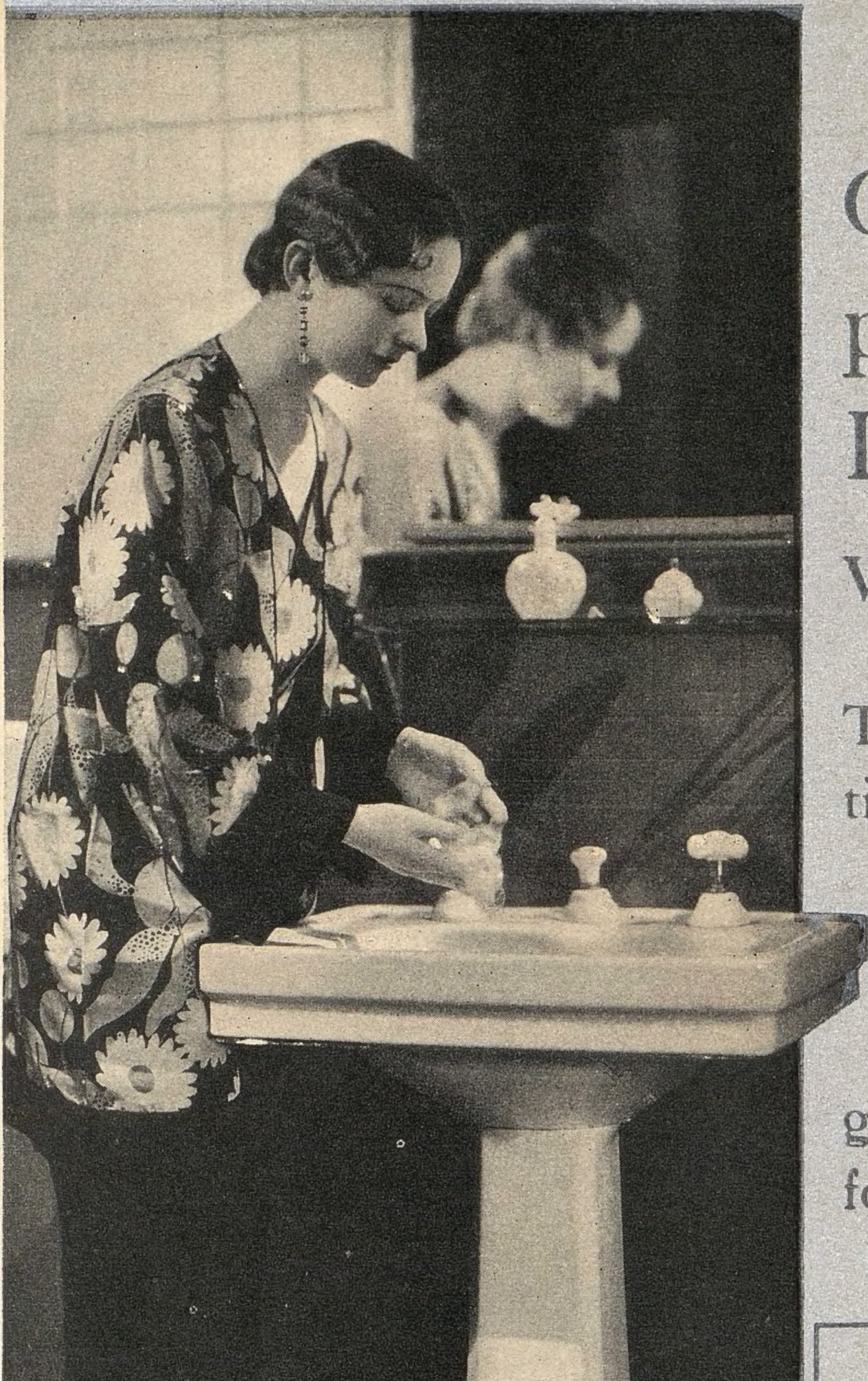
" Good-by ! " she cried. " Good-by ! Margaret, let your daughter be a dancer if you think she's fitted for it. But never, never let her be an actress."

How Jeanne at last parted company with Sadie Thompson, how she " recuperated " in California, and worked as John Gilbert's leading lady, how she repeated her caprice of walking out on a Sam Harris production, and how she made first a mess and then a masterpiece of her part in The Cardboard Lover — all this will appear in next week's installment of Mr. Doherty's narrative.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 47 AND THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 48

- Stick of beach umbrella is off center.
- Flag, kite, and sail blowing in different directions.
- Handle of child's spade is curved.
- Right leg of one boy is missing.
- Bail of bucket improperly attached.
- Boy playing leapfrog has two right feet.
- Boy stooping in leapfrog game has no eyes.
- Strap missing from girl's bathing suit.
- Part of back support of beach chair is missing.
- String of kite is improperly attached.

B	A	G		A	M	O	S		G	R	A	Y		S	T	Y
E	R	R		L	I	F	T		R	I	N	E		T	O	E
L	E	A	S	T	■	F	A	T	E	D	■	S	T	A	R	S
		S	T	E	W	■	M	A	W	■	S	T	I	R		
S	E	P	A	R	A	T	E	D	■	S	T	E	E	E	P	S
O	D	■	B	E	G	I	N	■	V	E	E	R	S	■	A	I
N	I	T	■	D	E	E	■	F	I	R	E	D	■	A	W	N
S	T	O	W	■	D	R	O	L	L	■	R	A	B	B	L	E
		P	A	D	■	S	A	I	L	S	■	Y	E	N		
H	E	E	D	E	D	■	S	T	A	T	E	■	T	E	S	T
A	A	R	■	T	I	L	T	S	■	A	V	A	■	R	U	E
I	S	■	L	E	V	I	S	■	S	L	I	M	E	■	E	N
R	E	T	I	R	E	D	■	B	A	L	L	A	D	I	S	T
		E	A	R	S	■	P	A	L	■	S	T	E	T		
S	P	A	R	E	■	S	I	N	U	S	■	E	N	A	T	E
H	A	S		N	O	O	N		T	O	L	U		L	E	T
E	R	E		T	R	U	E		E	W	E	R		Y	E	A



Over 5,000,000 people read Liberty each week.*

They wash their hands three times a day on the average. That makes 105,000,000 washes a week.

That's why Liberty is a good advertising medium for soap.

We estimate that *before* 1935 Liberty will have the largest magazine circulation in the world.

Robert R. McCormick
Joseph M. Patterson

*The average number of Liberty readers per copy is 2.4 persons.

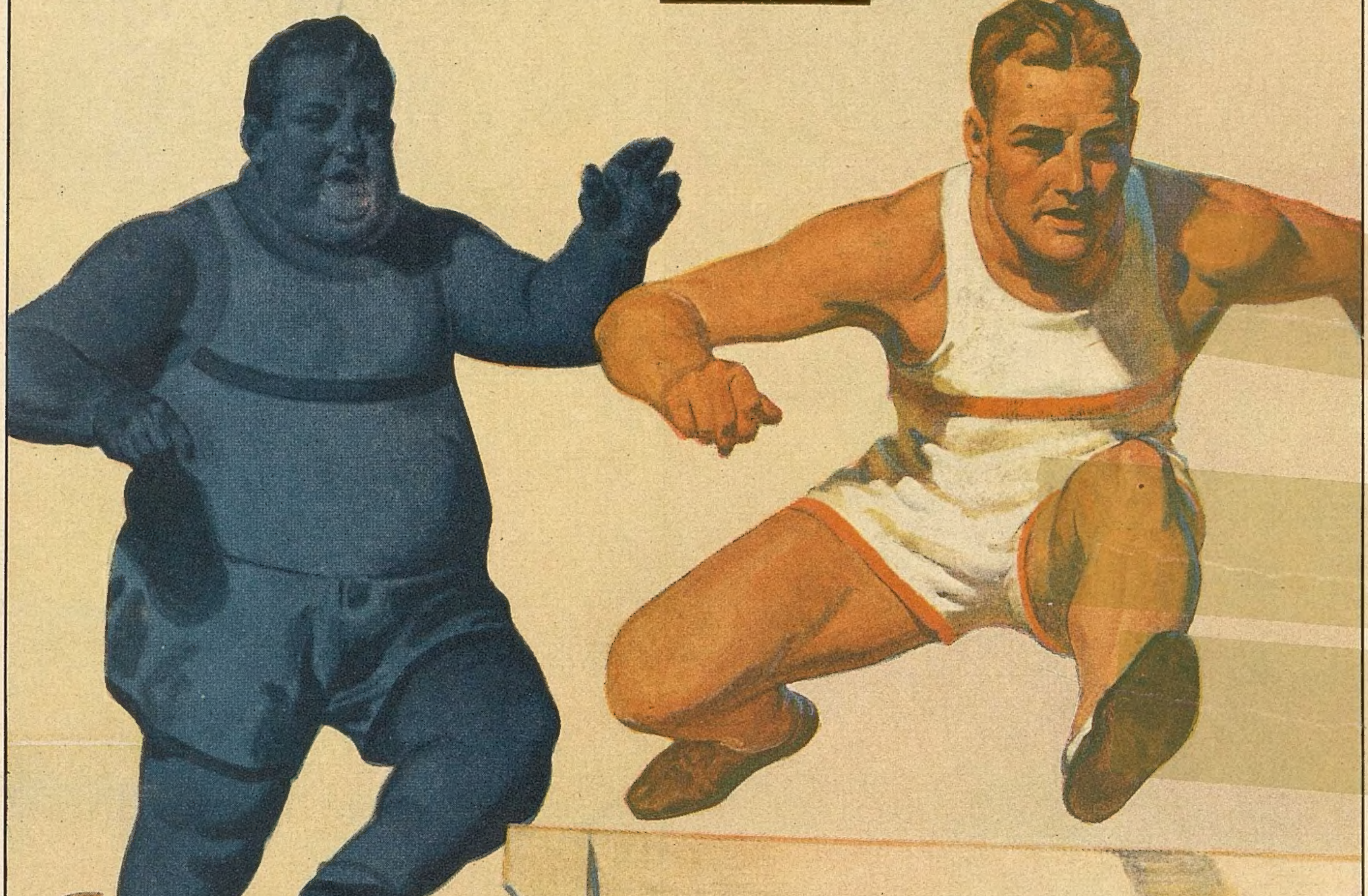
Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Now The Biggest Newsdealer Circulation of any Magazine

FACE THE FACTS!

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.

"It's toasted"

© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."